Collier's

NOVEMBER 1, 1947

TEN CENTS

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LET'S GET GERMANY OFF OUR BACK!
by LEWIS H. BROWN

MORGENTHAU ON REFUGEES
—British chill and double-talk . .

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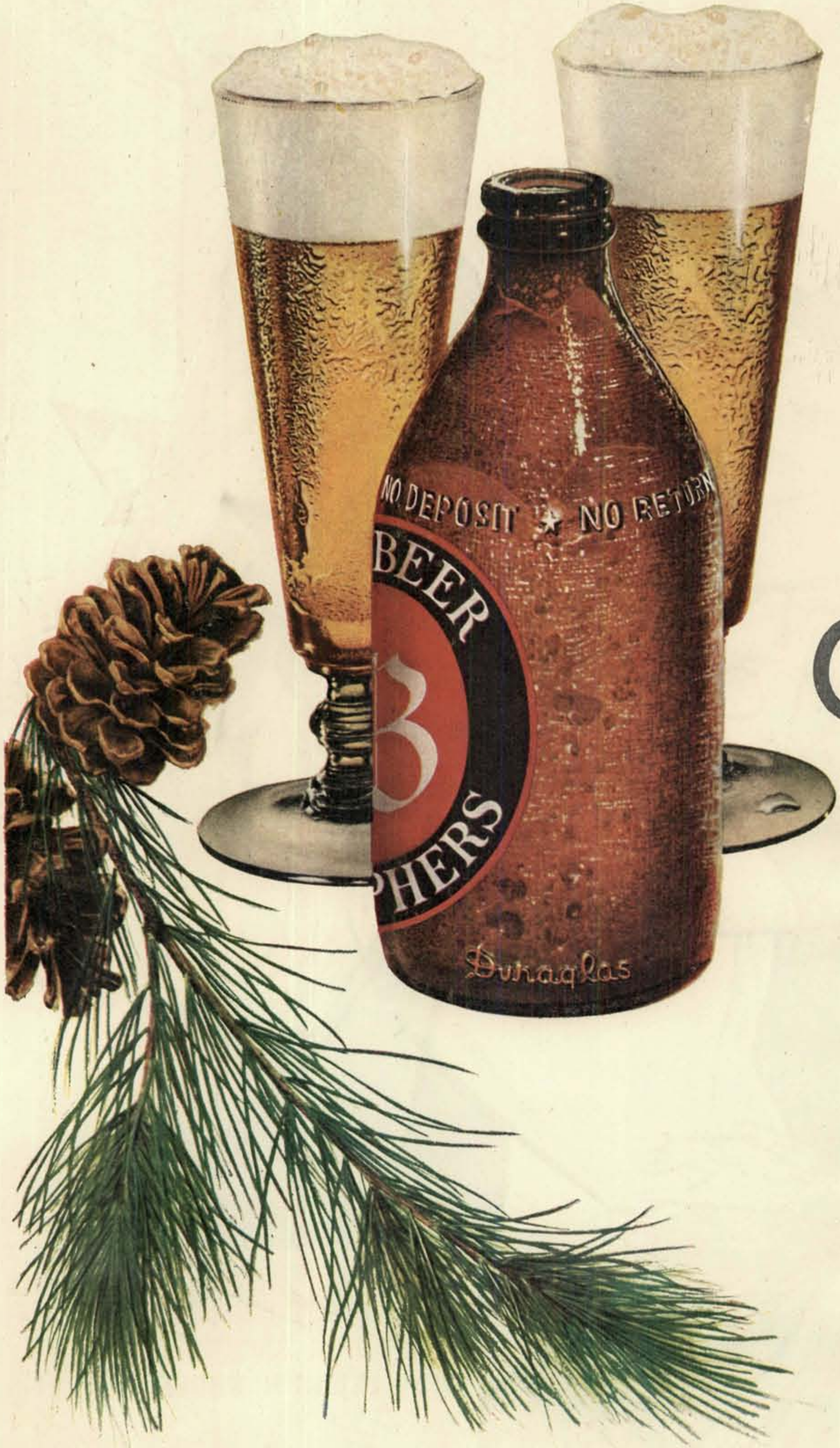

NEW! So economical, so convenient, so compact! It holds the same amount you're used to getting. How to KNOW a One-Way bottle . . . by (1) its pebbled easy-to-grip surface—(2) by the words "No Deposit—No Return." See them both in this picture (actual size).

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Beer and Ale
in No Deposit
bottles
that you
don't take back

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TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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Double-dunking brings chuckles from Thorne and Big Brother Kerkie. Bath-time is a big highlight of the day. To highlight their *smiles,* the Burbanks use Ipana Tooth Paste, specially designed to help keep teeth sparkling bright. Dentists themselves prefer Ipana 2 to 1 *for their own personal use,* a recent national survey shows.

This star Model stars as a Mother, too!

Not too sure of her footing, baby Thorne *can* be sure she's headed in the right direction for a sparkling smile. Because "model" mother Betty knows that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth.

Betty Burbank, of the sparkling smile, passes her "model" dental routine on to Thorne and Kerkie.

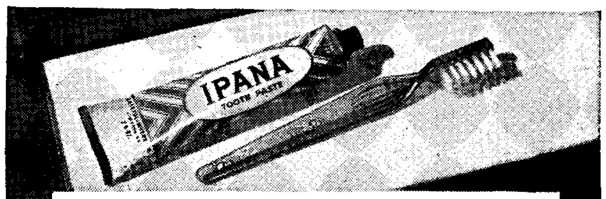
LOVELY NEW YORKER Betty Burbank never really planned to be a model. It just *happened.* She was studying at a school of fashion design when a visiting photographer noticed the vivid brunette with the wonderful smile. So Betty wound up *modeling* fashions, instead.

It was a lucky switch. Publicity and modeling not only won her national fame as a cover girl, but helped her to win her husband, public relations counselor Kershaw Burbank, too!

In her ten years as a top-flight model, Betty has learned the importance of a sparkling smile. And she intends to make sure that the smiles of 4-year-old Kerkie and 1-year-old Thorne are bright copies of her own dazzling smile. So she's teaching them to follow her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage.*

Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. Correct massage is so important to the health of your gums and the beauty of your smile that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend it regularly or in special cases, according to a recent national survey! *Help your dentist guard your smile of beauty.*

The importance of gum massage is taught in thousands of classrooms today. If *your* gums flash a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist right away.* Let *him* decide whether yours is a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."



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FOR YOUR SMILE OF BEAUTY

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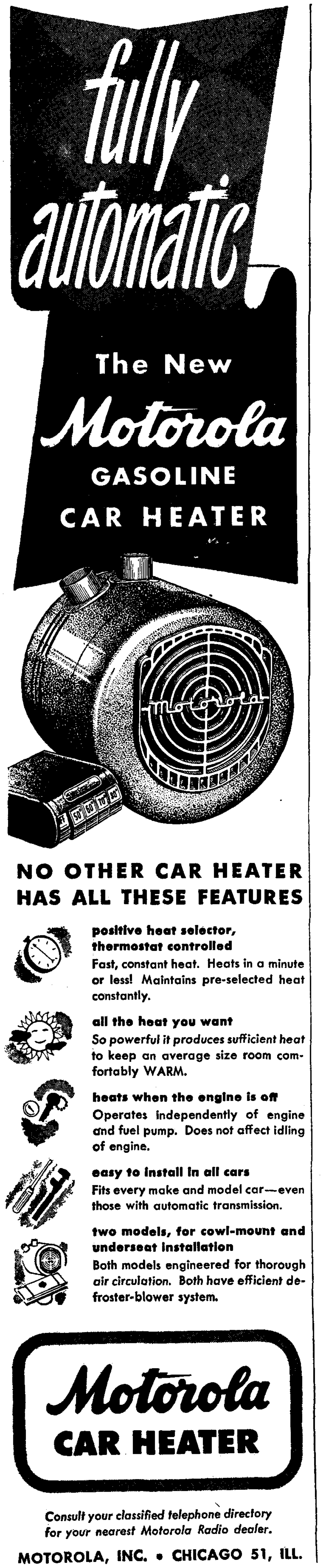

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November 1, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

LABOR ABUSES

GENTLEMEN: As a member of the New York State Assembly from Chenango County, it is my hope that legislation may be introduced at the 1948 session of the New York State Legislature, which will tend to correct many of the migrant labor abuses outlined in Mr. Whitman's articles (Heartless Harvest, Sept. 13th, 20th).

A Chenango County grand jury concluding its session framed recommendations and a petition to Governor Dewey, State Senator Walter Stokes and myself, asking an investigation and corrective legislation, citing Collier's in the document.

JANET HILL GORDON, the Assembly,
State of New York, Albany

. . . Congratulations on the enlightening article dealing with the migrant fieldworkers. Few people know of the exploitation of these people, that little children of only eight years work in the fields and under such filthy conditions, or that in this supposedly well-educated country, these children have no chance for schooling.

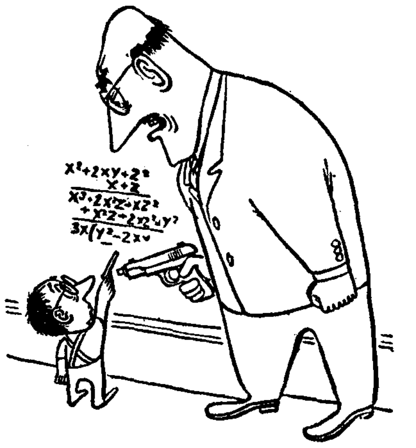
IDA M. WILCOX, Plattsburg, N. Y.

X-APPEAL

DEAR EDITOR: In reference to the joke of the elementary-school teacher pulling a gun on the child prodigy (page 40—Sept. 20th) and saying, "You know too much"—*pooey!* If I remember correctly, in Algebra the problem should be—

$$\begin{array}{r} x^2+2xy+z^2 \\ x+z \\ \hline x^3+2x^2y+xz^2 \qquad\qquad\qquad \\ +x^2z+2xyz+z^3 \\ \hline x^3+2x^2y+xz^2+x^2z+2xyz+z^3 \end{array}$$

CAROLE CRUMLEY, Columbus, Ohio



Teacher should have rubbed out the problem or Partch—not the student.

(Continued on page 93)

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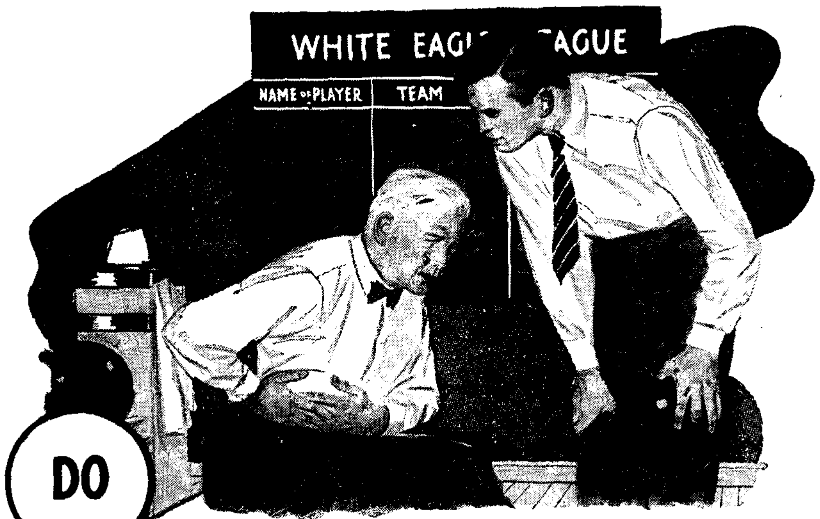
SOME "DOs" AND "DON'Ts" FOR

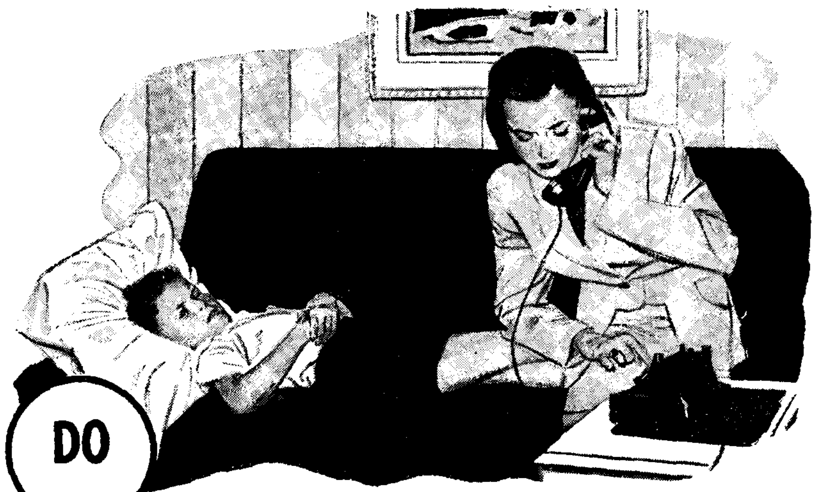
APPENDICITIS



DO

—learn the warning signals that may mean appendicitis! The first sign of acute appendicitis is usually pain in the abdomen accompanied by nausea or vomiting.

The pain may be general at first, like a simple stomach-ache, but will probably become localized in the lower right side. It can be a sharp severe pain or a dull ache. Symptoms sometimes vary, so any persistent, puzzling "stomach-ache" should have prompt medical attention.

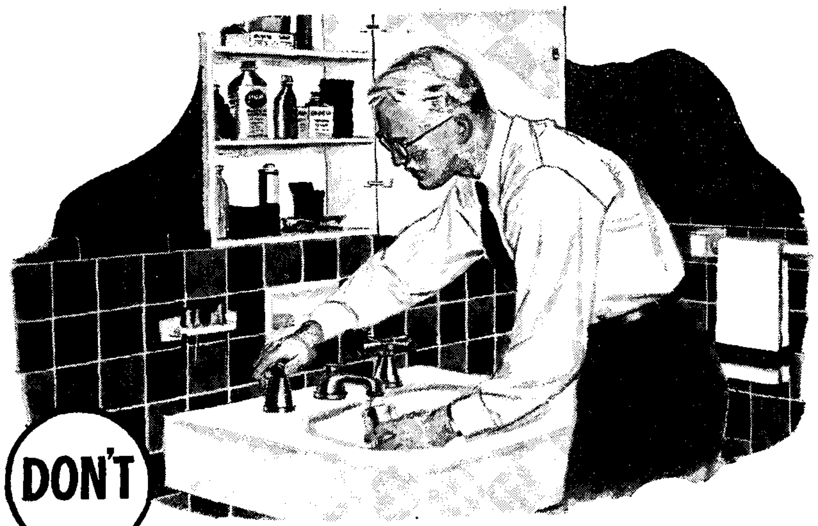


DO

—call your physician at once when such warnings appear! Today, appendicitis is rarely fatal if recognized and properly treated in time. But it may be difficult to diagnose.

Your doctor may need to take blood counts or make other tests. Calling him promptly permits him to make such tests and to determine the proper treatment before serious damage has occurred.

Appendicitis takes only about half as many lives today as it took 12 years ago, but many more lives could be saved each year if everyone called a doctor at the first sign of an attack.

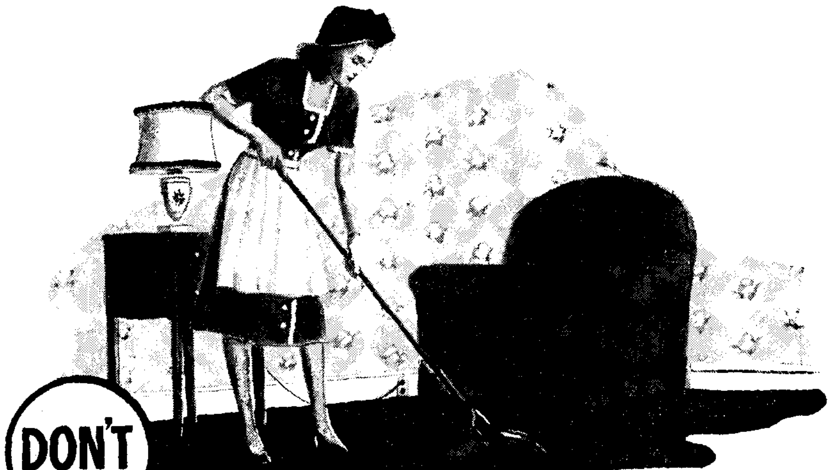


DON'T

—treat yourself with home remedies! If you have an abdominal pain and are nauseated, avoid taking a laxative or enema. They increase pressure on the appendix and may cause it to rupture.

A study of appendicitis in one Eastern city showed that when appendicitis patients took *no* laxative, only 1 in 62 died. Of those who took a laxative, 1 in 19 died.

External pressure can also cause a rupture, so you shouldn't rub or massage the site of the pain. And it's wiser not to apply either a hot water bottle or an ice bag.



DON'T

—try to keep going normally if you suspect appendicitis. When appendicitis strikes, don't try to ignore the pain and keep on with your normal activities. Any physical exertion or exercise may lead to complications, so lie down, in bed if possible, and stay there.

The pain may let up but this does not mean the attack has passed. It's up to you to keep quiet and relaxed until the doctor has had a chance to examine you. Food and liquids can also be dangerous. Try to avoid eating or drinking anything, except water, until your doctor has examined you.

As more people learn more about this disease, appendicitis mortality can be brought still lower. For further information that may protect you and your family, send today for Metropolitan's free booklet 127-C "Appendicitis."

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P.A.* means Pipe Appeal

Women say a man with a pipe looks more rugged, more appealing. Pipe smokers say there's no tobacco like tasty, tongue-easy Prince Albert!

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● And what a lot of smoking joy and comfort Prince Albert Tobacco provides! P.A. is so rich tasting . . . so mild and easy on the tongue. It's specially treated to insure against tongue bite! Try it—and see for yourself why more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco!

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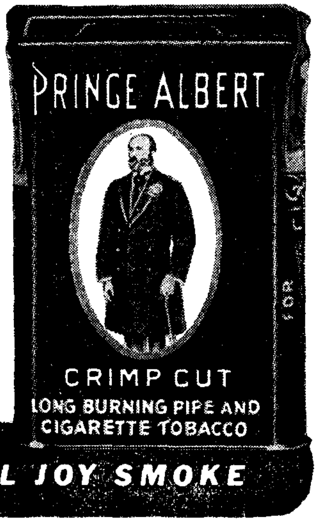
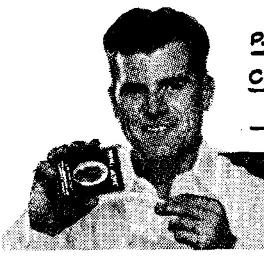
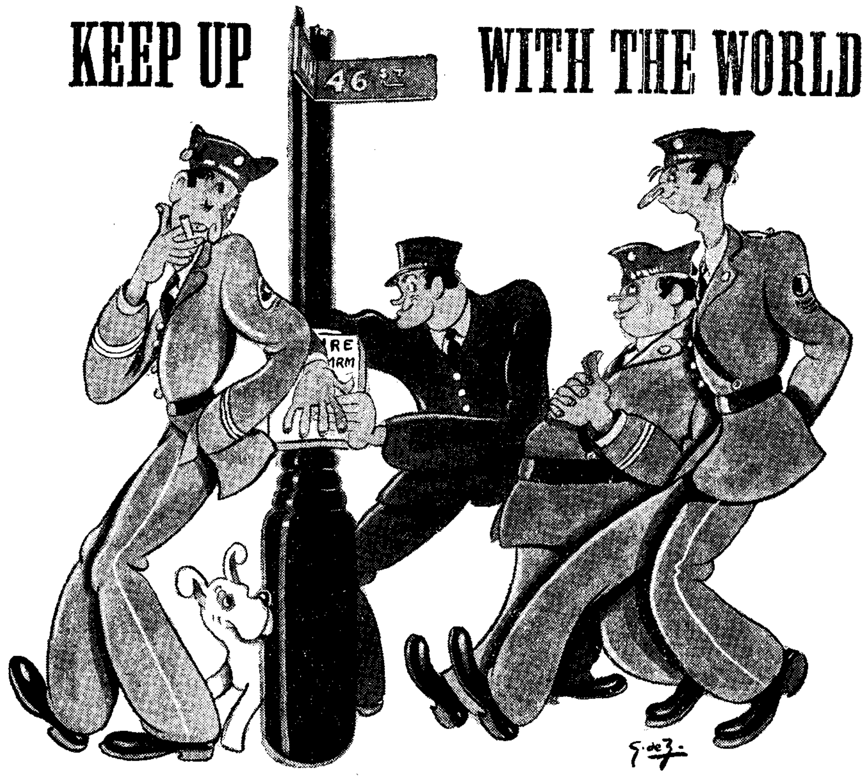




P.A. MAKES GRAND-TASTING CIGARETTES TOO! ROLLS UP FAST—AND NEAT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

BY FRELING FOSTER

To prevent the sending of false fire alarms during the recent American Legion convention in New York City, all street-corner boxes in mid-Manhattan were guarded day and night by firemen, a job that required some 13,000 man hours.

Short-wave diathermy machines have at last been assigned three frequencies of their own so their operation will no longer interfere with any form of radio communication. Machines in use will be shielded and those in production will be confined to the allotted channels.

When the Tower Bridge of London was opened in 1894, Parliament made provisions for a tugboat to be docked near by, always ready to go to the aid of any vessel that might collide with the new structure. So a tug, manned by a crew of six and with full steam up, has been waiting for such an emergency 24 hours a day during the past 53 years. But no call has come to the little boat whose maintenance so far totals $1,100,000, or a sum equivalent to nearly one quarter the cost of the great bridge itself. *By Roy Harwood, New York City.*

Some 50 years ago when the small towns of this country had grown tired of seeing Uncle Tom's Cabin, the Tom companies, instead of adopting a new play, attempted to revive interest in their old stand-by by a unique method. This was to double the cast, giving the patrons—"at no increase in price"—two Uncle Toms, two Simon Legrees, two Little Evas and two sets of bloodhounds.

Most states in this country today have no law under which a person who has no police record and has been acquitted of a criminal charge may demand and receive his fingerprints and photographs taken at the time of his arrest.

America's new *All-Negro Comics* is the first publication of its kind drawn by Negroes and containing only Negro characters.

Wall Street's most spectacular character in the 19th century was James Fisk who got his start selling blankets to the Army during the Civil War. By 1869, he had become so wealthy and bold that, with several associates, he tried to corner the nation's gold, an unsuccessful move that swept hundreds of firms and individuals into bankruptcy. Fisk, one of the greatest financial wizards of his time, was uneducated and virtually illiterate.

Newest lock for outside doors is opened by sliding back a protective cover and pressing three of eight buttons in a preselected combination that actuates an electrical mechanism inside the house. Besides having 336 possible combinations, the lock is equipped with an alarm that goes off when the first wrong button is pushed.

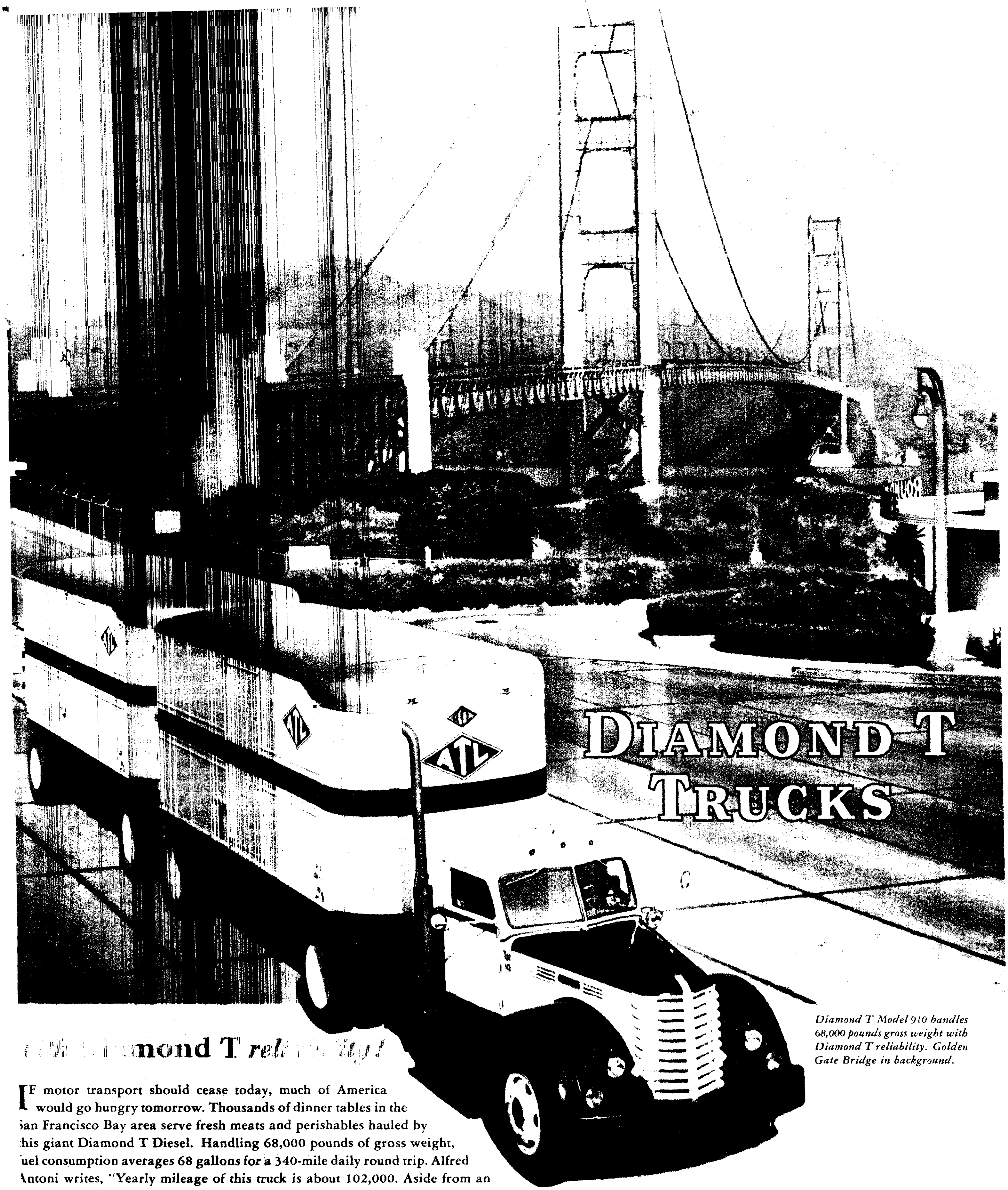
Among the strangest cases of animal friendship known is that existing in the London Zoo between a West African chameleon and a green-tree viper, both of which are about a foot long. Most of the time the snake is curled up on the back of the chameleon.

During the past 30 years, a tornado has occurred in the United States on an average of every 62 hours; and each killed an average of 1.67 persons and caused some $83,000 worth of property damage.

Of every 100 Americans who chew gum, according to a recent survey, 41 do it to steady their nerves, 27 to refresh their mouth and throat, 10 to cut down smoking, nine to clean their teeth, seven to help digestion and only six chew solely for pleasure. *By Winifred Whitlock, Miami, Florida.*

Tennessee has never repealed the law, passed in 1925, that prohibits the teaching of evolution in its public schools.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission



Diamond T Model 910 handles 68,000 pounds gross weight with Diamond T reliability. Golden Gate Bridge in background.

[illegible] Diamond T reliability!

IF motor transport should cease today, much of America would go hungry tomorrow. Thousands of dinner tables in the an Francisco Bay area serve fresh meats and perishables hauled by his giant Diamond T Diesel. Handling 68,000 pounds of gross weight, uel consumption averages 68 gallons for a 340-mile daily round trip. Alfred Antoni writes, "Yearly mileage of this truck is about 102,000. Aside from an ngine overhaul at 200,000 miles, there have been only a few very minor repairs."

The new Diamond T post-war models are faster, more powerful, longer-lived than ver. Model 404 (1½-ton) for example, has a 263 cubic-inch Super-Service engine, with 2 *truck-horsepower.* Other models to 10 tons and 190 horsepower. See your dealer!

DIAMOND T MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Chicago, Illinois *Established 1905*

WHAT A BLESSING...

lovelier floors with less care!

SERVEL
Self-Polishing SIMONIZ FOR FLOORS Shines as it Dries
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Your Floors Clean Up Easier With a Damp Cloth . . . And Brighter, too, when you use Self-Polishing SIMONIZ

"There's no need to be annoyed when the children spill things or scuff the floor. For, in our home, we use Self-Polishing SIMONIZ. The more often I clean up soiled spots . . . the brighter my floors seem to get. And besides, I save time and money. I don't have to apply Self-Polishing SIMONIZ so often because it lasts longer.

"My children enjoy helping me do the floors with Self-Polishing SIMONIZ. They know how easily it applies with a mop applicator . . . and shines as it dries without rubbing or buffing. Really, I'm proud of my floors—they're so beautiful . . . and crystal-clear with Self-Polishing SIMONIZ on them!"

And don't forget, clean floors are safer for children, too! Self-Polishing SIMONIZ is ideal for linoleums, finished wood floors, asphalt and rubber tile. It gives the same longer lasting beauty that makes SIMONIZ so famous for cars. Ask your dealer for Self-Polishing SIMONIZ! Sold everywhere.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS

Self-Polishing SIMONIZ for Floors

PREFERRED BY MILLIONS OF HOUSEWIVES

THE WEEK'S WORK

Joyce Weisinger, age seven months, Miss Superwoman of 1947

THE little lady banging away at the typewriter above is Miss Joyce Weisinger, whose daddy, Mort, wrote Mr. Gimmick, p. 18. Since Daddy writes in his spare time, and has a full-time job as story editor of the comic strip Superman, it is only natural that Joyce would be able to give Daddy a hand.

During the war Mr. Weisinger, by supernatural powers, rose to the rank of staff sergeant, and because of his association with Superman would get three-day passes in return for telling officers what Superman would do next—so that they could win bets.

Mr. Gimmick grew out of Weisinger's frustrated attempt to beat Bill Rabkin's fiendish machine, the "Atomic Bomber," while vacationing with Mrs. Weisinger in Atlantic City. The machine swallowed up $1.35 of the Weisinger mortgage nickels, causing Mrs. Weisinger to heckle Mr. W. about his extravagance. He squelched her by revealing that the gimmick had inspired an article, and that the buck thirty-five was deductible from his income tax as necessary expense involved in securing background material. "So I wrote the Mr. Gimmick piece in order to salvage $1.35," Superman's editor sums up.

BORN in Texas, Vivien B. Keatley (Poor Man's Race Horse, p. 74) worked her way through high school clerking in a Waco dime store and telling stories at the library to "brats whose mothers were tired of them." With $100 she'd saved as a court reporter, she went to the University of Michigan.

Armed with an A.B. it took her only six years to accumulate ("I was a child prodigy," she boasts), she became Miss Lucky Strike, traveling about and discussing the merits of the brand she shilled with various collegians. After ghosting a genealogy and an engineer's biography, she newspapered, WPA-ed and snagged in marriage a redhead who had been pursuing her. Since then she and the redhead have worked on a California forest-ranger station, fought forest fires side by side, written publicity and beach-combed at Palm Beach and for a time the Keatleys ran a dude ranch at Tombstone, Arizona.

The ranch inspired Mrs. Keatley to do something about "quarter horses." Hardest task was to separate fact from legend—one of which she'd been raised on. "My father's Black Devil was the fastest horse in Texas at the turn of the century," she says. "He must have been fairly good at that. His earnings paid for my mother's engagement ring."

Once she had the facts, Mrs. Keatley attempted to pick up some easy money on quarter nags. "I couldn't find anyone dumb enough in Tucson to bet against them," she moans. The Keatleys at present live with their pet pit bull, some old clothes and an ancient jalopy, in a house trailer parked in what has been described as "the slum trailer area south of Tucson, Arizona."

ON a recent visit to New York, Mrs. William Porter thoughtfully put a sketch for a jazz story her husband had dashed off and forgotten a couple of years ago, in with his shirts for the trip. They holed up at the veddy litry Algonquin Hotel in a room directly beneath that of Mr. Sinclair Lewis, the Nobelest Prize American of Them All. The sound of Mr. Lewis on the typewriter overhead was so enchanting that after a couple of visits to his hot jazz dream joint, Nick's, Mr. Porter was inspired to borrow a machine and finish Blow Me Blue, p. 20.

Otherwise, Mr. Porter confesses, he teaches magazine writing at the University of Iowa ("an intellectual Typhoid Mary," he dubs himself), is healthy, normal, and married to a handsome woman who cuts his hair to save money in these spiraling times.

As his story reveals, he is also a jazz maniac, liking his musical ear-bashing old-fashioned, straight and loud. "I wouldn't recognize a re-bop if one spoke to me on the street," he cries. "In New York I take a lease on a table at Nick's directly under the big, wonderful, trumpet of Muggsy Spanier, one of the great men of the 20th century. I suppose this will bring insults from young people who think it takes an echo chamber and a dissonant vibrato to make real music. To these I say 'Nuts!' "

YEARS ago W. L. Ware, editor of the Chicago Dry Goods Reporter, brought home three old typewriters and started his young brood writing. Harlan Ware, who wrote Man Most Likely—, p. 71, is one of the resultant Five Literary Wares.

Harlan was born a 4F, weighing practically nothing, in Lakota, North Dakota. He further claims he picked up his education from billboards, newspapers and college acquaintances. When his first novel netted him a cool $182 for a whole year's work ('28), he gave up literature for publicity, what he calls second-rate acting and the short story. He's now happily wedded to a Radcliffe girl who can spell, and has three junior spellers.

This week's cover: Allhallow Eve. It looks like a good party, done in Mr. Hurst's most bewitching style. . . .

TED SHANE

The greatest improvement IN RECORD PLAYING since the invention of the phonograph

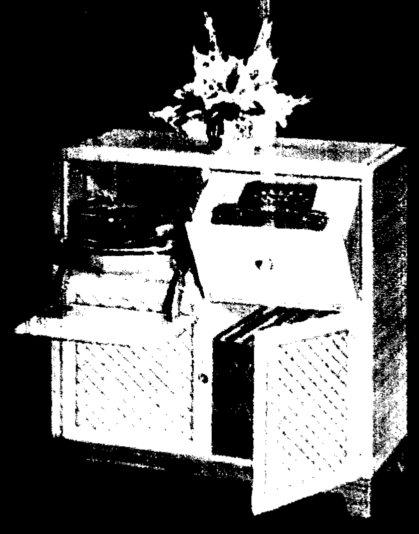
It's new! It's beautiful! It has everything! New pull-out phonograph makes record loading easy. New high speed changer plays up to 12 records automatically. New static-free F-M radio with tilt-tuning dial. Choice of walnut, mahogany or blond period cabinet with compartment for 144 records in albums. See it . . . hear it . . . at your Admiral dealer, today. Walnut only $\$289^{95}$ (Slightly higher in west and south.)

America's Smart Set

Admiral

FM-AM RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

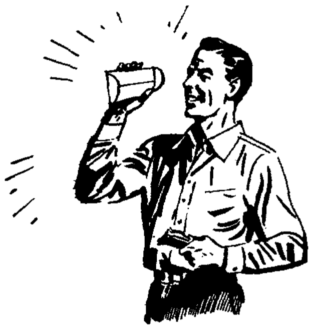
with Miracle Tone Arm



Miracle tone arm brings a new thrill to your record listening pleasure. Uses no coil, no crystal, no filament, no special tube. Banishes needle scratch, "talk-back" or other disturbing noises. Keeps records like new for hundreds of plays longer.

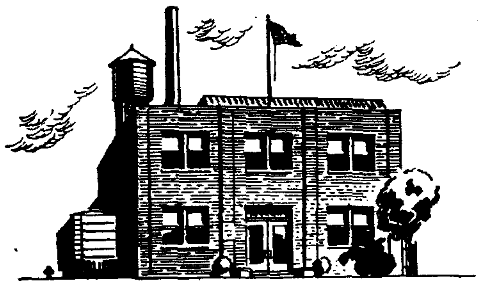
Gown—Fred A. Block Original

There's more than dollars in your pay envelope!



1. The first thing you do when you open your pay envelope is to count the "results" of your good work. But even when you've counted the last dollar—there's still something left—something you can't see or feel—yet something mighty important to you and your job.

2. For instance, how about the fellow who dreamed up the product or the service which your job helps to produce? If it hadn't been for him your job might not even exist. So it's only fair to figure that *his* work—along with yours—helps fill every pay envelope you get.



3. Then, of course, there are the folks who risk their savings to buy the "tools" for your job—and that means not only modern machinery but also the buildings, the materials—*everything* your firm needs to do business. Your pay envelope simply wouldn't exist without *them!*

4. Next comes the boss—and that includes all the managers, from the big boss on down. If they didn't have what it takes, the business would soon fold up. Then you'd be out of a job. So it's plain that "good management" plays a very *big* part in filling your pay envelope.

5. And let's not forget the chap who pounds the pavements to *sell* the goods or the service you help to produce. His work—like yours and that of *all* your fellow workers—helps make the firm a profitable business—which is the only kind of business that can provide steady jobs.

HELP
WANTED

6. And—speaking of profits—you know, of course, that a big share of the profits earned by industry goes right back into business—to pay for the research and expansion that mean more production, more and better jobs, lower prices and greater security for everyone.

Most Americans say they think 10 to 15 cents out of each dollar of sales would be a fair profit for business to make. As a matter of fact, industry averages less than half that much!

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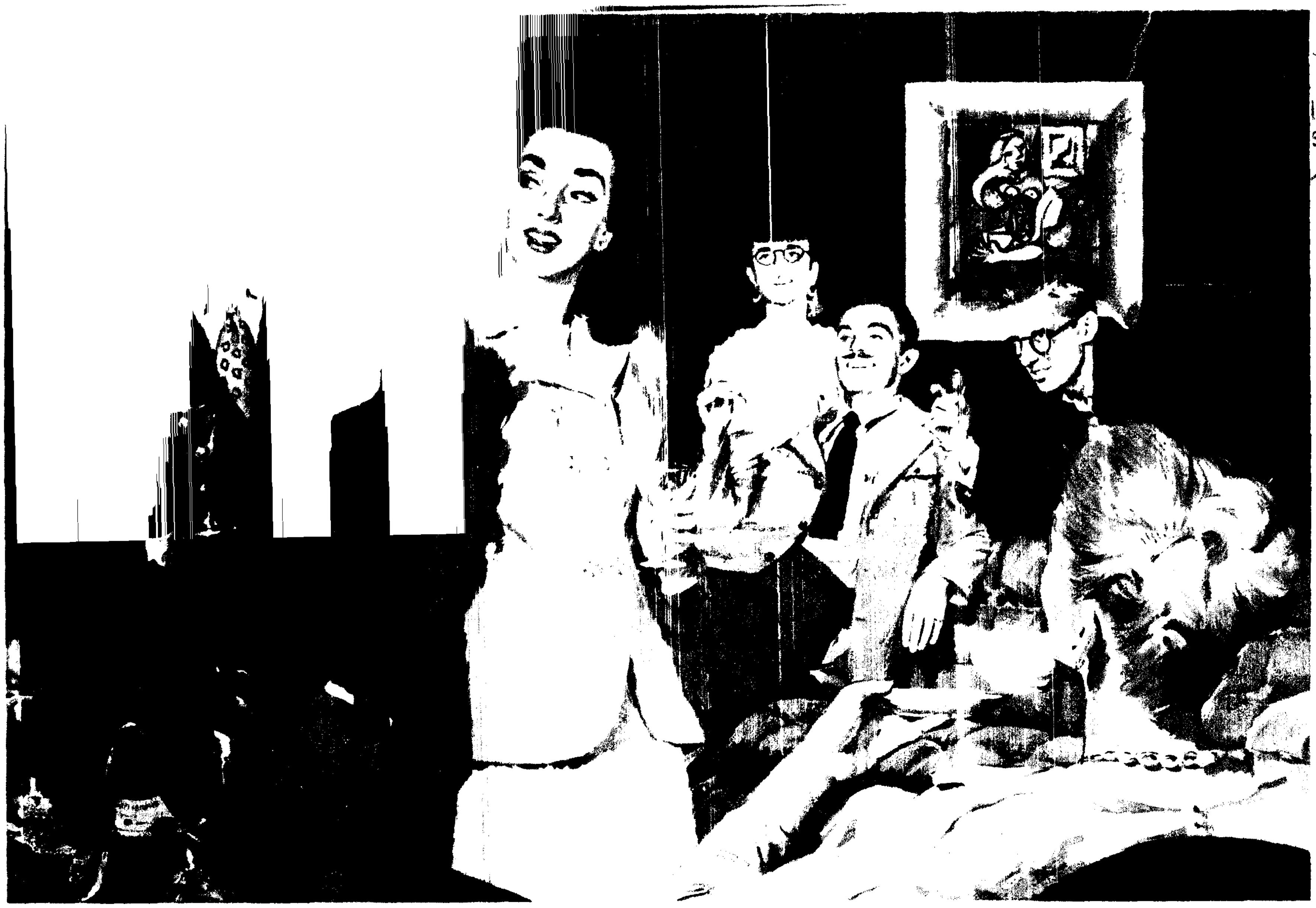

IBRARY
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"George thinks I'm sweeping him off his feet," Laura said. The crowd laughed at the idea. A man of his age! George said, "She misunderstood me, folks"

TEMPERING OF THE BLADE

BY EDWIN A. PEEPLES

Laura Powell was beckoning to George from a brighter, gayer world. After all, his marriage was getting dull—and George was feeling pretty sharp—for the time being

IT HAD been a week since George Chestering met Laura Powell at a cocktail party. He remembered her—rather vaguely—as a beautiful woman in her late twenties to whom experience and sophistication had given a kind of plastic sheen.

The recollection had no immediate effect on his married life with Shirl. He'd been married for ten years. Nor would it disturb his work. He was employed by a paint manufacturer, and his job was to straw-boss the East River from the fortieth floor of the Chrysler Building and to distribute the company's products to retail outlets in an eastern territory bounded by the Mississippi River, the Mason and Dixon's line, the Canadian border and the Atlantic Ocean. The ocean was the only boundary he'd seen, and his impression of it was derived from a strip of Long Island Sound, where he and Shirl spent occasional week ends.

Like his job and his emotional life, most of George's evenings were as confined as this one. He lolled about the apartment, read Time and the New York Herald Tribune and a few of the current best sellers, which were sent to him regularly by a book club. In this way he knew what to think and when. Usually it made him happy. There weren't many evenings, like this one in September, when he chafed at so static a method of opinion. It wasn't often that, instead of counting his blessings, he yearned for his single days in New York—days of running with an unmoral crowd of free thinkers who drank too much and argued all night.

Now, though, the mood was on him. In his mind's eye he had a sudden, clear picture of Laura Powell, and, in comparison, the comfortable, wifely attentions of Shirl seemed saccharine and dull. He stirred uneasily and sipped his highball.

He allowed himself one highball each evening. Sometimes Shirl had one with him, and sometimes she didn't. When she did—and she did tonight—he sat and stared at her while she talked. Usually he thought of nothing in particular while he stared, but tonight he thought it was unfair of Shirl not to be Laura Powell. It didn't occur to him that she might think it unfair of him not to be Clark Gable. It didn't strike him he wasn't Clark Gable, or a reasonable facsimile.

At the moment Shirl was not wishing for a place in the country, one of her more wistful themes. She was belaboring him with her perpetual criticism: How being born in Omaha rendered him utterly unfit to consort with society in the East. Shirl seemed to be under the impression that she had founded and now owned and operated the thirteen original colonies, and, though she deplored much of the nonsense to which they had sunk—such as juke boxes, strikes and a growing tendency to dislike the British—she was positive these failings were more pronounced in such out-of-the-way places as Omaha.

AS SHIRL warmed to her subject with remarks about his behavior at the Frobisher cocktail party—where he'd met Laura—he recalled the two perfect, unanswerable rebuttals he never made because they would throw Shirl into the hysterics to which she had recourse when she'd been outargued. If he did not prefer peace, he would interrupt Shirl right now and tell her she knew very well he was from Omaha when she married him. He shuddered to think what her reaction would be. Furthermore he would tell her (a thing he was sure was quite true) that he got on with her friends and, indeed, all Easterners a good deal better than she did.

Suppose she read his thoughts? Hastily he quaffed his drink in a swashbuckling way and turned his attention to the functional *décor* of the apartment. A slight breeze wafted in from the river and Fifty-second Street below. It was a shame that at such an early age he was depriving all women but one of his charms.

He looked at Shirl again. It was useless to pretend he couldn't remember what his wife looked like. He remembered very well. A Dresden figurine grown up. The minute he focused on her, it was as if two congruent images fitted together. There she was, her medium height recognizable even when she was sitting; inclined to the broadness of hip known as the bridge-and-beauty-parlor spread; blond, or at any rate, light-haired;

(Continued on page 28)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN

BY BILL DAVIDSON

Of Robert N. Denham's job one senator said, "We may have created America's first labor 'Gauleiter'"

BACK in 1908, Robert N. Denham (now general counsel of the National Labor Relations Board, but then merely "Tex" Denham, or the stranger from St. Louis) rode into the main street of Seminole, in Gaines County in western Texas, about 100 miles from the nearest railroad.

The stranger strolled into the principal gathering place of the town and allowed to all within earshot as how he was looking for a cowpunching job at $40 a month and found. He also allowed as how he was a University of Missouri and University of Michigan law-school graduate, and that he was available to represent paying clients in the courts of the sovereign state of Texas.

As the result of this declamation, Denham, a total stranger to Seminole, received 17 write-in votes in the general election three days later, and was elected Gaines County Attorney.

Last July, when President Truman appointed him to the current NLRB job, Denham repeated this trick of zooming from obscurity into public office. But the controversy arising out of the election of the stranger from St. Louis was nothing compared with what this second Denham appointment seems to have stirred up.

In the first place, the tall, slope-shouldered, 62-year-old Denham, a minor government employee until his appointment, was even less known to the people of the United States than Tex Denham was to the ranchers and cowhands of Gaines County.

In the second place, the job to which he was appointed was itself highly controversial. It seems that when the Messrs. Taft, Hartley, Ball and Ives sat down last spring to write the legislation which became the Taft-Hartley Act, they were determined to cut down the power of the allegedly prolabor National Labor Relations Board (created 12 years ago by the Wagner Act) and its influential director of field division, Oscar S. Smith, an undisguised New Dealer.

The lawmakers accomplished this by neatly gerrymandering Smith's job right out of existence. Then they took most of the direct control of the agency and nearly all of its employees away from the three-member board, and vested all this power in the general counsel. At one stage of the proceedings, a few of the senators became concerned over the tremendous amount of control they had placed in

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB SMALLMAN

Denham, shown being sworn in with NLRB members Copeland Gray and Abe Murdock, was both praised and blamed for his findings as a trial examiner

© HARRIS & EWING

the hands of one man, and one of them said, "We may have created America's first labor *Gauleiter.*"

Nevertheless, this provision of the Taft-Hartley Act went through. It gave the general counsel complete authority to interpret the administration of the Taft-Hartley Act as he sees it, and arranged things so that, under certain circumstances, he might be the sole judge in any labor-management dispute brought before the National Labor Relations Board.

Under the old Wagner Act, any case dismissed by any of the twenty-one regional offices of the NLRB could be appealed directly to the three members of the board in Washington. Under the new Taft-Hartley Act, the appeal now can be made only to one man—the general counsel—and if he and his subordinates in the field so decree, the expanded five-man board quite conceivably could sit twiddling its ten thumbs from one end of the year to the other without a single unfair-labor-practice case being brought before it.

When fears first were expressed over the unprecedented power of the new office, they were quieted by assurances that, given the right man, everything would be all right. With a sound citizen in the job, said Senator Irving M. Ives, you'll have no tyranny, but the benevolent moderator which the Taft-Hartley Act intended. This is where most of the controversy arose over Denham's appointment. It seems that a lot of people think Denham is the right man; a lot of others think he isn't.

For instance, the conservatives in the NLRB say he is a courageous, able middle-of-the-road citizen who, when he was an employee of the board, fought a rear-guard action against the New Dealers in the agency. The NLRB liberals say that he is a die-hard reactionary who, when he was an employee of the board, continually refused to accept board and Supreme Court decisions and was forever unfriendly to the Wagner Act he had sworn to administer. One official of the board claims that Denham is one of the fairest-minded men they ever hired; other officials of equal rank claim that he is antilabor and has other prejudices.

Some high-ranking Republicans reflect on how nice it was of President Truman to pick Denham (a Republican) so that the Republican party will get complete credit from the people for the success of the Taft-Hartley Act. Others say that the President was deliberately advised to select him because the allegedly antilabor Denham would be so tough in his enforcement of the act that the unions will rebel, the act will become unworkable and the country will revert to union-management bloodshed and chaos—for all of which the Republicans will be blamed.

The appointment, for instance, stirred B. Carroll Reece, chairman of the Republican National Committee, to say, "The extremes to which Mr. Truman went in his efforts to kill the labor bill may have done serious damage to the nation's economy by stirring up class hatreds, and undoubtedly his attitude justifies serious doubts as to whether his Administration will make a serious effort to enforce the new law effectively."

A top A.F. of L. officer said, "The Taft-Hartley Act is crazy legislation, and I can't think of a better man than Denham to administer it so well that it gets repealed next year."

Recognized as Campaign Issue

"It's strange," said a Republican national committeeman, "but an unknown like Denham suddenly becomes one of the principal issues of the 1948 campaign. No matter whom we run for President next year, we'll have to run him on the record of the Taft-Hartley Act. So we may very well stand or fall on whether Denham makes the act a brilliant success or a dismal failure."

"Denham," said one of the policy-makers of the Democratic party, "is one of the best things that has happened to my party this year."

Concerning all this, Denham says, "I never have had prejudices for one side or the other in the past, and I know of no reason why I should acquire them now. In my old position with the NLRB, I certainly attempted to express an independent judgment, but of course it was not my function to overrule the board. I was compelled to follow the policies and the precedents set by the board, and in those cases where I allegedly was a traitor to the Wagner Act, it was a difference of opinion between me and my chief as to what the decisions of the board meant.

"As far as my other critics are concerned, I have one policy: I'm trying to do a job and do it the best way I know how. If people want to criticize me, that is their privilege. When it comes to getting into controversies with people who disagree with me openly in the press, I have no desire to engage in controversies. Those people are not aiding the administration of the act."

The recipient of all this praise and abuse is a gray-haired six-footer, with deep blue eyes, narrow shoulders which combine strangely with a middle-age waistline, and a pair of the largest feet ever to grace official Washington. He is never without a small flower in his lapel, he continually jingles three large silver dollars in the palm of his hand, and he gives out with picturesque language in a rich bass voice, frequently using football and baseball terms to explain his point.

Denham has been married three times and has three distinct groups of children. His first marriage ended in divorce, and his second wife died. The present Mrs. Denham is an attractive former government employee. Every Tuesday morning, Denham arises at 7 A.M. and hastens to the Early Birds Breakfast Club, a gathering at which 125 Washington business and professional men play pranks on one another, wear funny hats and sing songs.

The NLRB's early bird was born in St. Louis on October 23, 1885. His parents were of Scottish descent, a factor which provided him with a persistent topic of conversation later on at the NLRB, where he would spend much of his spare time tracing his genealogy back to the Clan Denham in 11th century Scotland, and then, in some unexplained way, to a German baron domiciled on the Rhine.

Denham's father was a machinist in St. Louis, and as soon as young Bob was old enough, he went to work as an apprentice at the trade. At the same time, however, he did pretty well in his studies at Central High School in St. Louis. He also managed to wheel his tall, skinny frame around the quarter-mile track fast enough to make the track team, and in his senior year, he attained the heights as a cheer leader and captain of the high-school cadet corps.

This convinced the elder Denham that his son might do better with a little more education, so young Bob went off to the University of Missouri to study law. Summers, however, he continued to work as a machinist and later as a cow hand in Andrews County, Texas, where his half brother had a small ranch.

His career at the university was rather undistinguished scholastically. In the matter of extracurricular activities, however, he picked up a sports editorship of the daily paper, a business managership of the monthly magazine, a strangle hold on all the good bass parts in the glee club, and the friendship of a couple of campus characters named Charlie Ross and Forrest C. Donnell, who later became, respectively, press secretary to the current President of the United States and U.S. senator from Missouri.

Denham graduated from Missouri in 1907 with his Bachelor of Laws, and then went on to the University of Michigan for his master's degree. When he emerged with this added bauble, he practiced law in St. Louis for a while. He was smitten by a combination of ill health and ill business, however, and ended up back in Texas, in the above-mentioned Gaines County. For two years he branded cattle, rode in roundups, patched fences, repaired washouts, prosecuted criminals (as the county attorney) and wrote fire insurance policies—all for approximately $90 a month.

In the First World War

From Texas, Denham went to Yakima, Washington, and then to Seattle, where he devoted himself exclusively to the practice of law and to the local National Guard outfit, in which he rose to the rank of captain. After the first World War broke out, Denham's company was alerted and sent overseas, but it left without its captain, who at the time was snowed in with a client up in the Yukon. The following spring when Denham returned to civilization, he got himself a commission as a second lieutenant in the air service at Kelly Field.

For his first assignment as an officer, Denham was sent to command the 54th Squadron. This outfit had a strange address, which he recognized as being in the timber country of Oregon.

When Denham arrived at squadron headquarters, he scratched his head and asked the first sergeant, "Where's the airfield? Where are the planes?"

The sergeant scratched *his* head and said, "This is no airfield, sir. The 54th Squadron consists of three hundred and fifty working lumberjacks."

So Denham spent the war cutting down spruce trees for Allied warplanes.

After the war, Denham acquired a reasonable amount of cash and a lot of valuable experience working for banks and investment houses. His specialty was cleaning up messy situations in which the financial institution employing him had invested money. From 1920 to 1933, whenever there was a major business catastrophe, Denham generally could be found on the scene, studiously picking up the pieces and trying to put them together in some sort of marketable shape.

In rapid succession, he says, he ran a sugar plantation in Puerto Rico, 17,000 head of sheep in Idaho, cotton plantations in Clarksdale, Mississippi, paper mills, steel fabricating plants, food importing companies and several towns in Florida, Texas and

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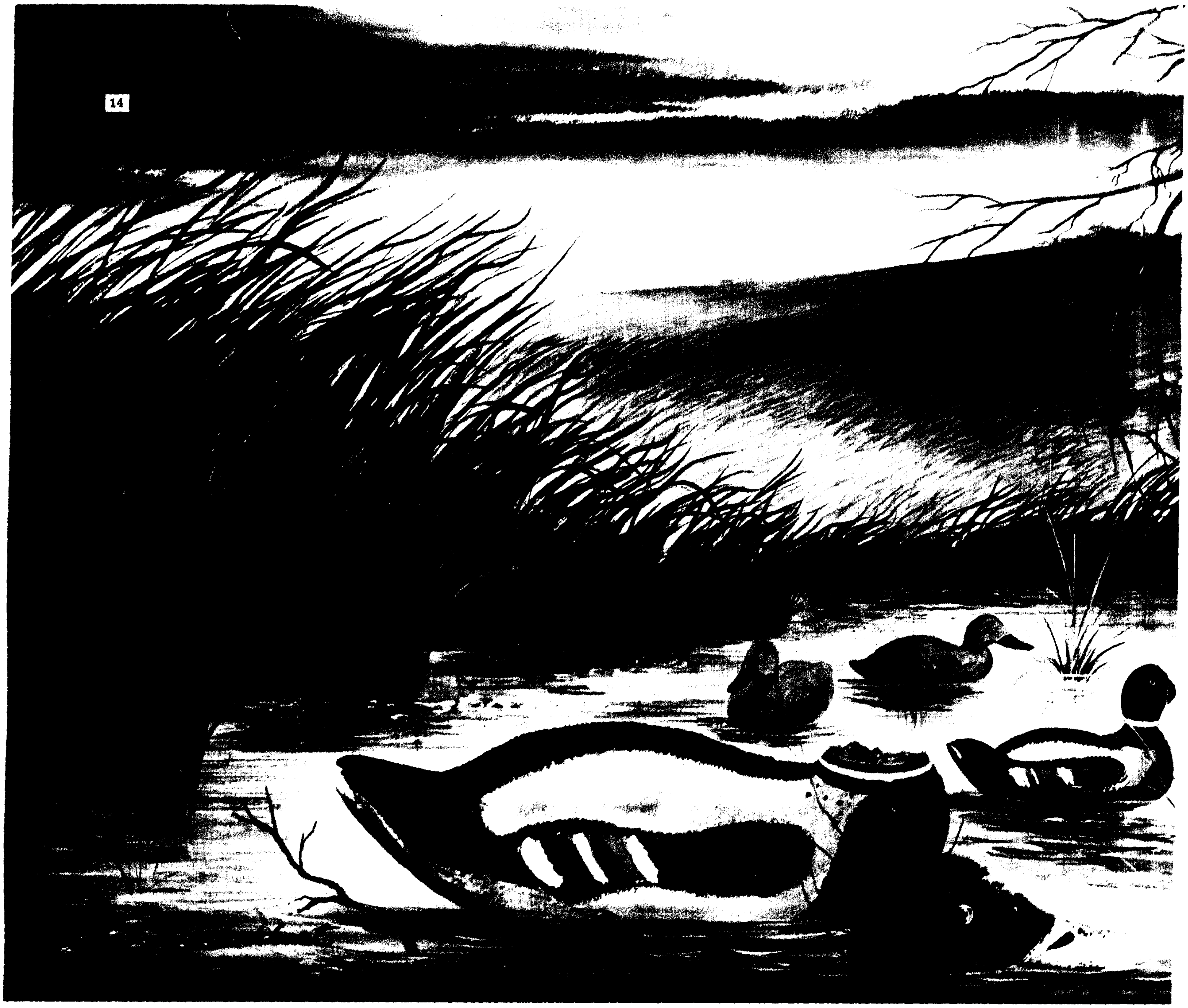

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WE WERE mopping up on the cranberry pie when Susie Nygaard came over with two teal ducks. Her back yard is just across the alley from ours and these days when Susie isn't duckhunting she is likely to be in our kitchen drinking coffee and chewing the fat with Mother, mainly about the shortage of men. Mother has one, of course: Father—taken seventeen years ago; but Susie is scoreless and it gripes her a good deal. The trouble isn't hers: There aren't any young men in small rural towns any more; when the bucks get out of school they hightail it for the Twin Cities or California and don't come back.

It couldn't be Susie's fault, because she is twenty-four years old and a beautiful natural resource. Susie's hair is about the color of peanut brittle and a wet violet is as close as I can get to the color of her eyes. She has one of those clean, glowing Norwegian complexions built-in, and she is so interestingly put together people talk about it. When you crowd Susie too far she has a temper like a flame thrower, but other than that, she is straightforward and lovable.

After she graduated from the university a couple years ago, Susie rested at a war job in Washington until she was called home to Winton to look after her father while he healed up from having been outrun to a fence by a Holstein bull who didn't like his girls fooled with. By the time the bull got tired of him, Mr. Nygaard, who is our game warden and cattle buyer, was spread pretty thin. The doctors are still trying to put his parts back where they were; meanwhile, Susie helps as much as she can. She can't buy cattle because she doesn't know a Holstein from a Plymouth Rock, but ever since she plugged a senile spoonbill the first day her father took her hunting she has been an addict. She hasn't been able to hit much since, but Mr. Nygaard had Susie made a deputy anyway.

"Would you poor things like birds shot by my own hand?" she asked, holding up the midget ducks.

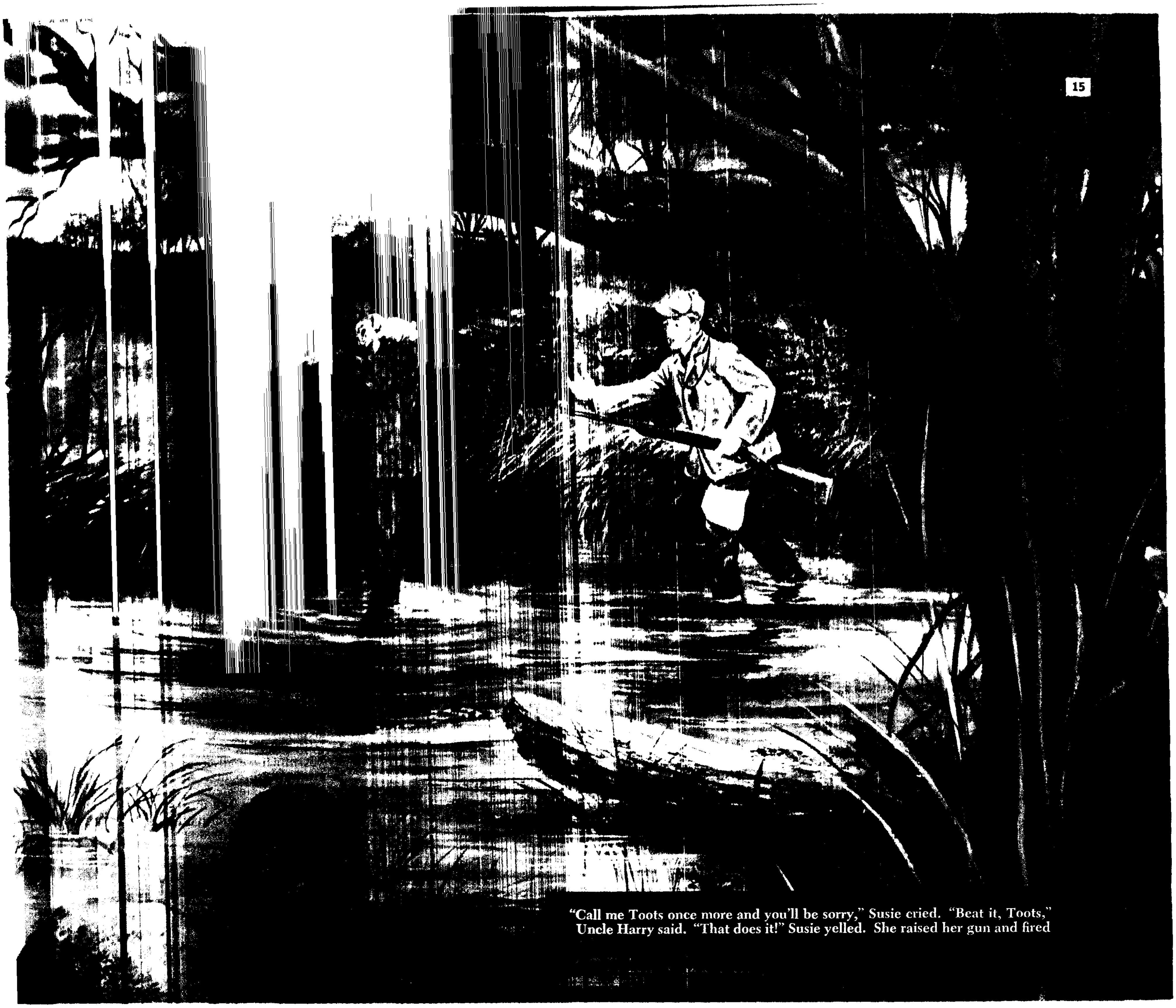
"They're wonderful, Susie," Mother said. "How did you ever catch them?"

Father tilted his head to peer at the birds through the lower half of his bifocals. "She robbed a nest," he said. "She committed infanticide. Susie, have some pie."

"I *shot* them, Catherine," Susie said, giving Father and me a dark look. "On the wing."

Mother said oh, how nice, and set a place for Susie. She gave her the last piece of pie.

"I'm a growing boy," I said, "with a beard to support one of these days. How come you feed this elderly blonde before me?"



"Call me Toots once more and you'll be sorry," Susie cried. "Beat it, Toots," Uncle Harry said. "That does it!" Susie yelled. She raised her gun and fired

BY NORD RILEY

All Susie had to do was lay her sights on him. He was a dead duck

"The boy's right," Father said. "If Susie gets any more succulent your menfolk will begin moving across the alley."

"Not me, Mother," I said. "I'm not old enough to like girls better than pie."

When she hears talk like that Mother just smiles patiently until she gets an opening. "He'll be here about nine, we think," she said to Susie. "He called in from Fargo this afternoon." She and Susie had recently had their heads together, all right. Mother giggled a little. "He said to tell all the women in town to take cover."

"Who do you mean?" Susie asked, blushing.

"Cathy!" Father said, eying Mother. "Cathy, are you plotting to turn loose this Norwegian mantrap on your own bachelor brother, mankind's rarest and noblest product? If he collapses I won't have anything to look up to any more; it'll be like lowering the flag." He turned to me. "I hate to have you see what is going to happen to your Uncle Harry."

"Now, Will, don't talk silly," Mother said. "I just *happened to mention* to Susie this afternoon that my youngest brother is coming up from Arizona to hunt ducks."

"I suppose you think I'm interested in this Uncle Harry," Susie said, finishing off the pie and glaring at Father and me. "I suppose you two bigmouths think I came over here tonight to get a look at him. Well"—she wiped a fleck of whipped cream off her lip—"it just so happens I wanted to give you oppressed citizens some ducks, something the men in this family don't seem able to provide." She got up and shook her red-gold mane at us, grinning.

"Harry's a fine sweet boy," Mother said. "It's just that"—she hesitated—"well, sometimes he says things about women."

"Uncle Harry says anyone that has to work is a failure," I said, "and that a wife is a man's most inexhaustible employment agency. Uncle Harry's got principles, like Lincoln."

"Shush, James," Mother said. She gave Father a little smile. "When his time comes, what a man says and believes doesn't make any difference, he just gets married. Harry will, too. It's just that he hasn't met a girl good enough."

Father said, dead-pan: "Harry claims no female's good enough for a man until his blood stream hoodwinks him into thinking she is." He reached over and gave Susie a little pat on the bustle. "Susie—"

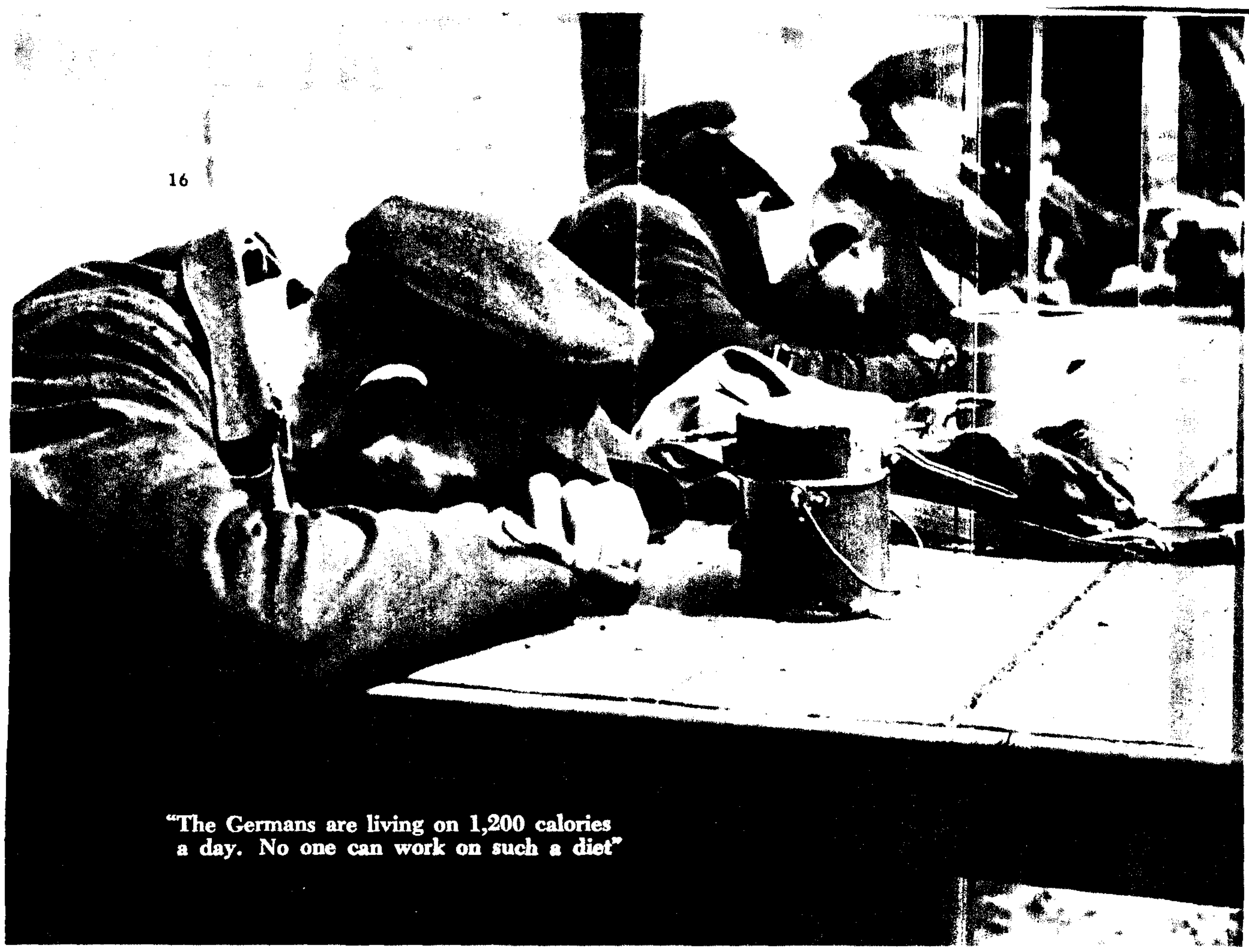
"Will!" Mother squealed.

"Susie," Father went on, "if Harry has to be hoodwinked I'm glad you're doing it."

"When they get to beating their gums like this," Susie said to Mother, "why

(Continued on page 89)

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LOCKHART



"The Germans are living on 1,200 calories a day. No one can work on such a diet"

KEYSTONE

LET'S GET GERMANY OFF OUR BACK!

BY LEWIS H. BROWN

Chairman of the Board, Johns-Manville Corporation

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Here is presented the viewpoint of an American industrialist who made a special study of Germany at the request of U.S. occupation authorities. Mr. Brown's report, of which this article is a condensation, has been presented to President Truman, the State Department and the War Department. The full report in book form will be published shortly by Farrar and Straus

KNOWING that I had acted as a consultant to Lieutenant General Levin H. Campbell, Chief of Ordnance, from May, 1942, to the end of the war, and learning that I was coming to Europe on a business trip, General Lucius D. Clay suggested that I spend as much time as possible in Germany to get firsthand information as a basis for a report on what should be done to get German industry on its feet and off the back of the American taxpayer as soon as possible.

My approach to this problem has been from the standpoint of an industrialist's attempt to analyze the problem of a bankrupt company and to determine the simple common-sense fundamentals necessary to get the wheels of production turning, and the company on a profitable basis as soon as possible.

Germany is today bankrupt and Western Europe is threatened with bankruptcy. The comparison with a bankrupt industrial company is perhaps applicable. This approach to the problem may, therefore, have merit. The real problem is to bring about the economic reconstruction of Western Europe as a whole.

My one regret is that, in dealing with a subject so controversial, there is bound to be disagreement with any course of action recommended. From the enemies of the American Way of Life, I have no hope of securing agreement. From our friends who abhor all forms of totalitarianism, with its concentration camps inseparable from a police state, I hope for tolerance and ultimate understanding of the imperative need for getting together on a plan of action under which we may minimize the threat to Western civilization and preserve its priceless freedoms.

Not even a beginning can be made to a solution of the problem of Western Europe unless we Americans recognize and admit that the Morgenthau philosophy (calling for the breakup of Germany into a series of subsistence farms), as dictated by President Roosevelt in Quebec, the Yalta and Potsdam agreements, is predicated on fallacies and has made impossible the accomplishment of the very objectives which we all considered imperative.

We must also recognize that the four-power division of Germany, in view of the attitude of Russia, can never succeed. We must therefore accept the present partition of Germany as an accomplished fact at least for the present. This means that in the American, British and French zones in western Germany are 48,000,000 people who cannot provide more than 50 per cent of their food requirements.

In my opinion nothing can be accomplished in either Germany or Western Europe under the Marshall Plan unless we in America announce with the utmost clarity an entirely new policy for the revival of Germany which is at present the cancer in the body politic of Western Europe. That new policy must deal with four aspects of the problem:

(1) Organization. We must set up an organization to deal with this problem just as we set up an organization under General Eisenhower and SHAEF to deal with the problem of the invasion of Europe.

(2) We must give new hope to Germany and Western Europe.

(3) We must use food in order to force the production of coal in both Great Britain and Germany and use coal as a dynamic means to get industry going so that with exports they can buy raw materials and food.

(4) Repayment. We must provide in advance for a practical means of repayment if we expect to be repaid.

Under such a policy our first objective should be to prevent restoration of military power in Germany.

To do this, we must completely abandon the Morgenthau philosophy in favor of a plan that from a practical standpoint can be maintained for 50 years or more.

Germany's army general staff and munitions plants and war materials industries have already been destroyed under the program originally outlined by the United States General Staff. This called for: (1) the destruction of plants and dismantling and transference of these plants under reparations, (2) destruction of the airplane industry of Germany and the prevention of the future development of airplane manufacture and (3) an inspection and control system small enough to be maintained for 50 years by the Allied governments.

German militarism is dead and the foregoing measures, if put into execution, will keep it dead.

It is time we quit fighting ghosts and got on with the real business of getting Germany back on her feet.

Once it is determined that we must have an entirely new policy for western Germany and Western Europe, it will be necessary immediately to visualize a new organization designed to see that the objectives of policy are obtained. We can no longer delay action.

General Marshall expressed the hope that in the November conference (of foreign ministers) the Russians, having obtained their objectives of satellite buffer states, might be willing to agree to the unification of Germany. Few people in Europe with whom I have talked have any such hope. My own belief is that such chance is so small that we should not waste the intervening months but should prepare now for a plan of action based on the assumption that the Russians will not agree to unification at the conference.

Under the recent consolidation of the British and American zones, considerable progress has been made. But we are still faced with the basic fact that there are two administrations, two interpretations of policy and two methods of making policy effective. The French, of course, have so far failed to join in any unification.

Invasion Pattern Advocated

The problem of getting effective action that will assure the carrying out of a restatement of policy is similar to the problem confronting the Allies when they were planning the invasion of Western Europe. The decision then was to designate a joint commander. General Eisenhower was selected. Under his great leadership and with the backing of the Chiefs of State and the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Eisenhower built a pattern of integration and co-ordination in the SHAEF staff that assured the success of the invasion operation.

When the Allied troops were battering their way to Berlin and the problem of how Germany was to be administered was under discussion, General Eisenhower advocated the use of the Allied SHAEF pattern for the administration of the American, British and French zones, believing that only through this demonstrated method of co-ordination and co-operation could effective action be secured. General Eisenhower was overruled by his commander in chief—President Roosevelt. The resulting quadripartite division has multiplied immeasurably the great difficulties of the past two years.

It is my recommendation that Congress, as a condition of appropriating funds for the backing of the Marshall Plan, instruct the executive departments of our government to secure the agreement of Great Britain and France to a consolidation of the three zones under the same pattern of organization that resulted in the victorious invasion of Western Europe by the Allied armies, and that General Eisenhower, as a last service to his country before his retirement, be asked to return to Europe to re-establish quickly this pattern of organization and put at the head of it an American—General Lucius D. Clay—who is demonstrating a great capacity and great knowledge of both the economic and industrial requirements of this undertaking.

Lieutenant General Sir Brian Robertson, who holds a similar position in the British zone, should be General Clay's chief deputy, and a representative of France should also be designated as a deputy. Similar integration should take place throughout the organization in consolidating the three zones, putting at the top in each category the man best able to secure the desired results irrespective of nationality.

On the one hand, General Eisenhower should build an integrated and co-ordinated military organization of occupation for the three western zones in Germany bringing together the military forces of America, Great Britain and France to be supplemented later by additions from other members of the United Nations.

On the other hand, General Eisenhower should use his great prestige in Europe to help bring together an integrated and co-ordinated civilian economic organization to deal with the economic *control* of western Germany under a policy that would place upon the Germans the responsibility for the administration of their own political and economic destiny.

At the same time this co-ordinated pattern of organization is being developed in western Germany, its civilian economic counterpart should be in the process of development for Western Europe as a means of making sure that the objectives under the Marshall Plan will be attained and that any appropriations made by the American Congress to implement the Marshall Plan will not be dissipated or frittered away in side-line activities that have no bearing on the primary and vitally necessary objectives.

Civilian Status Preferable

In building this broader organization for Western Europe, General Eisenhower should act in a civilian capacity for whatever time is required before taking over his new duties as head of Columbia University.

Given such an organization, our new policy and directive from Congress should require that we first attack the psychological problem of Germany.

As I see it, during the past two years Germany has been like a mule which in hauling a heavy cart has fallen down in the mud. Both the Americans and the British have come along, unstrapped the shafts of the cart from the harness and pulled it back, leaving the mule still lying in the mud. Both the Americans and the British have then themselves got into the shafts of the cart and attempted to pull the load. This is an impossible task.

What we should do is to give the mule enough food while he is still lying down to get some of his strength back, put the shafts back into the harness, hold out the inducement of a large bag of oats in order to give the mule an incentive to get up, and then with a vigorous push from behind get the mule on his feet and make it clear that it is the duty and the responsibility of the mule to pull the cart out of the mud. It will, of course, be necessary to help and perhaps even push, but it is vitally necessary that the German people pull in the interests of their own salvation.

This can be done by the following program, each part of which presents many problems and difficulties but none of which is impossible of attainment.

The program for giving Germany new hope is:

I

Declare an end to the reparations of capital goods. That is, discontinue the practice of moving whole factories out of Germany and into other countries as a part of the reparations due them.

II

Bring to an immediate and early end the process of denazification except for the 80,000 top Nazis. Today the German industrialist is debarred, through the extreme denazification program, from access to the best brains of Germany, and therefore suffers from a severe shortage of technical, supervisory and executive help.

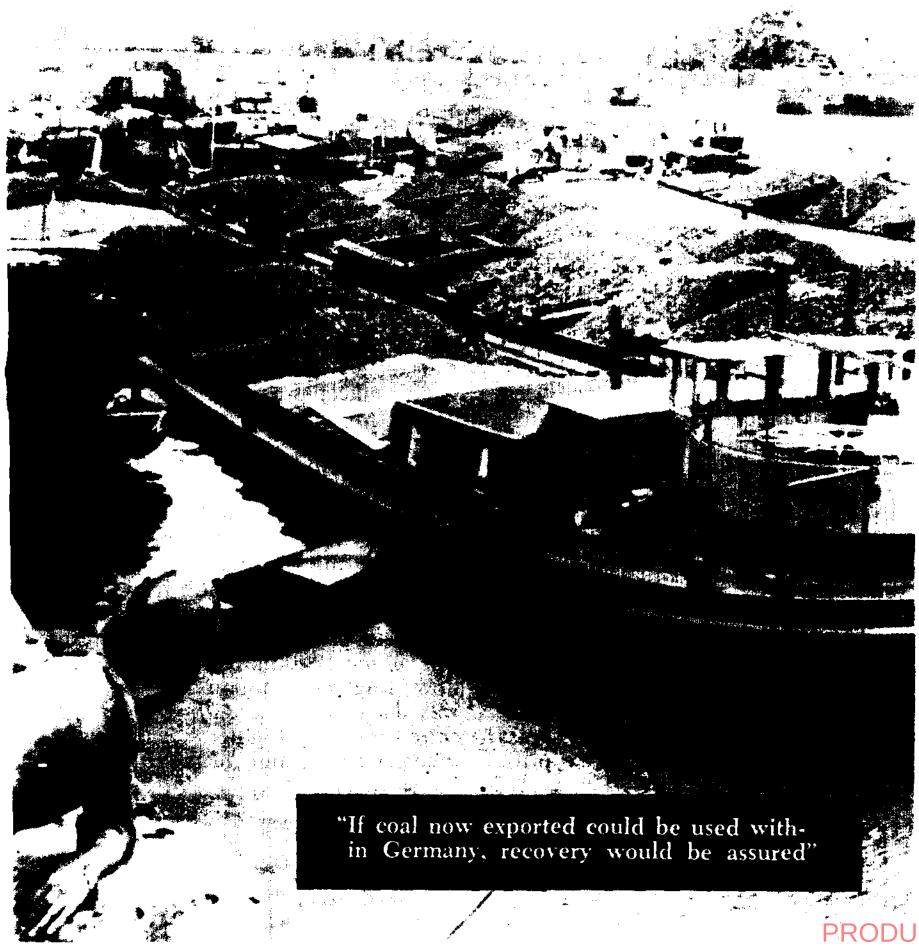
III

Permit the Germans to export by quickly untying the shackles that now bind their hands and feet. These take the form of regulations prohibiting barter and the making of contracts with foreign business firms. Also I recommend that the International Bank should provide for loans of foreign currency with which German industrial firms may buy raw materials and send out salesmen and engineers to secure export business. Also, we should eliminate the regulations remaining from Nazi autarchy and "Schachtism," the red tape and bureaucracy of the German *Landerats* (provincial governments) and the regulations of the American and British military governments that prevent exports.

The system of Schachtism strangles private enterprise with controls and red tape. It comprises the system of price control, wage control, profit control, exchange control, foreign trade control, rationing, quotas, priorities, allocations, special licenses

(Continued on page 56)

KEYSTONE



"If coal now exported could be used within Germany, recovery would be assured"

ROBERT CAPA

"The crux of Germany's recovery problem lies in the digging of coal by Great Britain"

MISTER GIMMICK

BY MORT WEISINGER

300 SHOTS 5¢
TEST YOUR AIM!
LET'S PRACTICE
ATOMIC BOMBER
Mount

Most of the machines in this penny arcade in Playland, at Rye, New York, cost anywhere from a nickel to a qu
this is not believed to be due to inflation. There is a variety of over 50 different machines available. Rabkin

William Rabkin works on the basic principle that people love to beat a machine. His coin games take 400 million nickels a year from fascinated Americans

SHORTLY after the AAF scrambled a pair of atomic eggs over Japan, a physical scientist from Columbia University went quietly to work for William Rabkin, a Long Island City gadgeteer. For two weeks the scientist labored behind soundproof doors, pledged to secrecy. Three months later the result of his hush-hush activity exploded in thousands of hotel lobbies, corner drugstores, bus terminals, railroad-station waiting rooms and even Death Valley trading posts—in the form of a Rube Goldberg device almost as intricate as the monster calculating machine at MIT. The gimmick, tagged the "Atomic Bomber," operated for a nickel—but thus far it has grossed Bill Rabkin thousands of dollars in profits.

William Rabkin, a placid gentleman with imaginative brown eyes, is the Thomas Alva Edison of the amusement device industry. In the trade, he is famous for having patented some forty-nine infernal machines, among them "Holiday Hits," "Shoot-O-Matic," "Bang-A-Way," "Bowl-A-Game," the "Old Mill" and "Pikes Peak." Next to transportation turnstiles, juke boxes and automat slots, Rabkin's ingenious mechanized games swallow more American nickels than any other five-cent repository. Thirty million people a year, small fry and big fry, scowl, whoop and gee whizz over the frustration or triumph they experience by playing with his novel creations.

"The basic principle of a successful gimmick," Rabkin explains, "is that it should challenge the player's ability to synchronize brain, eye and hand reactions. The instrument should be conquerable, for it is a psychological truth that human beings exult in triumphing over a machine."

His "Drive-Mobile" fits this definition perfectly. This is an ingenious contraption wherein the player controls an actual steering wheel and tries to pilot a model car across a transcontinental highway. Offhand this would seem as simple as dialing your favorite radio station. What puts it in the snake-pit class, however, is the added Rabkin twist: The highway dips, curves abruptly and offers the proxy motorist all the hazards of a coast-to-coast trip. The player's score depends entirely upon his accurate driving skill, for every time he goes off the road he sacrifices points.

Although millions of penny arcade fans regard the "Drive-Mobile" as a mechanical brain teaser, a few professional groups have seen fit to declare it of scientific value. Traffic safety engineers in several cities use the gadget to drill home to amateur drivers the need for hair-trigger control of a vehicle. During the war Navy officials lend-leased a dozen "Drive-Mobiles" from Rabkin, used them to test the reflex actions of air crews at various elevations. Even today, Army physicians at Halloran and other veterans' hospitals employ the device as a therapeutic measure in restoring the manual dexterity of servicemen whose hands have been injured.

Rabkin snags ideas for games fresh out of the headlines. When he read how England's antiaircraft defense was decimating the *Luftwaffe*, it inspired his "Sky Fighter." This was a mechanical facsimile of the real thing.

are [illegible]
the [illegible]

Mr. Gimmick himself—William Rabkin—spends up to $50,000 in developing some of his machines

A Westchester County policeman takes a busman's holiday by showing off his crack marksmanship

The player aimed his antiaircraft machine gun at a moving stream of enemy planes. Then—rat-a-tat-tat—300 shots in 30 seconds, to the accompaniment of vivid sound effects. Every time a plane was hit, a bell rang, and down nose-dived the craft in flames.

The "Sky Fighter" won immediate acclaim from thousands of shooting-gallery addicts with a trigger-finger itch, as well as from G.I. Joes. Rabkin will never forget the R.A.F. pilot he met whose voice registered more pride in speaking of the 290 score he had chalked up on the "Sky Fighter" than when discussing the three Nazi bombers he had shot down.

Rabkin's "Atomic Bomber," which is also derived from the front pages, with lethal mushroom clouds ascending on a view plate every time the player scores a chain reaction, proved more realistic than he had ever dreamed. The chain reaction fulminated all the way to Russia, resulting in this editorial blast by Pravda: "The barbarism of the Americans has reached new heights . . . to boast to the world of their monopoly of the atom bomb they have invented a machine . . . for five cents even a child can enjoy the thrill of dropping an atomic bomb . . ."

Almost everyone who has ever visited a fair or frequented an arcade from Atlantic City to the Barbary Coast has fed at least one nickel into Rabkin's first and most famous invention—the "Digger." When only a young apprentice in a machine shop, Rabkin toyed with the idea of capitalizing upon the simple fact that nothing attracts a crowd as easily as a steam shovel in operation. Finally, many years later, his ambition was realized when the "Digger" went into action at Coney Island.

"Digger" to Go Down the Ages

A miniature steam shovel in a glass case, it scooped gravel when the customer manipulated the controls properly. Later, candies were substituted for pebbles to reward the player for his skill. More than 15,000 "Diggers" are still in circulation; an Indian raja recently purchased one for a favorite grandson; Oglethorpe University sealed one within its "Crypt of Civilization," to be opened in 7940 A.D.

Today, none of Rabkin's coin-operated devices offers the player any payola, no matter how high a score is rolled up. Skill and luck determine a perfect score; his top-flight engineers work constantly to make each game as scientific as possible, enabling the player with superior sleight of mind to achieve the only jack pot possible—a feeling of self-satisfaction for having beaten a brain of steel, solenoids and springs.

How tough should a game be, or how easy? To find the answer, Rabkin recruits special testing crews of teen-agers who give each new gimmick a dry run. Through exhaustive studies, Rabkin's engineers have found that boys and girls in the 13-18 age group have more quick-as-a-flash alertness than their elders. Consequently, whenever it becomes too difficult for this young set to register a high score on some new game, technicians eliminate some of the obstacles. By the same token, if it rains high scores, "bumpers" and "bafflers" are incorporated into the field of action to give the player added headaches.

Some 1,300 delicate parts go into the average Rabkin gewgaw, and it costs him at least $16,000 to lubricate the transition from blueprint stage to pilot model. Rabkin's newest brain storm, a complicated game based on the current wide interest in television, will require an experimental budget of $50,000. Another, in which the player pilots a rocket ship toward a distant planet while the planets shift in their orbits, has already cost him $25,000.

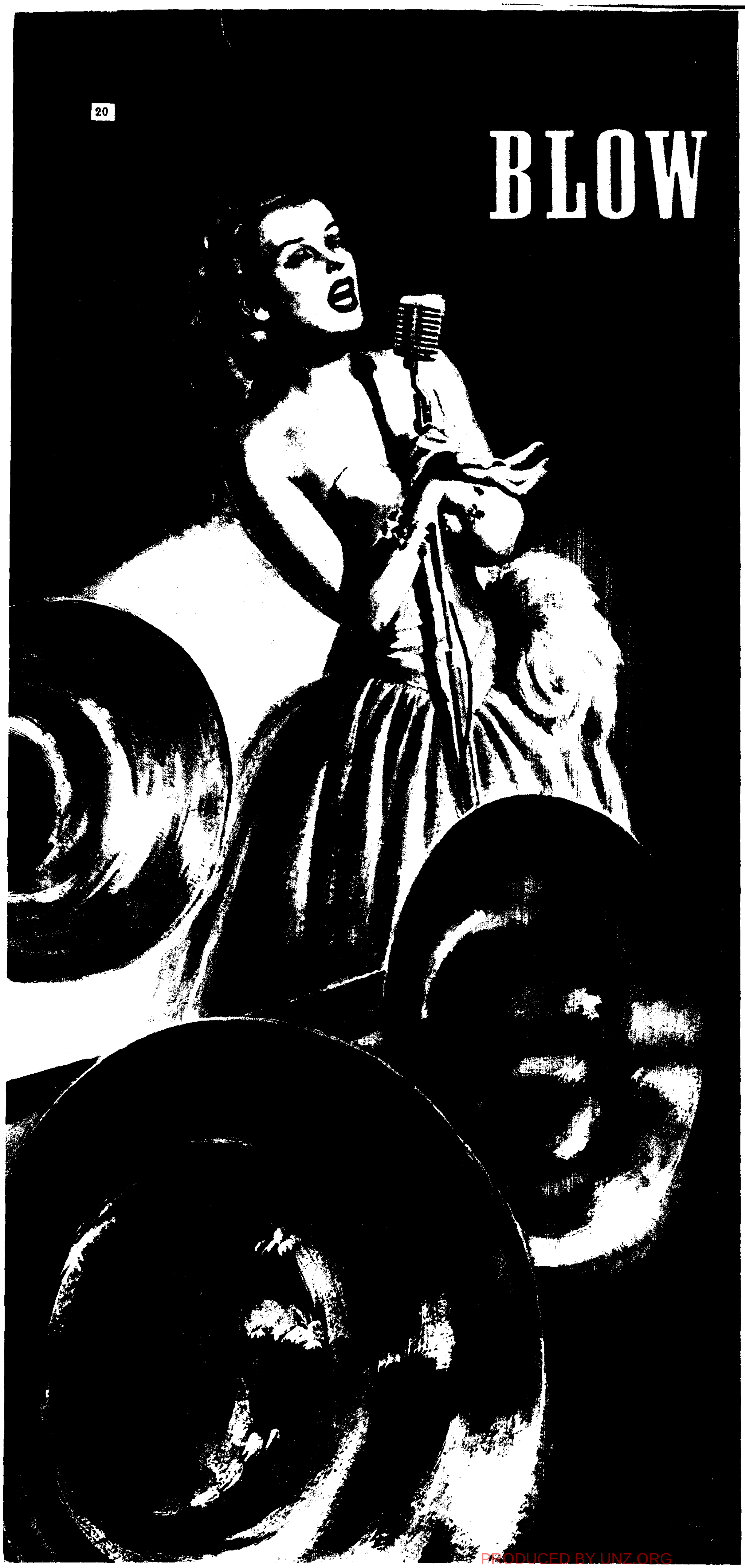
Because piracy of ideas in the amusement device industry is as common a practice as design borrowing in the fashion world, these projects will remain locked in Rabkin's safe until patented. Many of Rabkin's technicians hold Phi Beta Kappa keys; during the war it was duck soup for them to help him convert his plant into an assembly line grinding out high-precision elevation quadrants for the Army.

Rabkin's tantalizing contrivances coax about 400 million nickels from the American public every year. Much of this revenue is due to the vanity of man, he believes.

"Most coin-game fans play to a gallery," he explains. "Human nature makes them want to pour nickels into the gimmick until they roll up a high score. *You* wouldn't let a mechanical nemesis lick you in front of your best girl, would you?" ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

BLOW ME BLUE



Hazel had a terrific case of the shakes. She fluffed some of the words and finally, in her desperation, she turned and sent the chorus right to Ed

THE car pulled off the road and parked on the sunburned grass at the top of the bank. Ed took one look at the young man who got out, and said to himself: No sale. The car was wide and low and the top was down. No customers for fish bait out of a car like that.

The young man fooled around in the back of the car for a minute and then came up with a big leather-covered case of some kind. Under his other arm he had something in a canvas sack.

"Mama," Ed called softly, without turning his head, "get out your overalls. Fella's comin' to take pictures."

Every so often, in the summertime, people would come to take pictures of Ed and his wife and the houseboat. They'd fuss around the deck, fooling with their cameras, and when they were through they'd give Ed a dollar.

"Nope," she said. "Too hot to wear those old overalls. I'm comfortable."

Mama was really a neat woman; she dressed better than most that lived along the river, and she kept her hair in a net and her face scrubbed. But the tourists always liked it when she put on the filthy overalls and pulled the straw hat down on the back of her head, sitting beside Ed while the two of them looked solemnly at the round glass eye of the camera.

"Well, we could use a dollar," Ed said. "We sure could."

"Then you just seine some more minnies," Mama said comfortably. "I'm too easy to go fussing around."

The young man seemed doubtful about the plank that connected the bank and the boat; he walked across practically on tiptoe, holding the leather case carefully in front of him.

"You Edward Baussier?" he said. Ed nodded, looking him over. He wore glasses with heavy black rims; he wore sand-colored pants and a coat the color of a claybank, two-tone shoes, a yellow shirt, and a blue satin necktie tied in a bow. The man was chubby, but it seemed to Ed that his coat was a little too big—but it looked too nifty to be a hand-me-down.

The young man took off his hat and held it against his chest and looked at Ed with wide round eyes.

"The Bifty," he said. "The blowin' man himself, amen." He put his hat back on, put down the case, and grabbed Ed with both hands. "You know I been looking for you for four months? I'm Joey Kelp. Shake hands, shake hands."

Mama stood in the door of the houseboat, looking curious. It was a narrow door and she was a comfortably wide woman; she filled it.

"The missus," Ed said, disentangling his hand. "Man here says his name is Kelp. Kelp, is that right?"

"People thought you were *dead,* man," the young man said. He was grinning with excitement. "Mrs. Baussier, it's a gracious thing to meet you." He grabbed the case again. "Listen, lis-ten, have I got something for you!"

"We don't want to buy anything," Mama said warningly.

Joey Kelp laughed.

"Listen," he said, "I didn't come to take your money away; I'm bringing you money. By the hatful."

He unsnapped the case and lifted the lid, and Ed saw that it was a phonograph. Joey arranged it on an upended box. From a folder in the top of the lid he took a record, turned it lovingly in his hands, and blew dust from it. He wound the machine.

Biff Baussier had to find out if the blues still had meaning for him. It had been a long time since he'd been with jazz men—or with Hazel

BY WILLIAM PORTER

"Now, *listen!*"

The music was jazz; it was a Dixieland blues, slow and smoky, the Farewell Blues. The musicians all took the opening chorus together and then there was a slow, easy trombone break. The record had been made a long time ago. The music sounded muffled and hollow, but the beat was there. Joey Kelp got very excited.

"Now!" he said suddenly. "Listen, that's you, remember? That's you, Bifty!"

He was talking about the trumpet that had just come in solo. It was only a short break; the trumpet blew a piece of the melody, growled a little variation, and then rode out on top of the driving final chorus. Joey Kelp quivered as he listened and then, at the finish, threw his arms over his head.

"Tremendous!" he said.

The woman looked at Ed. "I never knew you played for records," she said.

"Some," he said. "Only it was a long time ago. Sure," he said to the young man, "I remember that. That's ol' Cryin' Smith on the trombone."

"Made in the Diadem Studios in Birmingham, June 2, 1924," Joey said. "You know these things are twenty bucks apiece—if you can find them?"

"Some people," Mama said, "sure throw their money around."

"Play it again," Ed said.

The young man was delighted. He played it again, and Ed leaned against the cabin and put his hands in his pocket and listened, his face blank.

"Well," he said, when it stopped, "can't stand here in the sunshine all day. You want to come around to the stern and set?"

Joe Kelp said he was the jazz historian for some record company and also a talent organizer and right in his pocket he had the paper that would give Ed four hundred dollars per record for making three records. He said that bottled-in-bond jazz was doing a big comeback and all the companies were reissuing their oldies and that people like Bunk Johnson and Kid Ory were back in the business and cleaning up. And that people were talking about the great Baussier, and most of them thought he was dead. He showed Ed a piece from a magazine about him; the piece was written by Joe Kelp. Joey made it sound as if the whole U.S.A. was running around yelling, "Whatever happened to Bifty Baussier?"

MAMA listened to only a little of this and then went back into the cabin. She slammed the door, and Ed knew what the trouble was.

Ed didn't keep very good track of the talk himself, because his mind kept wandering off in the track started by the music. That is, he was thinking about a dark-haired woman. This woman and jazz music went together like the nail and the meat of his finger. First she had waited tables in the place in New Orleans and then one night they heard her sing, and she kept on singing. The boys used to say that she was the first white woman who ever really learned to sing the blues. Ed wondered if any more white women had ever learned. He hadn't heard jazz for a long, long time.

Mama knew about the dark-haired woman. She was reminded every day. Mama was a fine, broad-minded woman, but that's why she slammed the door.

The heat lay on top of the Black Warrior River like a carpet. The five-pound yellow catfish he'd caught that morning fought against the stringer for a moment in a wild flurry of excitement, kicking up the water, and then took it easy again. The yellow cat was for supper.

"There'll be just five of you," Joey Kelp said, spreading his fingers. "You and ol' Obie and Harry Kentuck and Hammerhead Kelly—hey. Hey, Bifty."

"Yeah?"

"You listenin', man?"

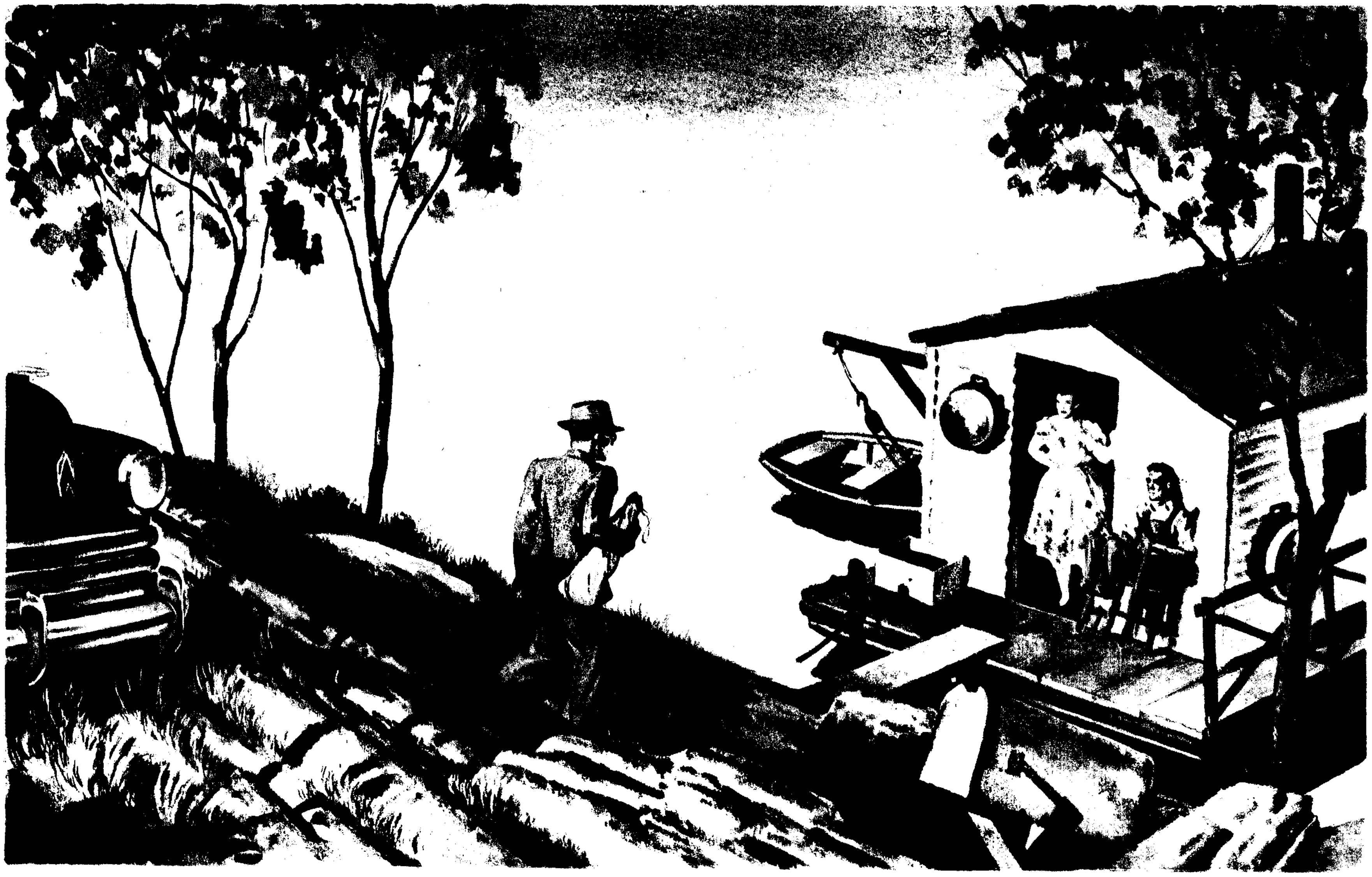
"I'm listenin'."

"What made you quit blowin'?" This Joe had a funny way of talking, like a Dixie accent put on; he hadn't been raised to talk like that. It needled Ed to hear him talk.

"It's been so long I forgot. I just stopped."

"A man who made the kind of sounds you did? Man, I got ears; I can hear those records. The way you blew it was like religion. *(Continued on page 78)*

"Mama," Ed called softly, without turning his head, "get out your overalls. Fella's comin' to take pictures." "Nope," she said. "Too hot. I'm comfortable"



ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

BY HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

VI–THE REFUGEE RUN-AROUND

Inefficiency, stalling and bureaucratic delay in our government held up the rescue of thousands of Hitler's victims. . . . And the British Foreign Office was more concerned with politics than with mercy

Conclusion

AMERICA has no cause to be proud of its handling of the refugee problem. We knew in Washington, from August, 1942, on, that the Nazis were planning to exterminate all the Jews of Europe. Yet, for nearly eighteen months after the first reports of the Nazi horror plan, the State Department did practically nothing.

Officials dodged their grim responsibility, procrastinated when concrete rescue schemes were placed before them, and even suppressed information about atrocities in order to prevent an outraged public opinion from forcing their hand.

I do not make these statements lightly. The Treasury's responsibility for licensing monetary transactions abroad meant that we had to pass on the financial phases of refugee relief plans. This gave us a front-row view of those eighteen terrible months of inefficiency, buck passing, bureaucratic delay and sometimes, what appeared to be calculated obstructionism. With sinking hearts we battled for action against the eternal stretching out of memoranda, committees, conferences—all devouring precious time while innocent people perished miserably in concentration camps and gas chambers.

The fight was long and heartbreaking. The stake was the Jewish population of Nazi-controlled Europe. The threat was their total obliteration. The hope was to get a few of them out—a few women, perhaps, a few children and babies—before the gates of the concentration camps and the doors of the gas chambers clanked shut.

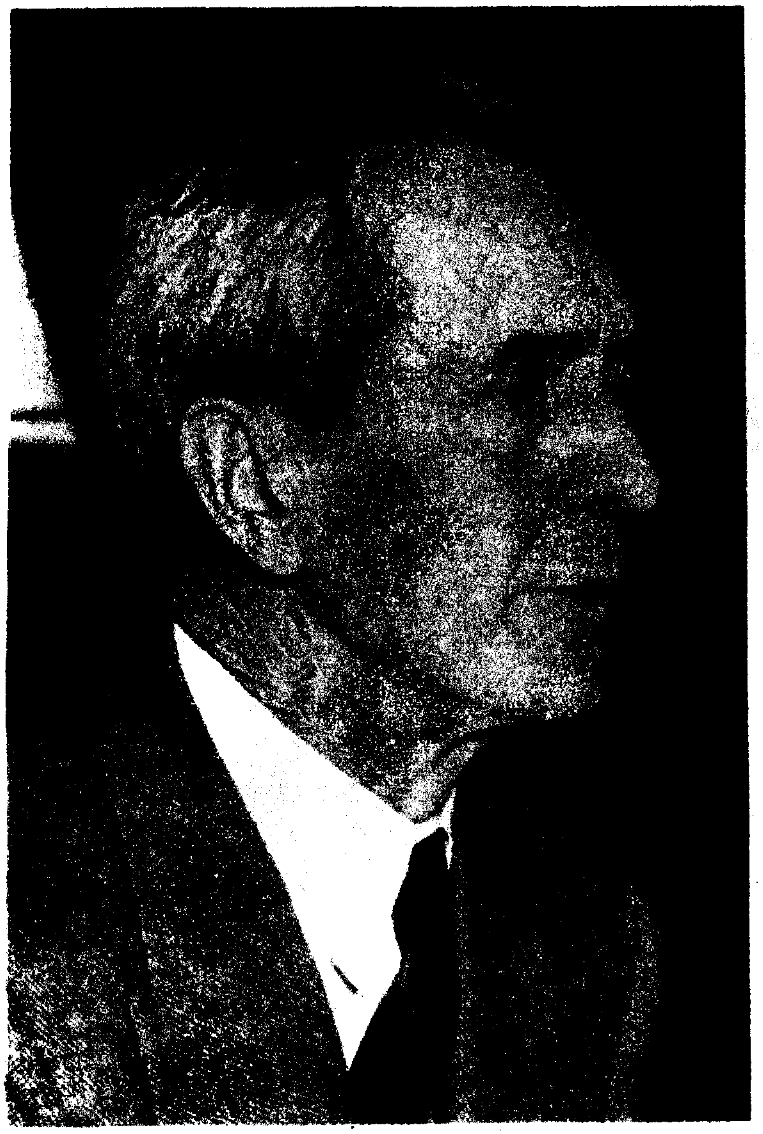
At times, it seemed as if we were just battering our heads against a stone wall. But in the end we got evidence which we were able to take directly to the President in a dramatic White House interview. In the end, we succeeded in getting the refugee question out of the hands of the State Department, which had kicked it around for so long, and into the hands of a special Presidential commission—the War Refugee Board.

The agonizing story which lay behind the creation of the War Refugee Board need remain a secret no longer. The board was made up of crusaders, passionately persuaded of the need for speed and action; and only such people could get things done in the way of rescue—as WRB did in the few meager months remaining. The basic trouble with the previous setup had been that the State Department was simply not equipped, psychologically or administratively, for the refugee job.

I have written about the foreign office mentality before. The State Department was not set up for rapid action or for humanitarianism. The typical foreign service officer lived off paper. His instinct was always toward postponement, on the hallowed theory of all foreign offices that problems postponed long enough will solve themselves. Moreover, many State Department officials had small personal sympathy for the humble and downtrodden, as the experience of thousands of refugees in France and Portugal demonstrated during the war. The horrors of Dachau or Buchenwald were beyond their conception.

They dealt with human lives at the same bureaucratic tempo and with the same lofty manner that they might deal with a not very urgent trade negotiation.

Hull's indulgence of such men as Breckinridge Long, who did not harass him with perplexing policy problems and with whom he could relax socially, was one of the Secretary's major weaknesses. In this

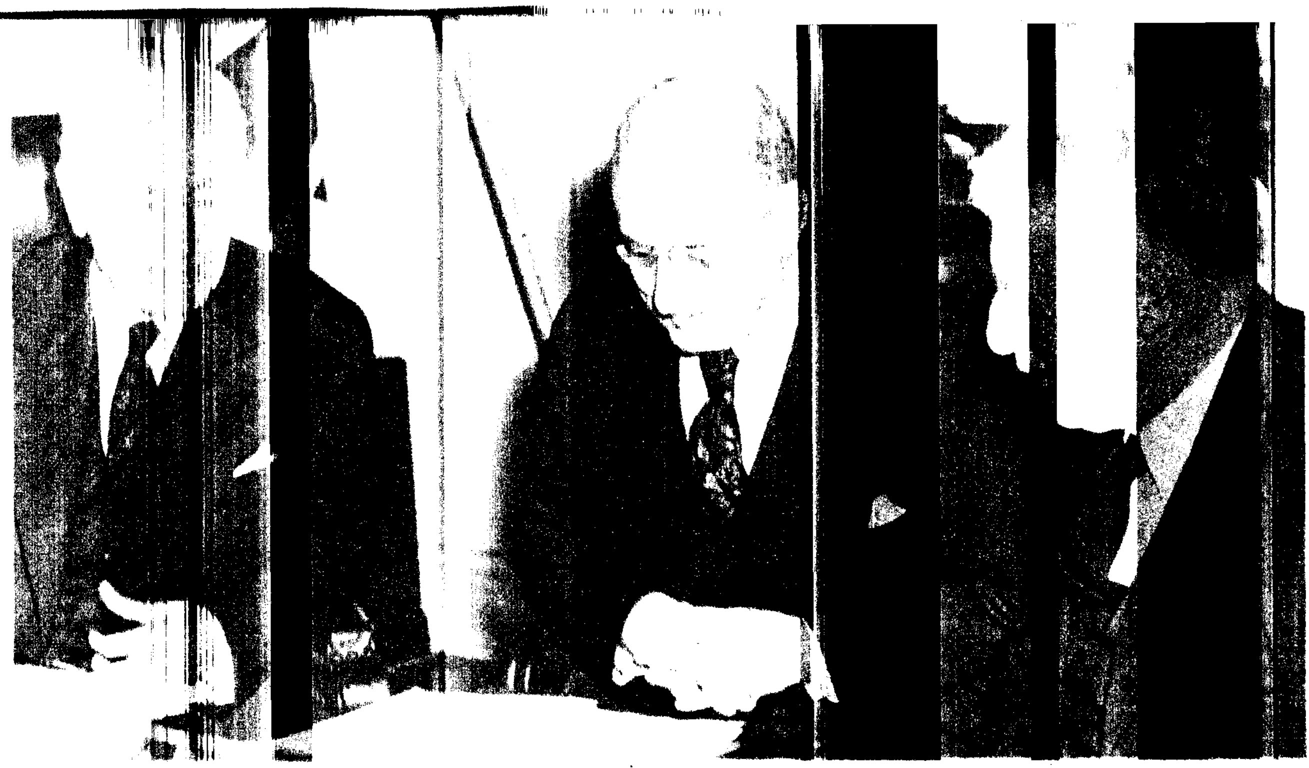


ACME

Morgenthau discussed with Breckinridge Long (above) obstacles met in solving refugee problems

EUROPEAN

The hope was to get refugees out of Germany before the gates of the concentration camps and the doors of the gas chambers clanked shut. Above, a typical refugee family safe in the United States



ACME

(Left to right) Cordell Hull, Henry Morgenthau and Henry Stimson at the first meetings of the War Refugee Board when Hull insisted, "I want this out of the State Department." Eventually WRB helped thousands of refugees escape

case Hull did himself particular injustice, because his subordinate failed to carry out his own generous intentions on the problem of rescuing the refugees.

Cautious and temporizing by nature, these officials always preferred committees to action. Their conservative political sympathies made them indifferent to the fate of the wretched refugees of Central Europe. Lacking either the administrative drive or the emotional commitment, they could not bring about prompt United States action on behalf of the desperate people.

Washington first had word of a concerted Hitler plan to exterminate the Jews of Europe in August, 1942. In the Treasury we did not know about some of these developments until later; but, when we subsequently felt obliged to dig behind the official reasons for State Department inaction, we reconstructed a tangled and discouraging story. I will tell it now as it happened—not in the scramble of bits and pieces in which it first came to the Treasury.

The first report came from a man named Gerhard Riegner, who was stationed in Switzerland as representative of the World Jewish Congress. Through various means Riegner got his story out into the hands of Dr. Stephen S. Wise, president of the American Jewish Congress. Wise checked with Sumner Welles in the State Department, and Welles asked Wise not to release the story until an attempt could be made to confirm it.

Welles then sent a cable marked for the personal attention of Leland Harrison, our minister at Bern, instructing him to co-operate with Riegner and to obtain further information about the reported Nazi plans. In November four sworn statements arrived. They fully backed up Riegner's tale; Welles delivered the documents to Wise and told him to make them public.

Popular reaction was quick and united. On December 17, 1942, the United States denounced this latest expression of Nazi nihilism. The White House declared that it would be United States policy to punish racial and political murder. When the facts were related to the British House of Commons, two minutes of silence followed. Through the Jewish community, of course, there was worldwide anguish and mourning.

On January 21, 1943, another Riegner cable arrived from Harrison in Switzerland. Its contents were stark and terrifying. It reported that Germans were killing Jews in Poland at the rate of 6,000 a day, that Jews in Germany were being deprived of food and ration cards, that Jews in Rumania were starving to death.

Sumner Welles passed the cable on to Dr. Wise. Plans were immediately laid for mass protests, beginning with a meeting at Madison Square Garden. The relief agencies redoubled their efforts to get schemes under way which might save a few of the helpless thousands. For weeks the State Department was bombarded with demands for action, with rescue projects, with appeals and pleas and promises of assistance.

Many Excuses for Inaction

But all the State Department people could do in response was to produce a set of reasons for doing nothing. They said that the refugee problem had to be "explored" first as a whole before action could be undertaken on behalf of any group of refugees. They kept talking about the Intergovernmental Committee on Refugees, a body which had been in existence since 1938, had taken no effective action to evacuate refugees and probably did not have the necessary authority. They invoked security grounds, arguing that the Nazis would utilize refugee evacuations as a means of getting agents out.

But the State Department's reaction to public pressure went deeper, as we learned later, than mere paper shuffling and evasion. It took the form of trying to shut off the pressure by shutting off at the source the flow of information which nourished it. We did not know at the time what was going on; we had only our suspicions. It took months of long and patient investigation before we were able to put together the shocking story of the suppression incident.

A few days after the new Riegner cable arrived from Bern, a reply bearing the code number 354 went from the State Department to Harrison. Referring specifically to his earlier cable, the reply said in effect: "In the future we would suggest that you do not accept reports submitted to you to be transmitted to private persons in the United States unless such action is advisable because of extraordinary circumstances. Such private messages circumvent neutral countries' censorship and it is felt that by sending them we risk the possibility that steps would necessarily be taken by the neutral countries to curtail or forbid our means of communication for confidential official matter."

Now the effect of cable 354 was to order Harrison not to send back any more of Riegner's information—any more stories of atrocities which might provoke more mass meetings and more public protest. Yet its language was such that a busy official, signing the day's quota of outgoing cables, would clear it as a piece of administrative routine. I am convinced that this is what happened.

The cable was signed by Sumner Welles for Cordell Hull. But Welles' whole record on the refugee question suggests that he knew nothing about this cable. The Treasury always found him sympathetic on refugee problems and co-operative in efforts at rescue. And, when we were able to present the issues directly to Hull, we had no doubt where he would stand either. Hull and Welles were involved in a thousand other matters.

On April 10, 1943, Welles, clearly indicating that he did not know of the existence of the suppression cable, asked the Bern Legation to send additional reports from Riegner on the plight of the Jews. This was the kind of information Harrison had been instructed *not* to send two months earlier.

Harrison replied that he was sending the text of another report from Riegner. Then he added, rather plaintively, that such reports, containing authentic intelligence that should be in State Department hands, ought *not* to be subject to the restrictions imposed by cable 354.

Though the Treasury did not know officially about cable 354, we had in fact been tipped off about its existence. But in the course of business, our Foreign Funds Control Division was supposed to receive copies of cables bearing upon the refugee question. Consequently when we got our copy of Harrison's complaint, we seized the opportunity to ask State for a copy of this number 354 to which he referred. I awaited State's reply with some curiosity. After a time their answer came. Observing that cable 354 did not relate to matters that concerned the Treasury, State refused to show it to us.

Here we were in the spring of 1943. Washington had known for six months about Hitler's plan to exterminate the Jews. Sumner Welles had acted promptly to get information concerning the execution of this plan. Such information as he received he furnished to Jewish organizations in this country. As a result apparently, his request for information had in effect been countermanded by subordinates.

While the Innocent Suffered

In the meantime, innocent people were being tortured throughout German-occupied Europe, while the refugee problem was outrageously spun out—through a halfhearted attempt to activate the intergovernmental Committee at Bermuda in April, through interdepartmental discussions, through an interminable exchange of memoranda and letters. Let me cite just one example.

In March, 1943, the World Jewish Congress cabled Washington that there was a real chance of rescuing 70,000 Jews in France and Rumania, provided funds could be got into Switzerland. The money was collected and ready to go. It would not be available to the officials in Nazi-occupied Europe who would co-operate with the plan, but it had to be deposited in Switzerland in their names. What was needed was government communications facilities and other assistance to consummate the deal.

The State Department did not at first even want to take the initial step of cabling Bern to find out if the financial arrangements could be worked out. Dr. Herbert Feis, the able Economic Adviser, argued that such a cable was only a request for information. Finally Feis took the matter straight to Welles, and the message got off on May 25th.

When Bern answered on June 14th, the State Department hauled out the economic warfare argument—that the necessary financial arrangements would benefit the enemy by putting American dollars into German hands. This was a great surprise to us, because, as our friends in the Board of Economic Warfare well knew, the State Department was usually among those who scoffed at economic warfare in other connections.

But, in any case, this brought the Treasury into the picture, since our Foreign Funds Control Division had exactly the responsibility for preventing American funds from dribbling to the enemy. A day after State finally consulted us on July 15th we came to the conclusion that the proposed arrangements for deposit would prevent the money from helping the enemy. Therefore we immediately notified State that we were prepared to clear the license for the transfer of funds.

This should have settled the matter. But one of the State Department's executive assistants continued to fire delaying memoranda at Hull on the economic-warfare point. On July 22d Dr. Wise called on the President to find out what was causing the delay. The President, who was deeply moved by the situation, could not have been more receptive.

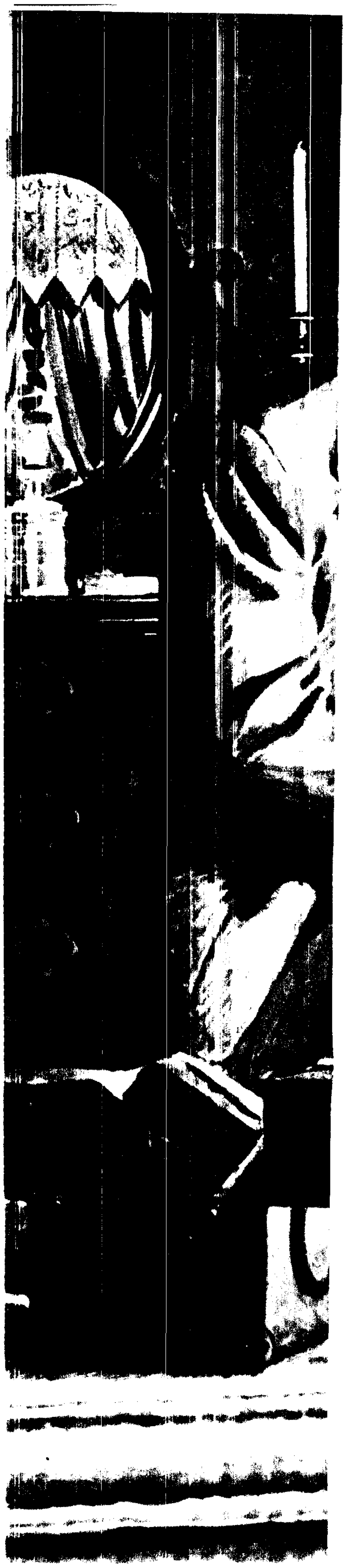
The next day Wise wrote Roosevelt

(Continued on page 62)

MY LOVE WEARS BLACK

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

CONTINUING THE BREATHLESS ACCOUNT OF LOVE AND MURDER IN HOLLYWOOD



The Story:
BRUCE INGRAM, young Los Angeles real-estate broker, is in love with motion-picture star JEAN RUTLEDGE. They want to be married, but Jean is still officially tied to a shiftless opportunist named FRED WILSON, who ran out on her four years ago and has refused to give her a divorce. Back in town after his long absence, Wilson telephones Jean, telling her to meet him at the empty and isolated house which she owns and in which they used to live.

Jean and Bruce drive out to the house, where they find Fred Wilson lying murdered in the living room. Bruce searches the body for a clue to the murder; he finds only an unsigned telegram demanding money. Bruce covers the body with a rug, and wanting to avoid the ruinous publicity the murder could mean for Jean, drives her back to her studio. Then he picks up his partner, DANNY SINGLETON, tells him what has happened, and drives him back to the house.

They telephone the police. Detective MARTY WALSH arrives and throws back the rug covering the body. Bruce gasps. The body under the rug is no longer that of Fred Wilson. In its place is the corpse of a small-time grafter named BERT ELLISON. Bruce masks his surprise as best he can, telling Walsh that he and Danny had found the body while they were taking inventory. He doesn't mention Jean—or Fred Wilson.

That night Bruce calls in Jean's lawyer, ARNOLD TRAVIS, and explains the situation. Travis advises them that, inasmuch as they have already implicated themselves by failing to tell the truth, they had better continue to play it quiet.

A few nights later Bruce brings Jean home to her bungalow. On the front doorstep is a suitcase. Not knowing who left it, or why, they open it. "It's Fred's!" says Jean.

II

THIS, I thought, is one for the books. It had less sense than anything else that had happened, and that was saying a lot. I stood gawping at the open suitcase, and probably looking as stupid as I felt.

I made a quick survey of the living room. The house was a one-story affair, built down close to the ground. You could stand outside and look right into the room. I walked around and slung the slats of the Venetian blinds, so that couldn't happen.

This was my opportunity to play a masculine role. I was supposed to keep calm, to figure things out sanely and logically, to reassure Jean and to keep her from going off the deep end. I didn't do any of it. Not that I didn't try, but my efforts didn't come off. As a matter of fact, she was handling the situation better than I was.

She pulled up a chair so that she could lean over the suitcase and examine its contents. It was a job that had to be done. Maybe the suitcase held something more than clothes and accessories. Maybe it contained answers to some of the questions which had been plaguing us.

The stuff in the suitcase was good quality, which seemed to indicate that Fred hadn't been broke. Some of the shirts were monogrammed F. W. Fancy little monograms had been worked onto the pajamas. It looked as though he'd arrived in Los Angeles, intending to stay just a short time, and had been living out of the suitcase. No complete unpacking, such as one does when a long stay is contemplated. Take what you want off the top, toss soiled clothes in, and be ready to move on at a moment's notice.

THERE was only one thing wrong with that picture: something it took us less than thirty seconds to discover. On top of the clothes were various objects which I had seen before: things which had been on Fred Wilson's body when we discovered it on the floor of the living room in the Monterey Canyon home.

I looked at Jean, and tried to give the impression that I was taking it in stride. Stiff upper lip, old boy. Try not to show that you're surprised. Don't let her see that you're scared as hell of what this might mean in terms of danger to her.

There were the things I had fished out of Fred Wilson's pockets during the ghastly few minutes the previous afternoon: a bunch of keys, the wallet with over $100 in fives and tens and the return half of the air-line ticket, Los Angeles to New York.

There was the half-empty packet of cigarettes which I had seen in his coat pocket, two booklets of paper matches, the box of aspirin tablets, the pocket comb. There was the long flat wallet which had been in Fred's inside coat pocket. The six hundred dollars' worth of traveler's checks were still there. I said, "Robbery certainly wasn't the motive."

We were both trying to figure why the suitcase had been dropped on her doorstep, like an unwanted child. Was it a threat? Was it a warning that the end was not yet?

Jean watched me while I gave the rest of the suitcase a thorough going-over. Whatever I hoped to find, I didn't find it. No clue as to why Fred had come to California, no hint as to what might have been on his mind. Certainly no indication of why the thing had been pitched into Jean's lap.

Finally I was through. I put everything back in the suitcase and closed it. My thoughts had been racing, but they hadn't gotten anywhere.

I said, "No question about that stuff being Fred's, is there, honey?"

"No."

"You've seen it before?"

"Some of it. Not all. But it's his, all right."

Once more there was a lot of silence. It was she who asked the question I'd been wanting to ask. She said, "Why should that have been left here, Bruce?"

"You must have been thinking the same way I have, sweetheart," I said. "It was left here by the person who killed Fred, or by someone who knows all about it."

She nodded.

"It's natural," I went on, "that the killer would want to get rid of it—"

"Why?"

"Maybe he's in the same boat we are. Maybe he would be just as happy if no one knew that Fred had been in this part of the world."

She looked a question at me. She didn't need to use words.

"The body has been moved. Hidden somewhere. Probably dumped into a canyon. If nobody knows that Fred has been here, they obviously won't be looking for his body. They'll be looking for whoever might have killed Bert Ellison, and they might not look too hard—Ellison being a very unimportant guy. If the cops found Fred's stuff, they'd naturally ask where he was. They'd ask you."

She spoke calmly. Too calmly. She said, "And if they happen to find out anyway, they'll still question me. They might even search my house. They'd find the suitcase here."

"I'd thought of that," I confessed. "I'm not too happy about it."

IF NOBODY suspected that Fred had been in L. A., if no one suspected that he had been killed—all well and good. But if the investigation did happen to take that angle, there was Jean right in the middle.

"The suitcase isn't staying here," I said. "Not ten minutes longer."

She said quickly, "You mustn't dispose of it. We've already done too much of that."

"I'm merely going to hide it."

"Suppose it's found?"

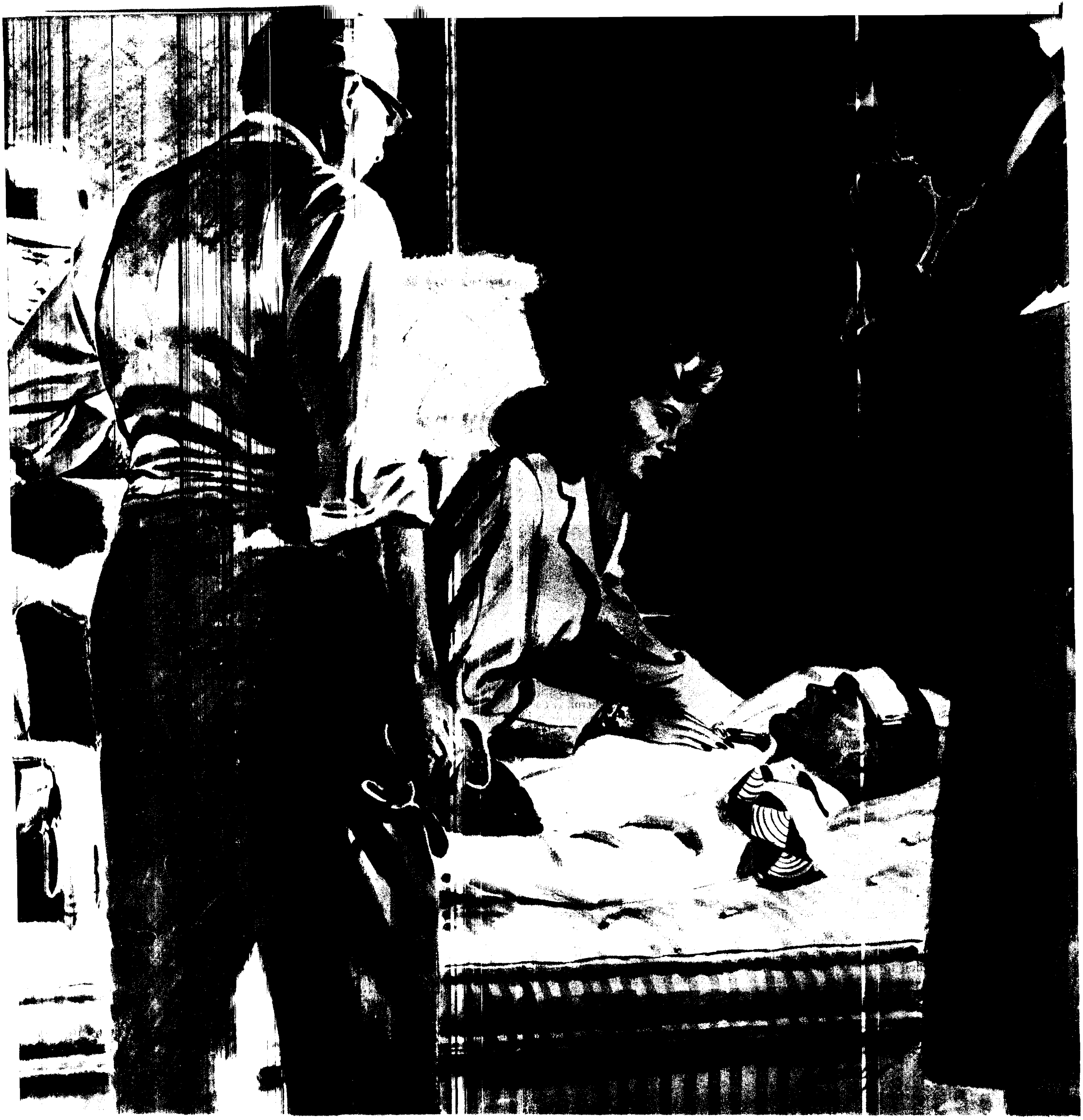
"That's a chance I've got to take. We couldn't be any worse off."

"Perhaps—"

"Think it over. We made a natural mistake at the beginning. We found a body and we planned to report it. Our only intention was to keep you out of it. We thought it was a good idea, and I still think so. Danny Singleton thought so. So did Arnold Travis. None of us could have foreseen what was going to happen. Sooner or later someone will learn that Fred's been in California recently. I believe the killer figured that angle. You'd be grilled. They'd find Fred's stuff at your house. You'd be getting in deeper and deeper. It isn't just your career any more, sweetheart. It's you. It's the certainty that you'd be tried for a murder about which you know nothing."

She said, "I'm not going to let you get in any deeper, Bruce."

I slipped an arm around her waist and held her close. "I'll say you're not. You couldn't. This whole nifty idea was mine to start with. And you seem to forget that at the moment I'm in as deep as you are. I'm the guy who's in love with you, who wants to marry you. In protecting you, I'm protecting myself. So I'm leaving here



I had difficulty getting my eyes focused. **When I finally succeeded, I saw Jean. With her were Danny Singleton, Arnold Travis and an M.D. named Tommy Hanson**

as of right now with that suitcase. As soon as I do, you telephone Travis. Don't tell him anything on the phone. Just get him over here."

She looked puzzled

"He's a shrewd lad," I explained. "He's a lawyer. You can't withhold things from your lawyer and expect him to help. And we don't know how soon we might need him."

She was game. She didn't argue. In so far as any of this made sense, my proposal did. When I lugged the suitcase out of the front door, she was already at the phone.

I knew where I was going, and I went there. But not direct. Maybe someone was following me. It might be the guy who had left the suitcase on the doorstep.

Eventually I rolled into the driveway of the duplex I shared with Danny Singleton. In back of it was a two-car garage. Danny's car was already in. The lights were out in his apartment, so I figured he was asleep. I parked my car alongside his and closed the garage door. I didn't turn on any lights.

The whole back of the garage was taken up by storage closets. Underneath were trunks, Danny's and mine. Above were doors which concealed shelves. They were pretty well filled with suitcases we weren't using. I pulled down two of my three suitcases, put Fred Wilson's second from the bottom and stuck my two back on top of it. It made a neat pile of four suitcases. I pushed the other stuff around so the things looked like they'd been that way for a long time. Even though Danny never used my half of the lockers, I figured he could without ever noticing that anything had been changed. I was pleased with myself. It was one of those hiding places so obvious that it wouldn't be thought of.

I backed my car out of the garage, locked the door, and was on my way

(Continued on page 36)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

KEEP IT CLEAN

BY RUTH CARSON

You can't loll at ease on the terrace and have your house cleaned automatically. But the job's a lot easier now, thanks to hundreds of wonder preparations

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HARRINGTON

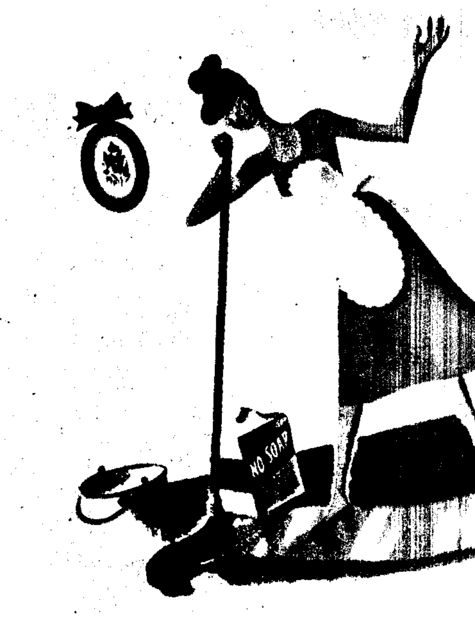
THERE'S something not only helpful, but fascinating about the many items intended to make housekeeping easier: the quick polishes, cleaners, the work-preventers and the work-doers that, to hear tell, practically make your house shine under their own power, while you sit on the terrace. If a newspaper mentions one in a Hints for the Household column, the telephone rings oftener than a rich debutante's.

In fact the society column of one Fort Worth, Texas, newspaper, apparently feeling its popularity threatened, bid for favor with the public by mentioning one degreasing agent (wonderful for cleaning your broiler pan, or your outdoor grill, after a steak broil for the Whichits). The same item achieved mention in the magazine Vogue as a degreaser of the family combs. (Just add a drop to the water.)

In addition to the soaps, powders, polishes and elbow grease that have always been a part of house cleaning, there is a growing list of housekeepers' aids, called specialties by the trade. Even some of the big chemical companies that heretofore dealt only with industrial users of their chemicals are now adapting their formulas to safe household use, and are putting them out for retail sale.

Among them are preventives, popular since prevention is the shortest cut to easy maintenance. For example:

Rust Prevention: It's an old custom to swab out iron cooking kettles with mineral oil after using, to preserve them rust free, and to coat garden tools with oil before stowing them away. And for a neat, nonmessy job, there is now at least one commercial preparation that you can brush over metal (not recommended for cooking pots) or apply with a cloth. It keeps the metal from contact with air, oxygen being the active agent in creating rust. It makes a good base for paint.



Mildew and Rot Prevention: Mildew and rot, especially in the tropics, were wartime menaces that made processing against them essential. Cellulose degradation, chemists like to call the rotting of cotton canvas tents, sandbags and the like, and they did an excellent job of proofing against it.

Take the awnings, the umbrellas and the canvas chairs you may even now be surveying with jaundiced eye after a summer of sun and weather. Nothing will undo what has already happened to them, but you can prolong their lives by painting them, before you stow them away, with a special kind of canvas paint, which is not new but is effective. It goes on canvas easily and does not stiffen it as regular paint will. It comes in a dozen different colors. It imparts a resistance to sun, moisture and mildew.

There is a clear form of this preservative that helps to keep new canvas looking that way. It's also good for dunking the ropes of the children's swing.

But you can't paint your clothes, your books, and quite a few other things around the house, so mildew there requires other treatment. It's to be had, in the form of a soapy-looking solution that kills the fungi of mildew. You dilute and spray the stuff on curtains, mattresses, anything that plain soap and water won't harm and anything protected from the weather. You wipe it full strength over bookbindings, shoes, luggage, etc.—that musty smell in your house, the active mildew of damp days are gone. Libraries, sportsmen, food merchants go for this stuff.

All the laboratory proof in the world, of which there is plenty, isn't so convincing as one ecstatic letter from a sportsman owner of a damp cabin in the woods. He declares it has taken the musty smell out of his life, even to permitting boots and duffel bag, stored out of range in the garage, to come into the cabin, and salvaging a mattress and bedding that his sister was going to chuck out "since she is rather particular about musty things." A tip for the closing of vacation houses. Or for opening day next season.

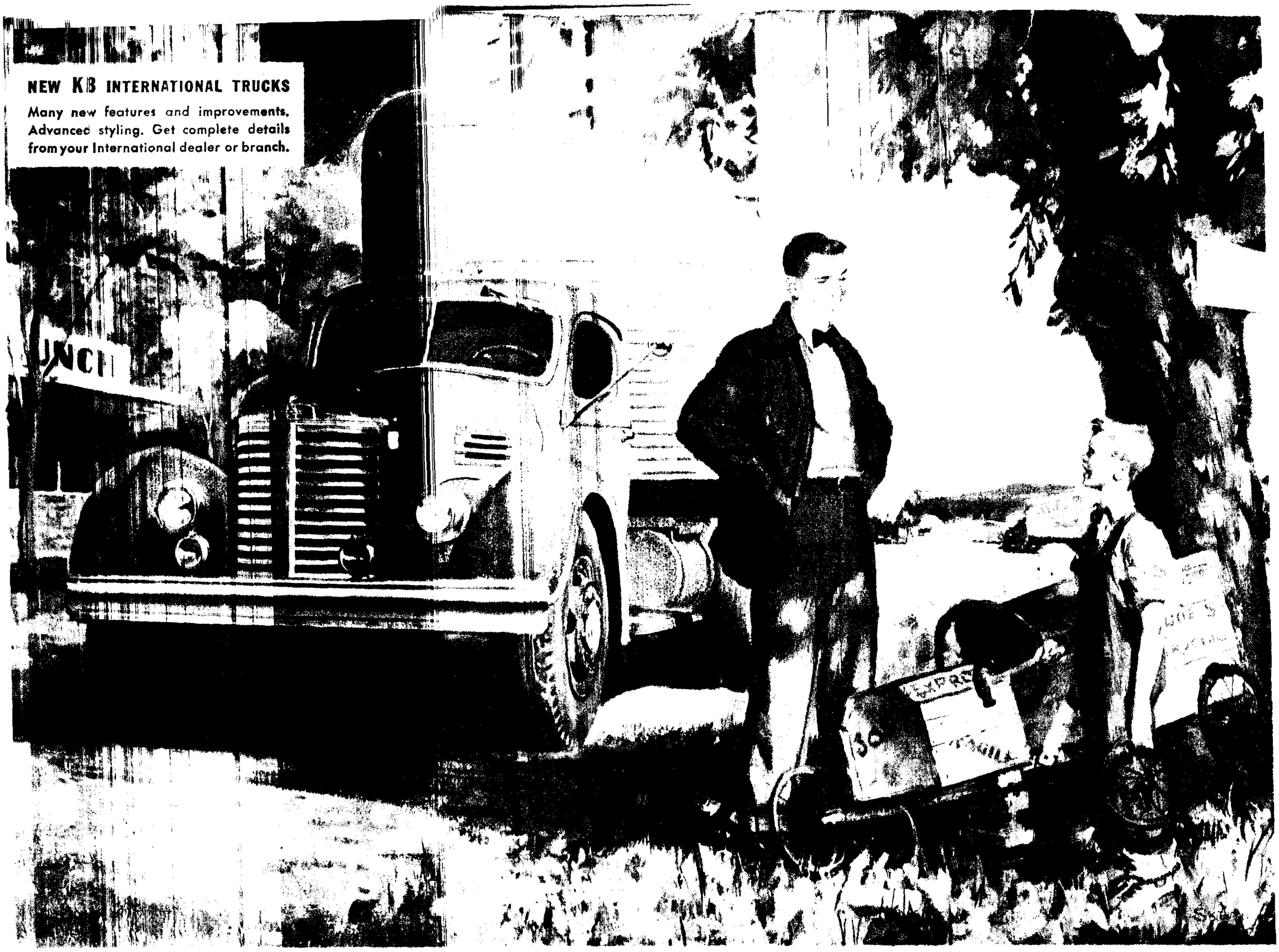
Under less drastic circumstances, the preventive still has its uses. A few drops in the water with which you sprinkle clothes will keep them from mildewing till you get them ironed. Wiped inside your breadbox, it will freshen the box for you. And used properly, it can frequently salvage shoes and socks infected by the fungi of athlete's foot.

Wood Preservation: Similar to the canvas preservative are those for wood, which can be painted on with a brush. This applied chemical film protects from rot your fence posts, the bases of arbors, the feet of outdoor furniture, your front steps if necessary—any wood that comes in contact with the soil. You may think there is no need for such a precaution inside your house, but we've been warned the wearing away of coal bins is due to rot, not the battering of coal, and a little prevention would be a good thing.

Moth Prevention: Every housewife has her convictions and her methods of preventing moths. They may run the gamut of all the moth preparations she can find in a store, or lean more heavily on old newspapers, tobacco, tea leaves, red pepper, even the root of the vetiver plant, which is found in Louisiana. She is sure, anyway. One big Chicago department store, convinced that all the moth products they sold were a hoax, discontinued the department—for a year. Public demand brought it back. Why turn down all that cash?

While the experts are still searching for absolute moth cures and arguing about them, they do agree on a few things. To wit: Freshly cleaned clothing, promptly wrapped in paper or

(Continued on page 69)



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"You've got to be right courteous to those people, sonny. You mustn't answer back rough. You see, many people don't know that truck drivers are the best and safest drivers on the highways. They see a guy in a jacket and cap, and that guy can't stop to tell them how carefully he has been trained to speak politely, act courteously, and to give the fellow in the passenger car the break.

"But he has been. Safe driving and courtesy are as much a part of our jobs as shifting gears.

"Yes, truck driving's a good job. You go places, you see people and you do important work. And you learn to be a 'Gentleman of the Highway.'

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TEMPERING OF THE BLADE

Continued from page 11

baby-faced, with a suggestion of petulance about the mouth. He fell in love with her because of her pout and her resemblance to a dainty, china doll. She'd lost neither those charms nor the pearly quality of prolonged youth.

But George was convinced that he himself had changed, matured, as it were. He needed something to match his own hard sophistication. He needed a woman with a rougher weave. He needed a positive tweed of a woman!

LAURA was the complete opposite of Shirl. She was dark, and her cheekbones, covered with the sort of skin that took a beautiful sun tan, were high and Nordic. Her mouth was full and, as George remembered it, impassioned rather than petulant. She was more than three inches taller than Shirl, and she walked with long, loping strides. He tried to remember Laura's voice, her viewpoint, some of her conversation, but all he recalled was an impression of restrained glee; her expression was that of a woman who made a habit of saying things designed to shock her listeners.

Dora, the maid, announced dinner as Shirl was excitedly describing some socks and ties she'd bought for George that day. Buying his clothes was to Shirl a crusade. Legions of unsuitable wares were met and destroyed; flanks of Philistine clerks were turned and put to rout in a series of forced marches from store to store. George stifled a yawn. He was still master of his own underwear.

Generally he listened amiably to Shirl's shopping tales, but tonight he resented them. She read his mind. He was sure of it when, halfway through an assault on the price of shirts, she asked, "Who was that tall, mannish-looking woman at the Frobishers'?"

He started guiltily, his spoon poised over his melon. "Which one?"

"The one with the dark hair. The one who was tanned like a Hindu. You ought to remember her. She spent the whole evening talking for your benefit."

"You mean Laura Powell?" He was delighted. So Laura had noticed him too! And poor Shirl was jealous.

"Laura Powell? I wonder who she is. I must ask Grace Frobisher the next time I see her."

And so Shirl dropping the subject of Laura would have closed the issue in his mind if an accident hadn't happened.

He was walking along Park Avenue one afternoon a fortnight later when a hard rain forced him to stop under the marquee of the Ambassador Hotel to wait for a cab or the end of the rain, whichever came first.

Laura Powell came first. She so overwhelmed George with her air of dark, crisp freshness that catching the cab she had gotten out of seemed a foolish and empty activity. Nothing like as worth while as standing with his mouth open.

Laura recognized him at once and showered him with charm. "What are you doing here?" she asked intensely.

"Getting out of the rain," he said, ashamed to find subtlety beyond him. "What are you doing here?"

"My dear! I live here!" This naked fact stymied the conversation and left them obstructing traffic until Laura said, "I say—if you're in no great rush, why don't you pop in with me for a cocktail?"

"Well," he said. "If you think it's all right."

"Of course it's all right."

By the third dry Martini they were calling each other Laura and darling, and she was assuring him he was wrong about not being handsome.

"Who told you you weren't handsome?" she asked.

He liked the small lines that parenthesized her mouth when she smiled. "Oh," he laughed. "It doesn't make any difference. Shirl, my wife, told me, but I don't think she ever really looks at me any more."

"Your wife? She doesn't know when she's well off. Of course, she's no different from most married women—not knowing when she's well off, I mean. I was just saying to Ottalie this afternoon—just saying that—I say, why don't you come too? It'll be oodles of fun, and you need it. I was just telling Ottalie that married women—she's not married now, you know. She was, but they didn't get along. Henry is such a poke. He'll be there, too, so really you must come."

"Come where?"

"Up to my apartment. Of course, if you're busy—"

"I'm not. It isn't that. But what would Shirl say?"

"I'll call her and tell her to come too. She can meet you here."

At the thought of Shirl, he felt smothered. If she came, he would have to act like a husband, and Laura was inviting him to act just the opposite. "Oh," he said quickly, "we needn't do that. I'll—I'll make an excuse."

The next thing George knew, after he'd gone to the phone and "made an excuse," he was situated comfortably in Laura's suite, and she was attending to some of the "million things" she had to do.

By the time she had done what must have been the first hundred thousand, including mixing a large shaker of cocktails and fetching out a great tray of glasses, George had toured the wall display of Cézanne, Picasso, Renoir and Ingres reproductions, and seen with satisfaction that Laura read the same best sellers he did.

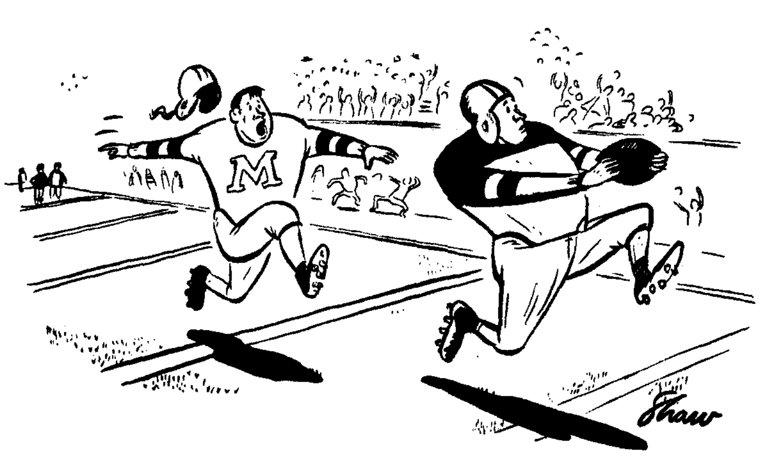
"Now," Laura said, seating herself on the sofa and taking up the shaker from the imitation Chippendale coffee table, "tell me. How do you happen to be wandering around on a weekday afternoon?" He explained that things had been slow at the office—and then asked her the same thing. "I?" It was the most fantastic question she'd ever heard of! "I don't work any regular hours! I design millinery. It's rather a consultant job because I haven't a shop. I go from place to place and work up a portfolio each season. Utterly free-lance!"

He thought how strange it was that, even when women like this went into business and made quantities of money—she must have a good income; this wasn't a cheap apartment—they still didn't seem actually to work. This independence was an affront to his beliefs and prejudices: He was outraged. He wanted to shatter her calm with a kiss! Since that was the only reason he wanted to do it—and such a logical reason—he was sure Shirl would approve. But, just as he cranked up his courage, Laura's breezy account of the millinery business was interrupted by a buzzer.

SHE got up and went into the foyer. The opening of the door set off a rage of chirps and shrieks. Presently Laura entered, followed by a much-perfumed, furred flirt described as Ottalie and by a frustrated chap, fully four inches shorter and being worn by a pipe, who was introduced as Henry. Henry was Ottalie's "dear old ex-husband whom she just literally ran into in the lobby!" The pipe conducted Henry into a corner while Laura and Ottalie gushed into the kitchen.

"Laura makes good Martinis," George said to Henry. "Have one?"

"Women!" Henry said as he came and took the drink. "You marry them, you aren't happy. You divorce them, you aren't happy. The ones you don't have



SPORTING ODDS

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Thinking the warning was from one of his teammates, the Wofford player made a sharp reverse at the 5-yard line and headed back. This time his own teammates set out after him and finally nailed him with a diving tackle on his own 5-yard line.

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—Harry W. Coleman, Cincinnati, Ohio

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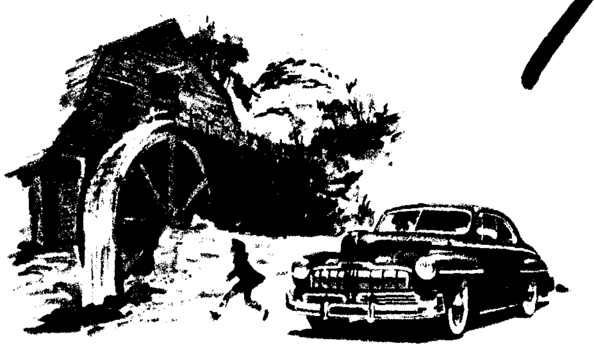

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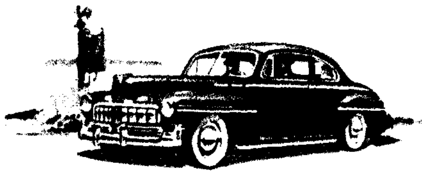

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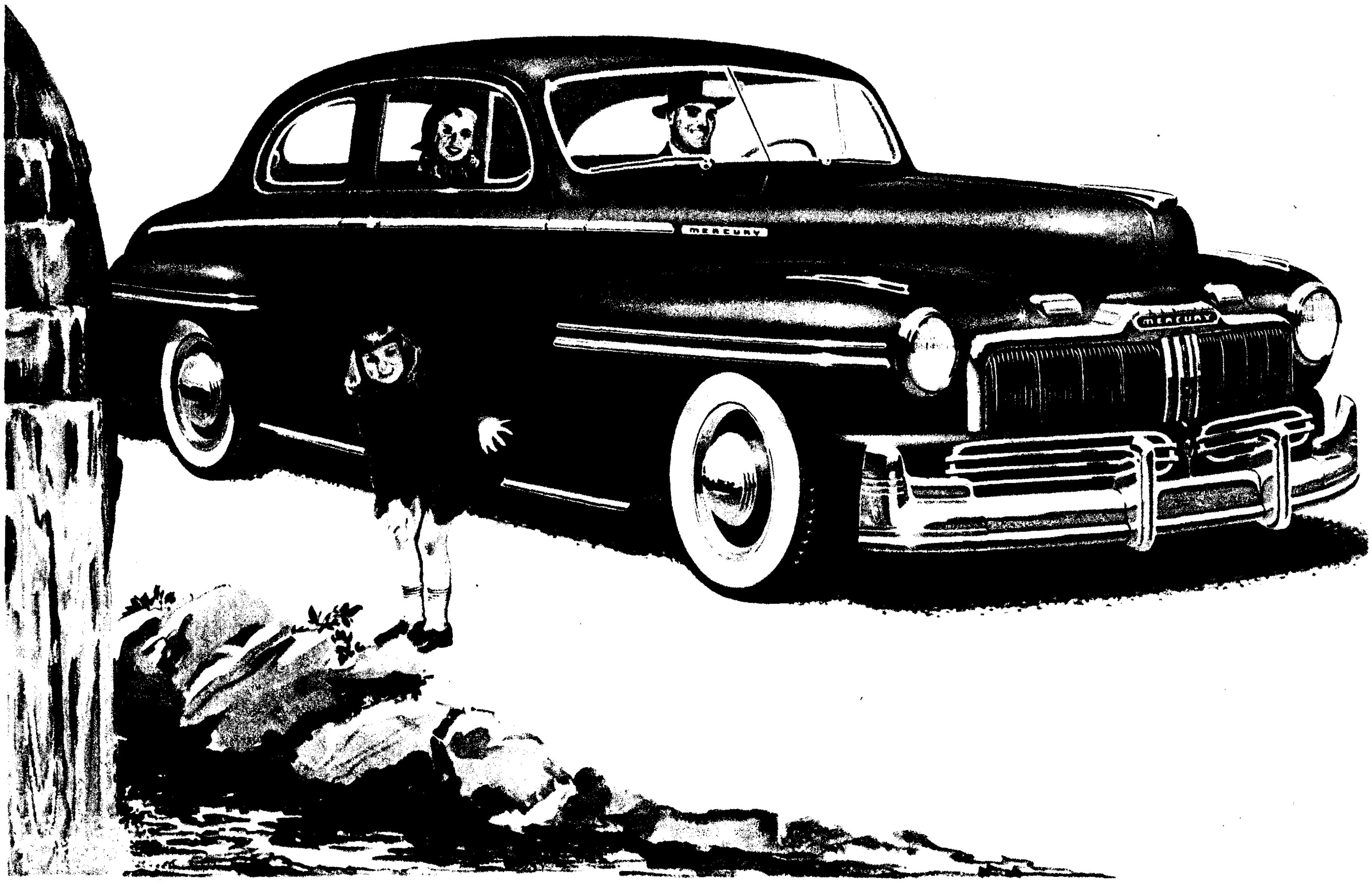

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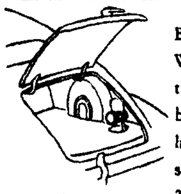

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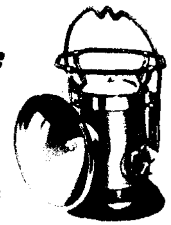

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always seem attractive until you get them. They're terrific. . . ." He shook his head and sighed.

"Don't you think Laura's very attractive?" George decided that Henry was a little tight, and was feeling maudlin about Ottalie; it was only decent to change the subject.

"Oh," he answered, "sure she's attractive. So's Ottalie. I was married when I first met Ottalie. She made me feel just like Laura makes you feel. When she got me, she didn't like my hats. All women are bugs on some subject. With Laura it's ties and coats. What is it with your wife?"

"The thirteen original colonies and a place in the country," George said.

"You're lucky. You stick to her. Her prejudices may be bad, but you don't have to wear them."

George laughed. "I don't suppose I'm in any danger from Laura," he said.

The party was exciting, made up as it was of impetuous people and plenty of gin, but it was not nearly so exciting as taking Laura into the kitchen and kissing her. Kissing Laura was daring. It was forbidden. It was sweet. George glowed with a sense of escapade.

On the way home he was careful to stop before a store window and wipe away all traces of lipstick. To add the artistic touch to his telephone excuse, he described to Shirl an involved, hypothetical deal in which he had to tell off three corporation presidents. He went to bed feeling guilty and delighted.

As he shaved the next morning, he noticed how right Laura was about his looks. He had a good, bright face and a good head of hair in spite of being thirty-five. From the bedroom, Shirl announced she'd made arrangements for them to leave at the end of the week and spend their vacation in Elmira with her mother.

George almost cut himself. "Uh," he said, laying down his razor before it could maim him, "about going to Elmira, hon. I'm afraid you'll have to go alone."

"But, George, darling. You know how Mother counts on your coming. She just dotes on you."

"I know, hon. But I can't get away."

"I'll postpone it a week."

"No. I won't have it. No sense delaying your trip just because of my business. Tell you what. You go ahead, and I'll join you soon as I can. How's that?"

"Well—"

SHIRL left Saturday. George could scarcely wait for the train to pull out. As the coaches began to move, he hurried to a phone on the lower level of Grand Central and called Laura. There was no answer. She must be out to dinner. It was eight o'clock. He went out on Lexington Avenue, strolled to the Crillon and ate heartily. He stretched the dinner as long as possible and took a brandy and two cigarettes afterward. Then he went to the Waldorf—intentionally passing up all phones in between in order to give Laura time to get home. This time the operator at the Ambassador said Miss Powell was in Southampton until Monday. He left a message, immediately regretted the indiscretion. Then he went home to a sticky week end of getting his own meals and reading the Sunday papers.

Laura called him Monday evening. She was so sorry she missed him. Why hadn't he just come on down to Southampton? He must come over right now and see her. Could he get away?

He went to Laura's apartment. Every nerve in him was eager for fresh sensations—the gay, witty crowd; the inundation of new points of view—and Laura! As he walked, he tried to define relative degrees of infidelity. He failed. But he had the excuse that, after ten years of marriage, every man is expected to skid a bit.

Laura opened the door and greeted him with what would have been a scream if the room behind her hadn't sounded like a labor convention. The "crowd" was there! George was enchanted. He didn't know any of the artists, publicity men or off-duty reporters who dropped in to exchange free wisdom for free whisky, but he was sure most of them compared favorably with Socrates, or at least with George Bernard Shaw.

He did know Ottalie and Henry. Tonight Henry was in better spirits. He was still under the care of the pipe, but he allowed himself to be adored by an aggressively youthful model named Gwenn. As she snuggled close, Henry bestowed upon her an occasional kiss.

George sank blissfully into the din, daring and sophistication, drank a few drinks in an amused yet participating way and counted on the even more exquisite pleasure than this: Laura after the crowd went home. But the crowd didn't leave until 4 A.M. and, after he kissed Laura a few times, she said, "I'm so sleepy, darling. Honestly. You've no idea how beat I am."

He did have an idea, because he was even sleepier, but he said, "All right, hon. I'll go home and let you sleep. But when are we going to have some time together—just the two of us?"

"What about Shirl?"

"Don't you know you mean more to me than Shirl ever has?" It shocked him a bit to say such a thing, even drowned in Laura's enchantment, but he went on: "I love you, darling. Can't you see I do?"

"You're drunk."

He got up. "You're making fun of me. I thought our being together meant something to you."

She got up too and patted his cheek. "Don't be mad, darling." She kissed him. "Let's talk about it over dinner tomorrow evening. Shall we?". . .

All the next day he feared that dinner. Laura wouldn't hesitate about making a public demonstration of affection. He told himself he didn't really feel guilty; he was just repelled by the prospect of something shoddy.

But Laura was quite formal at dinner. Afterward she didn't invite him to her apartment, as he expected she would—and she wouldn't go to his place. She made him take her to a movie. Then she sent him home. A whole evening without a kiss, without even holding hands! He was indignant.

He didn't call her for two days. The third day she called him. What was the matter? Was he mad at his poor Laura? His silly little girl? She was so lonesome without him! He felt like a cruel brute. His heart went out to her. He was glad she asked him over that evening.

THEY were alone. They had a number of Martinis. They made light love, and George found the experience wonderful except that Laura drew all sorts of lines. It was as maddening as it was exciting. She yielded her soft mouth that tasted of a lipstick rather like raspberries; she let him press her to him repeatedly; she talked endlessly and favorably of women, in the abstract, having affairs, but she ended the action and the philosophy by saying, "Don't take me for an emancipated woman, darling. I know you don't, of course. But I just want to warn you. I'm hidebound as they come. So prudent. So prudent! Oh, I wish I weren't! But I'm—I've never had an affair. Isn't it silly? Isn't it positively unheard of? But there it is. And I've sworn I won't until I marry."

"Marry me then!"

"But you are married."

"I'll get a divorce. Believe me. I will."

"How could I ever face Shirl afterward?"

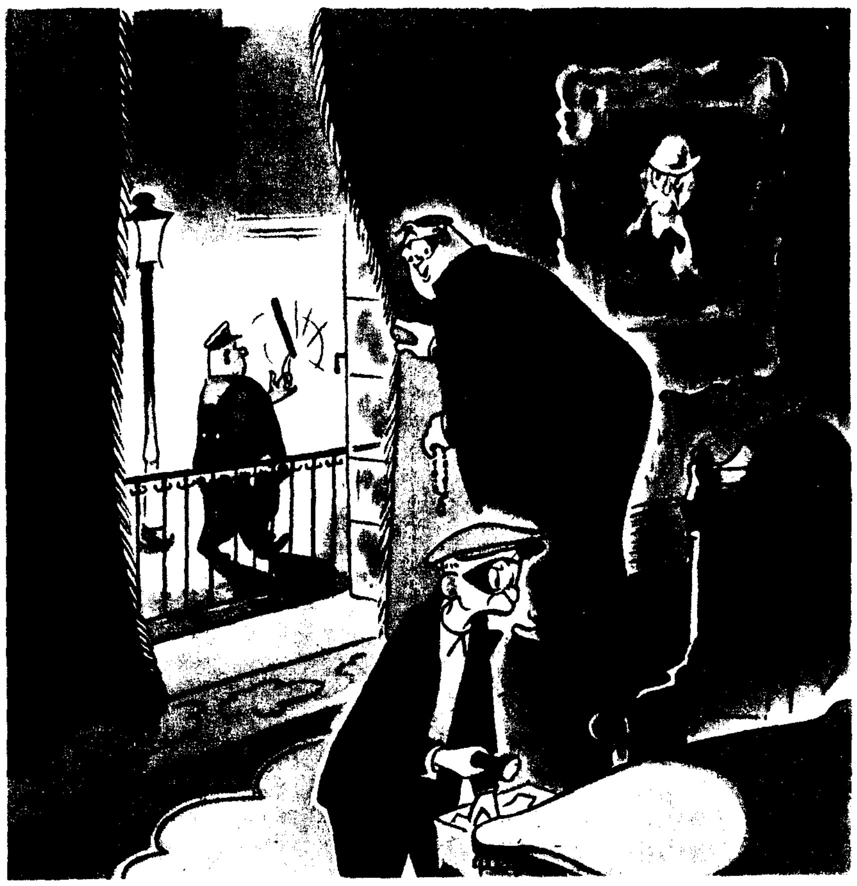
"We won't face her!" He kissed her again. "Please, darling. Say you'll marry me. I'm so in love with you."

She sighed. "All right, George. Now you must go home.". . .

The next morning a sensation of having conquered the world struggled with a sensation of having robbed a bank. Neither won. By eleven he could stand it no longer. He called his attorney and joined him for lunch. Halfway through a Salisbury steak he asked his attorney—asked him in a jocular fashion, citing a hypothetical case—how a man got a divorce.

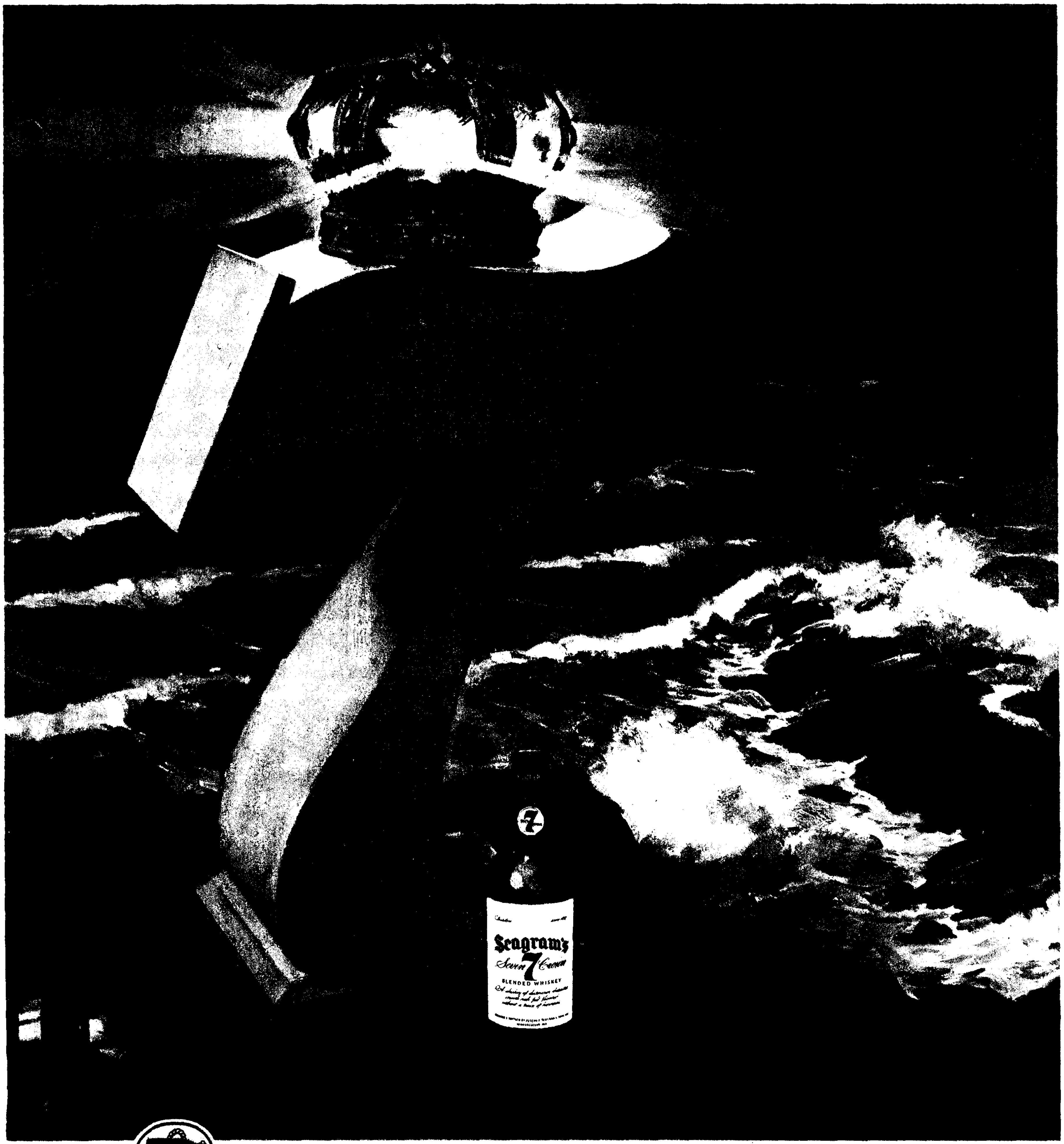
"You thinking of divorce?"

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



COLLIER'S

"It's sort of reassurin' t' know Clancy's right outside. These big dark old mansions are so eerie"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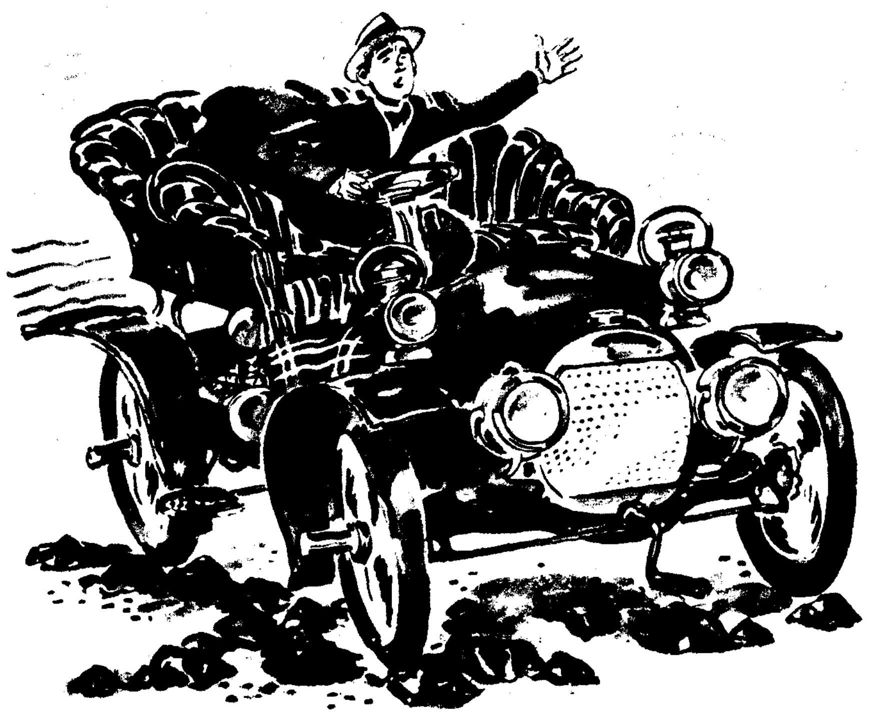

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TEXACO

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Tune in: TEXACO STAR THEATER presents the TONY MARTIN show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station.

"Oh, good heavens, no! You know better than that. But this chap I know—I won't repeat his name—fell for this girl. Absolutely insane on the subject. He's in the deuce of a fix. Doesn't want to involve the girl, you understand, but he wants to get a divorce and marry her."

The attorney, a bland, plump man who had no human problems of his own, shrugged. "Have him come to see me. I can arrange for a corespondent—get a room, some detectives and—" He explained the whole, sordid chain of collusion and subornation essential to obtaining a divorce in New York State.

"What is he willing to settle on his wife?" he asked, in conclusion. "Cost him about half his income."

George Chestering felt the chill draft of poverty on the back of his neck. He changed the subject. He thought of Shirl's sweet, doll face. He didn't want a divorce! How had he got mixed up in this thing? Here he was, trapped. He couldn't be unfair to Laura. He wasn't a callous man. He felt sorry for Shirl and Laura. Poor Laura! so sweet to kiss! Poor Shirl. After the divorce he wouldn't see her again. It made him desperately lonely.

COMING to Laura's in a maudlin frame of mind, he wasn't prepared for an announcement before a crowd of thirty—including Henry and Ottalie—that he was Laura's fiancé. Laura, cocktail in hand and standing on the beige sofa, pledged everyone to secrecy and then made her announcement. She looked so jaunty his heart went out to her, and he put from him any thought of going back to Shirl.

Ottalie shrieked and then, after what she called "kissing the groom," went about the rest of the evening discussing Laura "Chestering," Laura Powell "Chestering" and the "New Mrs. Chestering." Meanwhile Laura came to George, gave him a prenuptial peck and said, "You've wired Shirl, of course, haven't you, darling?"

"Shirl? Why—eh—as a matter of fact, I—no."

"Well. You better get a wire off to her right away. And you better see your lawyer first thing in the morning."

"Do we—is there such a rush?"

"Rush?" She turned to the crowd. "Listen, everybody. George thinks I'm sweeping him off his feet."

There was great laughter. A man his age being swept off his feet! It was too funny. The crowd he wanted to admire him, to respect his views, laughed at him. He laughed too, but not from humor. "Now, Laura," he said. "She misunderstood me, folks. I just had so many things on my mind recently that I couldn't get these—ah—things off my mind. Know how it is?"

Laura patted him on the cheek as the crowd accepted his explanation. "And while you're about your new arrangements, darling, do buy some conservative ties. Every tie you own looks like a fruit salad." George looked down at his splash of blue, canary yellow and apricot and said he liked a touch of color. "Well, not that much. A man with your build must be conservative. Another thing," Laura said, "you ought to wear single-breasted suits." She chucked him under the chin. "You just need a little redesigning, darling. Wait until your Laura gets through with you. You won't know yourself."

She insisted he celebrate the way he felt by taking the whole party on a tour of the night spots. That was not the way he felt, but it cost him two hundred and thirty-four dollars and sixteen cents and kept him up until 5 A.M. to prove it. Plaintively he assured himself it wouldn't happen again. All the next day he tried to compose a wire to Shirl, but he hit on nothing suitable. That night—after Laura asked him not to use the words "cheap," "crummy," "contact," and "home" for "house" because they offended her—she made him take the crowd on another tour for a bill of three hundred and eleven dollars and forty-seven cents. His bank account was low. His nerves were shaken.

The next evening he had a shattering argument with Laura about taste—not any kind of taste in particular; Laura was never definitive—but taste in the abstract. By her standards his apartment was the hovel of a sharecropper. They parted without kissing.

The following day was full of intense telephone conversations—five of them—and, when he went to Laura's at seven thirty, she rushed into his arms. For thirty minutes he found a sweetness greater than any he had ever known, a sweetness, a heaven worth any argument and any trouble. Then the buzzer rang.

First it was Henry and Ottalie, who got on disgustingly well for divorcees. Then Gwenn, the model, came. George was coming to know the crowd by name. He recognized André, a weasel who designed dresses and faked an accent; Maurice Harris, an intellectual who held Beethoven's symphonies to be academic exercises without form or color; Vernon Brevard, a decorator who was said to have been employed once by one of New York's chic department stores but who was now at liberty, and two researchers from a news magazine—who wore harlequin glasses and sandals and managed to look stylishly unkempt. All considered themselves stupendously well informed.

At once Laura came chortling in from the kitchen where there was a phone. "Guess what, everybody? Joe Coli is back in town. He's at Leon and Eddie's. He wants us to come right over!"

George got up quietly. He'd just have to pass it up tonight. "I think I'll go home, Laura," he said. He was tired and discouraged. Maybe it would be better after he and Laura were married.

Her face froze. "But you can't!" When he looked shocked, she softened. "You can't desert us like this, honey. We need you."

He waved his hand. "No. I'm tired. I'm not used to the pace you kids keep."

"Then this is for good," she said.

"For good?" Now he *was* shocked. They were going to be married. How could it be for good? How could she talk to him as she was talking now, calling him stupid, cheap, garish. He didn't understand. He looked at the faces of the crowd and found the petulant, resentful expressions of persons for whom the ride is over, who will henceforth have to pay their own way.

THE radio, which always shouted a background for these gatherings, had sobered for a moment, and was playing, Begin the Beguine, another song from his and Shirl's courtship, and then he stopped hearing Laura who went on and on. He wanted the romance of sitting across the room from Shirl, hearing her sweet voice, learning of new ties she'd found him in peach, mulberry and green, eating a fine melon, peace and quiet. There was no romance here. There wasn't even any passion. To these people passion was commonplace. It was ham and eggs.

He waited for Laura to pause. Then he said, "I guess you're right, Laura. This is for good."

He didn't remember getting down to the lobby, but he was glad to be there before the flower shop closed. He wired Shirl a dozen red roses and the message: "Coming events cast their petals before." That ought to bring back to his marriage the mystery recommended by the best sellers.

And he walked out on the street feeling not deep regrets and hurt pride, but as if he had been freed from a dungeon—as if he'd found something he'd lost, but actually never had had before.

THE END

"Should a child be named after a relative?"

ASKED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"He should NOT!" bellowed Elmer, the bull. "Why do you suppose I—I mean *you*—got Borden's to run a big $25,000 name contest to find him a name? So he *wouldn't* be named after some broken-down uncle of yours!"

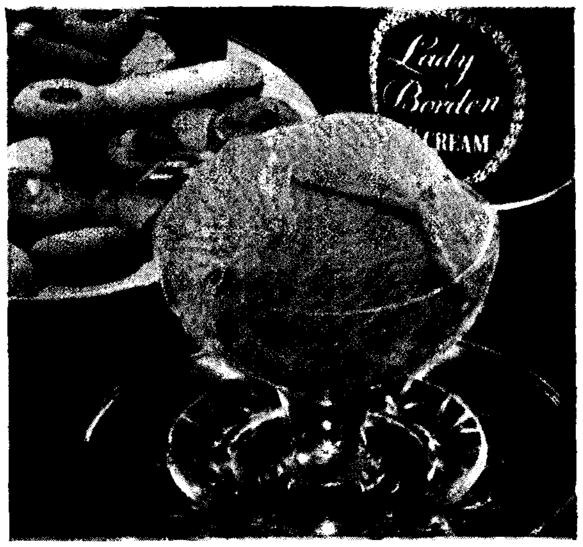
"But, dear," protested Elsie, "maybe our son won't like the name the contest judges pick. Maybe we should wait till he's old enough to pick his own name."

"By that time," snapped Elmer, "you'll have him tagged *Fauntleroy* or *Percy!*"

"Don't worry about *that*," laughed Elsie. "I won't have a chance to name him anything! Right now, the judges are voting on the name my little angel will answer to all of his life."

"Those judges," menaced Elmer, "better pick a good, he-man name—or Borden's will hear from me!"

"Oh," blithely chirped Elsie, "they won't mind.



Borden's are forever hearing from all sorts of folks. Nice things about altogether wonderful *Lady Borden Ice Cream*. It's the world's smoothest ice-cream eating!"

"Woman," groaned Elmer, "how *can* you talk about ice cream when the wonderfullest son a guy ever had lies there without a first name?"

"Oh, Daddy," giggled young Beulah, "don't act so *icky*. Little Whosiz looks divinely happy."

"Icky? Whosiz?" frowned Elmer. "What in thunderation kind of talk is that?"

"It's just young folks' jargon, dear," explained Elsie. "Like my saying—*Lady Borden Ice Cream sends me!*"

"Sends you?" exploded Elmer. *"Where?"*

"Into ecstasies over its creamy richness," tittered Elsie. "Lady Borden Ice Cream is made with the finest ingredients money can buy—golden cream; beautiful fruits; heavenly flavors—blended by master ice cream makers! It truly is *fit for a golden spoon!*"

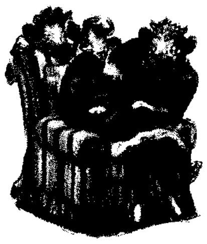
"Get back on the line!" commanded Elmer. "Haven't the judges given you one *hint* as to what my son's name will be?"

"None," replied Elsie, "except to say the winning name will fit baby like a glove. As grand a fit, for instance, as the name None Such is for *Borden's None Such Mince Meat*. It makes the eatingest, spiciest, Thanksgivingest pie of them all! It's *real*, old-fashioned mince pie—with luscious fruit-rich filling made from a New England recipe that's sixty-two years old!"

"I'm warning you," interrupted Elmer, "to quit working yourself into a lather about None Such!"

"But, dear," objected Elsie, "all the work is *done for you* when you use Borden's None Such Mince Meat. Those plump raisins—tart curls of citrus peel—

Borden's
NONE SUCH
Mince Meat



pick-of-the-crop apples—are cleaned, chopped, and blended with savory spices from foreign lands!"

"Google, google, google—google, *google*, goo, goo, GOO!" crowed the baby.

"Elsie! Beulah!" cried Elmer. "My son's talking—*talking!* Maybe he's telling us what to call him!"

"And maybe," teased Elsie, "he's just finishing off this ad for his mother. Maybe all those *Goo's* mean *if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be goo*—goo—*GOOD!*"

—if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
MALTED MILK
Borden's
EVAPORATED MILK
Borden's Hemo
Borden's Instant Coffee
Borden's None Such Mince Meat
Lady Borden Ice Cream
Borden's Chateau
Borden's Wej-Cut Cream Cheese
Liederkranz Cheese

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Light tobacco
Ripe tobacco
Mild tobacco
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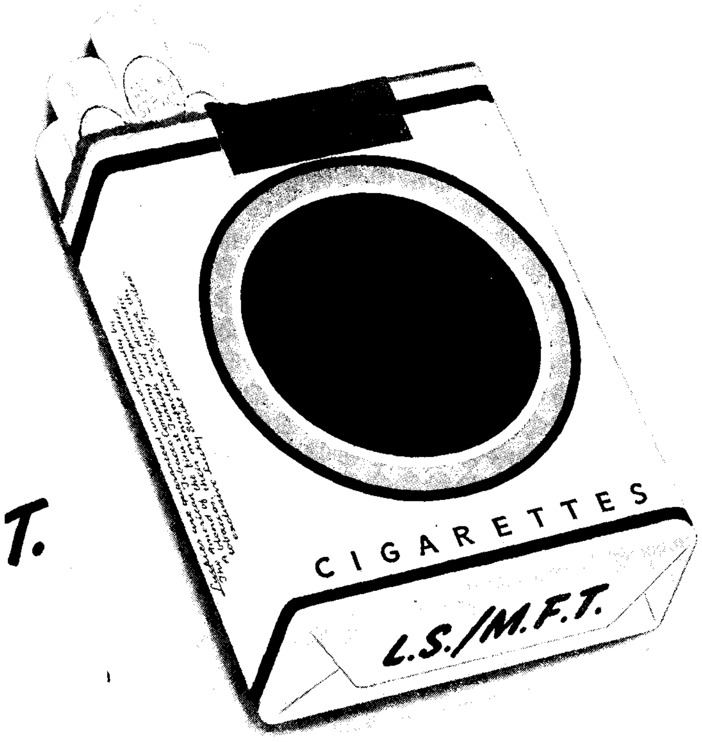


LUCKY STRIKE *means* **fine tobacco**

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy on the Draw

LIKE TO THE LARK

BY JOHN BARRETT

●

The late Fats Waller never knew these people, but once he made a wry remark that fits this story: "I wonder what the poor people are doing tonight—?"

HE CAME in the door and banged down his lunch pail on the drainboard. "For the lovva Pete, Gladys, do you have to hang all that wash on the back porch?"

She looked up from the stove, smiling. "When it rains I do." She came over and kissed him.

"How many?" she asked softly.

"Three." He crumpled his hat and threw it on the chair.

"Isn't that quite a few on an empty stomach?"

"Now don't start a lecture."

"Oh, Dan. Do I ever?"

He looked away from her gray eyes. From his wallet he took out three green bills and some change.

"At least I'm not like the fellow in the melodrama that comes staggering home with his pockets empty." He tossed the money on the table. "Take out three drinks and there it is."

She glanced at the bills, lifted her head. "You didn't get the raise then?"

"Can't you count?" He shoved the empty wallet in his pocket and started for the living room. Suddenly her arms were around him.

"Don't worry, Dan. You'll get it eventually. I know you will. And we can manage." Her hand slid behind his neck, and he saw again the tear in the shoulder of the blue house dress—the tear so neatly mended that it almost didn't show.

"*I want to do more than just manage*," he said.

Her hand came up and stroked his forehead. "You're a perfectionist."

Through the mist of blond hair he saw the cracked windowpane that the landlord had not fixed. He pushed her gently from him.

"How long before supper?"

"About twenty minutes."

"I think I'll read."

He went into the dark living room and turned on the light over the lounge chair. The bright-backed novel he had fallen asleep over last night was still on the magazine stand. He sank back in the chair. In the shadows across the room, the lumpy chesterfield crouched like a beast with a gaping maw. He raised the book and blotted it out. . . .

"It's on the table, Dan."

He came in, squinting at the light. As he drew up his chair, his heel caught in the torn linoleum; his knee bumped the table leg. Automatically her hand went out to steady the swaying water pitcher.

He looked over the assortment of serving dishes. In the book they did not eat in the kitchen. In the book they ate under soft lights in "a quaint place he knew," and the waiter suggested things.

"I want to know what you think of this sauce," she said. "Mrs. Goram next door gave me the recipe. She says it does wonders for a cheap cut."

He tried it. "It's good," he said. But when he looked down again, he saw that his cup didn't match hers, and the plate on her knife handle was wearing off.

She told him about the leak in the garage roof, about Mrs. Paulson across the street who was going to lend her a vacuum cleaner and about the lady on the corner whose baby walked for the first time today. Her voice faded when the water pipes hammered. From the apartment above came a continual thumping and scraping of chairs.

He pushed away the empty dessert dish. "Let's get out of this place. Let's go to a show or something."

She looked at him. "All right," she said slowly. Then she came over and flung her arms around his neck. "Sure, let's go to a show."

He stood up.

She fingered the bow on her apron. "I really ought to do the dishes."

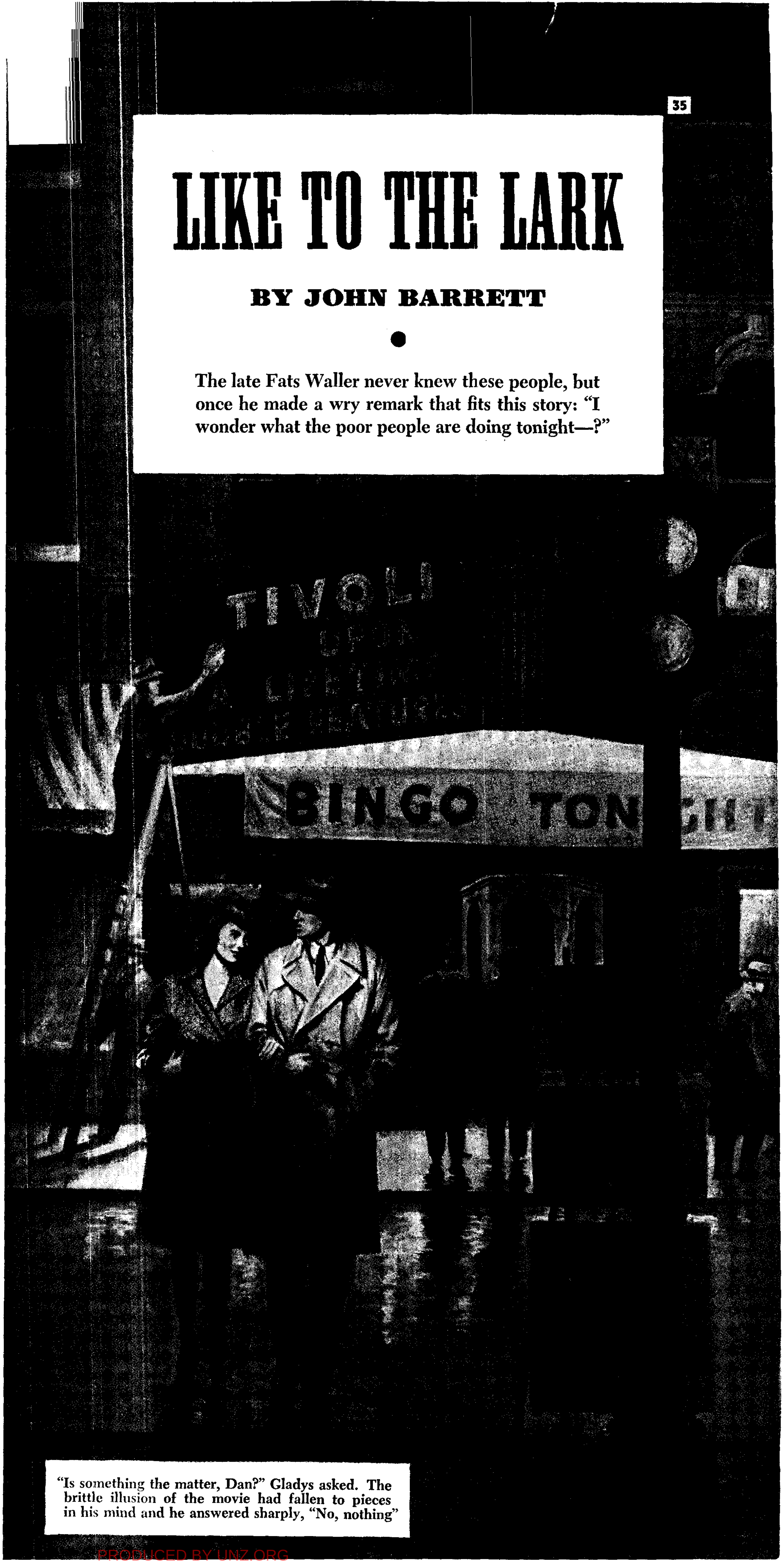
"Oh, to hell with the dishes. Let's get out of here."

"Well—" She took hold of his shoulders and pushed him toward the bedroom. "You get changed. I'll stack them anyway."

TALL and clear-eyed He was. He walked like a god, this young engineer who dreamed in patterns of steel and stone, and when Her cynical uncle, who was also a senator, tried to thwart His plans for razing the slums that bred disease and suffering, His eyes flashed and His big fist crashed down on the desk; and She, the useless child of wealth, suddenly saw what Life meant, and She dared Her uncle's anger to help His dream come true, and They stole away to His mountain lodge and . . .

(*Continued on page 67*)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED ENG



"Is something the matter, Dan?" Gladys asked. The brittle illusion of the movie had fallen to pieces in his mind and he answered sharply, "No, nothing"

what
an idea
for a
picture!

Samuel Goldwyn's "The Best Years of Our Lives" will live in your memory because it was a picture with a great idea. And you'll never forget "The Bishop's Wife" for the very same reason!

In it, Cary Grant plays an out-of-this-world guy with a worldly touch—that does wonderful things for some wonderful people (including Loretta Young, David Niven and Monty Woolley).

Look for it!

The BISHOP'S WIFE

MY LOVE WEARS BLACK

Continued from page 25

again. I felt better. No matter what was cooking, it wouldn't boil over in Jean's house. Not right away.

When I got back to Jean's house, she was still alone. She said Arnold was on his way over. We sat on the couch and waited.

We heard Arnold's car in the driveway. I held the door open and he walked in. He looked at me and then at Jean. He dropped into a chair, and said, "What's gone wrong now?"

Jean said, "How did you know anything was wrong?"

"Your faces. A blind man couldn't miss."

I handed it to him briefly. I told him about taking Jean out for dinner. "When we got home," I said, "there was a suitcase next to the front door. No tag. No initials. Just sitting there. We brought it in and opened it. It was Fred Wilson's. Everything in it was Fred's."

He blinked and sat up straight. You could see him thinking. I hoped he was doing a more efficient job of it than I had done.

"Whoever brought the suitcase here knows all about the murder, knows all about Fred," I concluded, "and probably was trying to pass the buck to Jean."

Arnold said, "Not so good. Maybe not too bad, either. Where's the suitcase?"

I said, "I hid it."

"Where?"

I glanced at Jean, but she caught it. She insisted on knowing, so I told her. She hit the ceiling.

"I won't have it," she said. "Your garage! Suppose someone finds it there?"

"Suppose they don't. And why should they?"

Jean said, "I'm not going to have you taking more risks."

Arnold smiled at Jean. He said quietly, "Be reasonable, kid. Bruce is right. He's taking a minimum of risk. Even if someone happened to look in his garage locker they'd never notice a plain pigskin suitcase stacked up with three others. Bruce played it smart. I'd advise you to let it ride that way."

"But," she argued, "if they did find it there, they'd begin hammering at him. They wouldn't believe his story."

Travis said, "They wouldn't believe anything he said, anyway."

Jean didn't like it, but there wasn't anything she could do about it.

WE STARTED talking generally. Arnold was more worried than he wanted us to know. He understood the legal aspects of the case, and they troubled him. But he wound up by saying that since we'd gotten in this deep, there didn't seem to be anything to do but float with the current. "Your one hope," he said, "is to find out who killed Wilson, and why. Once you know that—and can prove it—you can tell the police. They won't love you for it, but you won't be tried for murder, either."

I said, "What's your immediate advice?"

He smiled grimly. "Try not rocking the boat. Try acting as though nothing had happened. Remember that all you know is that a man named Bert Ellison was found dead in Jean's house. There's a limit to how far Walsh will push it."

He got up and reached for his hat. "There's no use telling you to quit worrying, but try to pretend you're not worried. That'll help some."

We told him good night. That left Jean and myself alone again. I wrapped her up for a few minutes and held her that way until she stopped trembling. Then I told her that I intended to remain there overnight.

She drew away from me, and smiled. It wasn't a very gay smile, but it was still lovely. She said, "That wouldn't look good, Bruce. Especially if this other thing—about Fred—were found out."

"Who'd find it out?" I asked. "In a hundred years the cops would never figure Fred in on this."

I was oozing confidence when I said that. But it didn't mean a thing.

I didn't know how wrong I was until the next morning when Detective Lieutenant Marty Walsh visited me at my office.

I was alone in the office when Marty Walsh breezed in. Danny Singleton was out with a prospective client, trying to convince him that $40,000 wasn't too much to pay for a house that was worth $25,000. Helen was at the bank. Helen was a thoroughly chastened young lady. I had delegated to Danny the job of explaining to her that she shouldn't have listened in on my conversation with Jean Rutledge, and also that she shouldn't have told anyone, even Danny, about it.

But even with that behind me, the appearance of Lieutenant Walsh didn't fill me with glee. He was too bright, too dapper, too friendly. He seated himself in the nice comfortable leather chair next to my desk and inquired how was tricks. I told him they were fine. He said, "And how's the real-estate business?" I told him that was fine, too.

"Done anything yet with Miss Rutledge's house?"

"No."

"It would rent, easy—if you ain't asking too much."

I said, "We're not trying very hard—right now."

"Why?"

"I have a feeling that the place might be all over policemen."

"There's worse people, Ingram. Believe it or not."

I couldn't answer that one without saying the wrong thing, so I kept my mouth shut.

Walsh looked nice. Neat brown suit, freshly pressed. White shirt. Shoes freshly polished. I liked everything about him except the eyes. They looked as though they'd seen too much, as though too many embarrassing questions were lurking behind them. They were brown eyes, but they were cold and impersonal; they were sizing me up now, and I could have had a clear conscience and still felt nervous. Official investigation does that to you. Enter the cops, exit nonchalance.

He said easily, "Let's put our cards on the table, Ingram. There ain't any use playing at cross-purposes. They dumped that Ellison thing right in my lap. There's something about it I don't like. I thought the way I could maybe get to like it was to have a friendly talk with you."

"What," I asked with what I presumed was naturalness, "what is it you don't like?"

"Lots of things. I started not liking them when I saw your face—and Singleton's—when we flipped that rug back out at Miss Rutledge's house. That keeps coming back to me."

"A dead man—"

"Sure. But you already knew he was dead. It couldn't surprise you that he was still dead, could it?"

"No-o. But a fellow can be shocked twice, can't he?"

He smiled. "I'm supposed to be asking the questions." He placed the tips of his fingers together carefully, as though it was very important. He spoke without looking up.

"What's between you and Miss Rutledge?" he inquired abruptly.

I DID some fast thinking. No sense stalling on this one. Walsh had been around. He knew things.

"I'm in love with her," I admitted. "I think she's in love with me."

"Since how long?"

"A couple of years."

"How come you haven't done something about it?"

"She's married."

"There's always Nevada."

"He wouldn't give her a divorce. He said he'd fight it and cook up a scandal. That could be pretty bad for her career."

"Right," he agreed with suspicious reasonableness. "I see that point. But you must be an awful patient guy. You might have had to wait until forever."

"I was always hoping that Wilson might change his mind."

"What kind of a guy is he?"

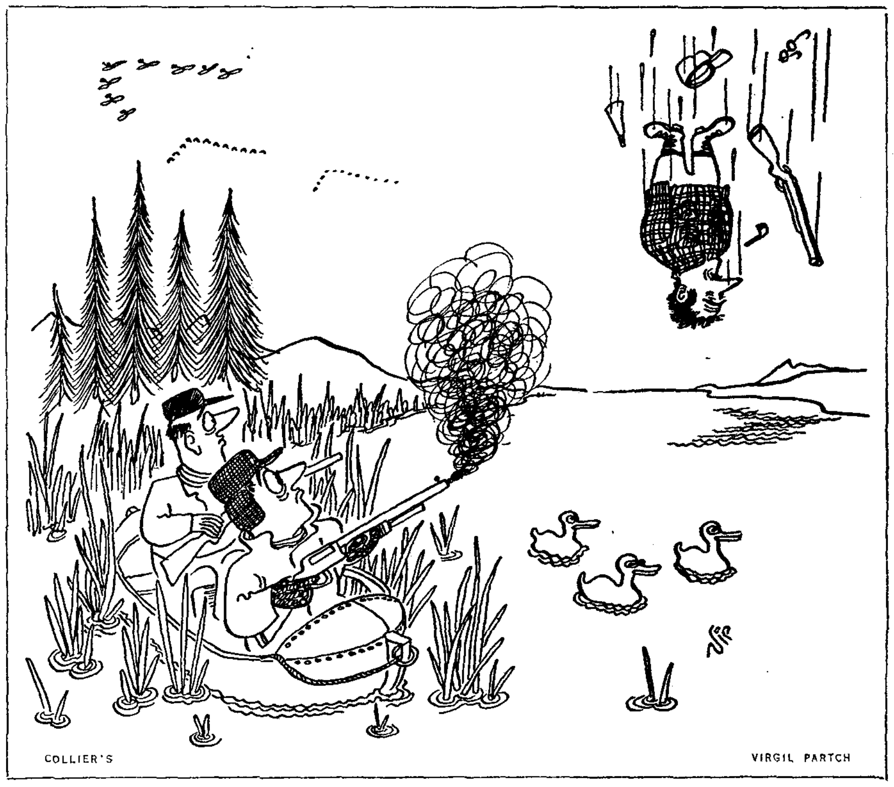
"I only know what I've been told. I've never seen him."

"Not even once?"

"Never."

"He couldn't have been very popular with you."

I let that one slide. Walsh continued



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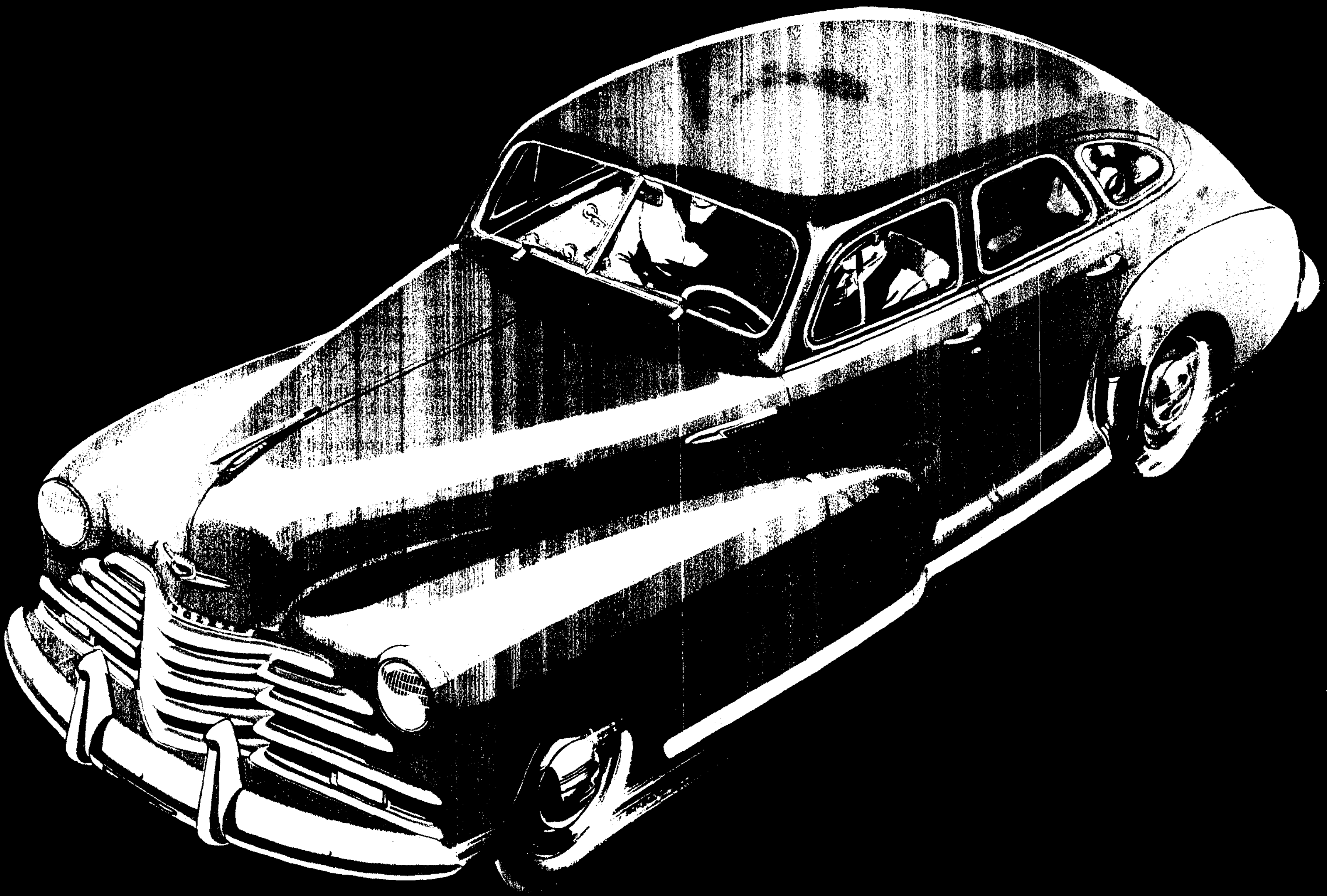

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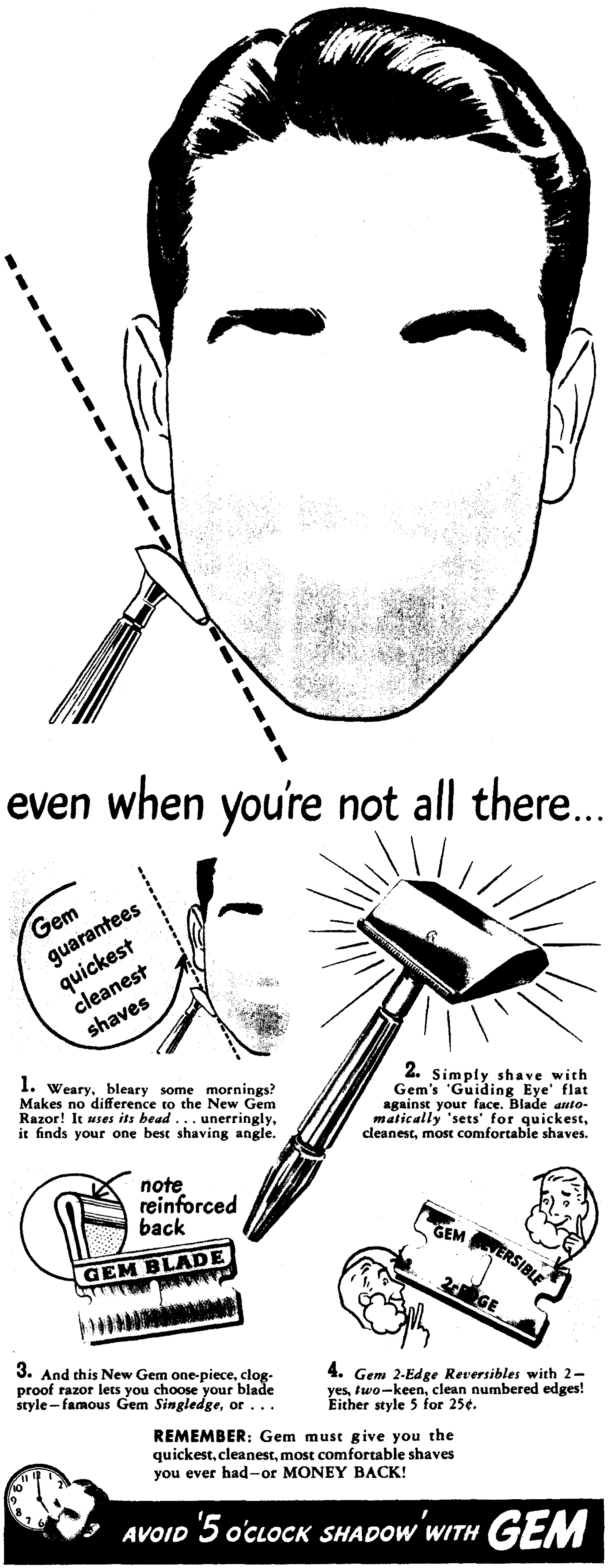
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imperturbably: "Ever hear about Ellison and Fred Wilson being buddies?"

"No."

His voice took on a sarcastic edge: "You don't know a hell of a lot, do you, Ingram?"

That, too, seemed to require no answer.

Marty's eyes bored right through me. "I bet you surprise awful easy," he said.

"Maybe."

"I bet you'd be downright dumfounded to know that Fred Wilson was in Los Angeles day before yesterday."

That hit me right between the eyes. I couldn't guess how much Walsh knew, how much he suspected or what he was driving at. My hands felt clammy.

I said, "Are you kidding?" It was a trite, uninspired remark, but I couldn't think of a better one right then.

He said, "I don't usually kid about murder. It ain't awful funny."

I shrugged. "Maybe you got your dope wrong."

"Wilson was here, all right."

"It's news to me."

He said, "At that, you *do* look surprised. But are you surprised to know that Fred Wilson was in L. A. when Ellison was killed, or are you just surprised that I found out?"

My distaste for Marty Walsh was growing fast. So was my respect.

Walsh said, "He was rooming with Bert Ellison. Place called Sunshine Terrace. A jernt. Ellison was in New York around the first of the year. Maybe that's when he invited Wilson to visit him."

I said, "Maybe."

"In the old days," Walsh continued conversationally, as though it didn't mean a thing, "Wilson and Ellison didn't play in the same league. Both hustlers, but Ellison was a punk, and Fred Wilson was big time. Funny they should get to be friends so sudden, wasn't it?"

"Was it?"

"Yeah. Lots of things funny about this. For instance, we know for sure that Wilson was sharing Ellison's apartment. But when we cased the place, we didn't find anything of Fred's. You'd almost think he took a fast powder, wouldn't you?"

I said, "I wouldn't know what to think." My next question burst out; it was asked before I could think. "Are you certain Wilson was staying with Ellison?"

"Yeah. We got it straight out of the horse's mouth."

"What horse?"

"A stallion named Rick Madigan."

If Marty noticed my surprise, he didn't comment on it. He continued, "Funny thing there. Aside from sharing Ellison's apartment, Fred and Bert didn't have but one thing in common. They were both down in Madigan's black book." He looked up from his fingers and met my eyes. "You know Madigan?"

"I know *of* him. I've been at El Cielito. That's his, isn't it?"

"It's the place he's running now. He's always got something. And it's always out of my territory. This one is on the Strip. That's county. I'm city. But I'm friendly with Madigan. We had a long talk. Wilson skipped town owing Madigan seven thousand fish. Gambling debt. Not collectible legally. Ellison copped Madigan's girl. That ain't collectible legally, either. Rick was mad at both of them. Having Madigan mad at you ain't the healthiest thing I know."

I SAID slowly, "If Wilson ran away from Madigan because he owed him money, how could Madigan know right away when he got back to Los Angeles?"

"Bright question, Ingram. I thought of it myself. The answer is that Bert Ellison told him."

"Ellison?"

"Yeah. He used to work for Madigan. Wanted to get back in his good graces. So he double-crossed Fred Wilson. Trotted right to Madigan and spilled the dope. Figured maybe Rick would take him back in the fold."

"And—?"

"Madigan sent out a couple of his hoods and had Fred picked up. They had a real intimate chat. Madigan gave Wilson his choice: the seven thousand or that much worth of hide. Wilson told him to wait just a little while. Said he'd be in the chips—but soon. That's the way Rick played it."

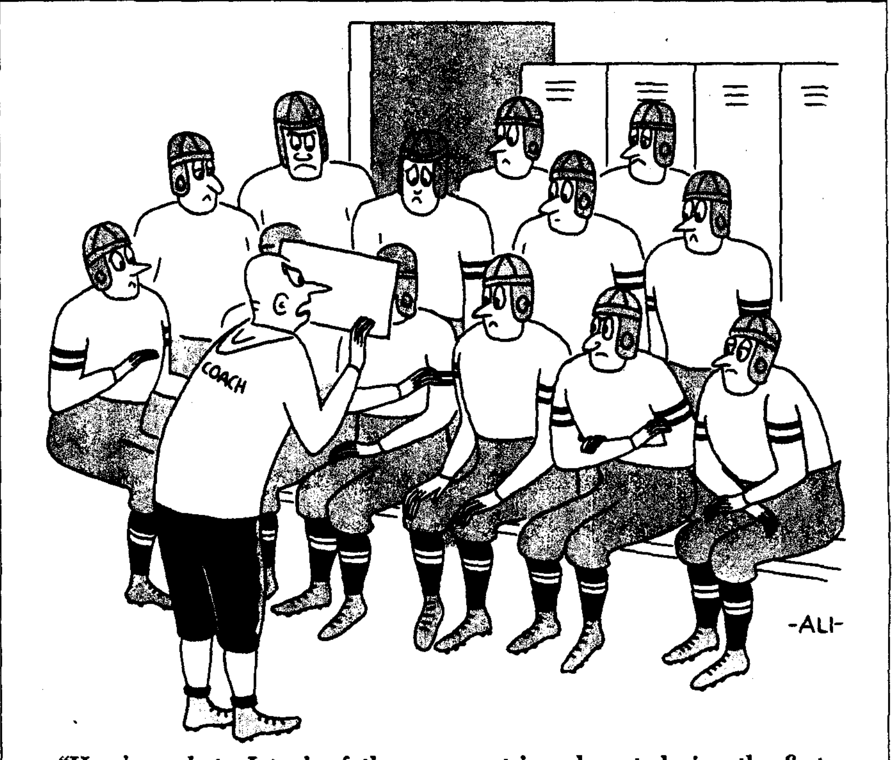
"Did Madigan mention whether he told Wilson how he knew about his being in town?"

"What's the difference? Wilson could have guessed. And if he did, he'd be sore at Bert Ellison, wouldn't he?"

"That's logical."

"He might even have been so sore he'd take a shot at Ellison and leave him lying on a rug, all full of lead and regrets. Sound reasonable?"

I said it sounded reasonable. If that was the way Marty Walsh was thinking it suited me fine. What he thought about



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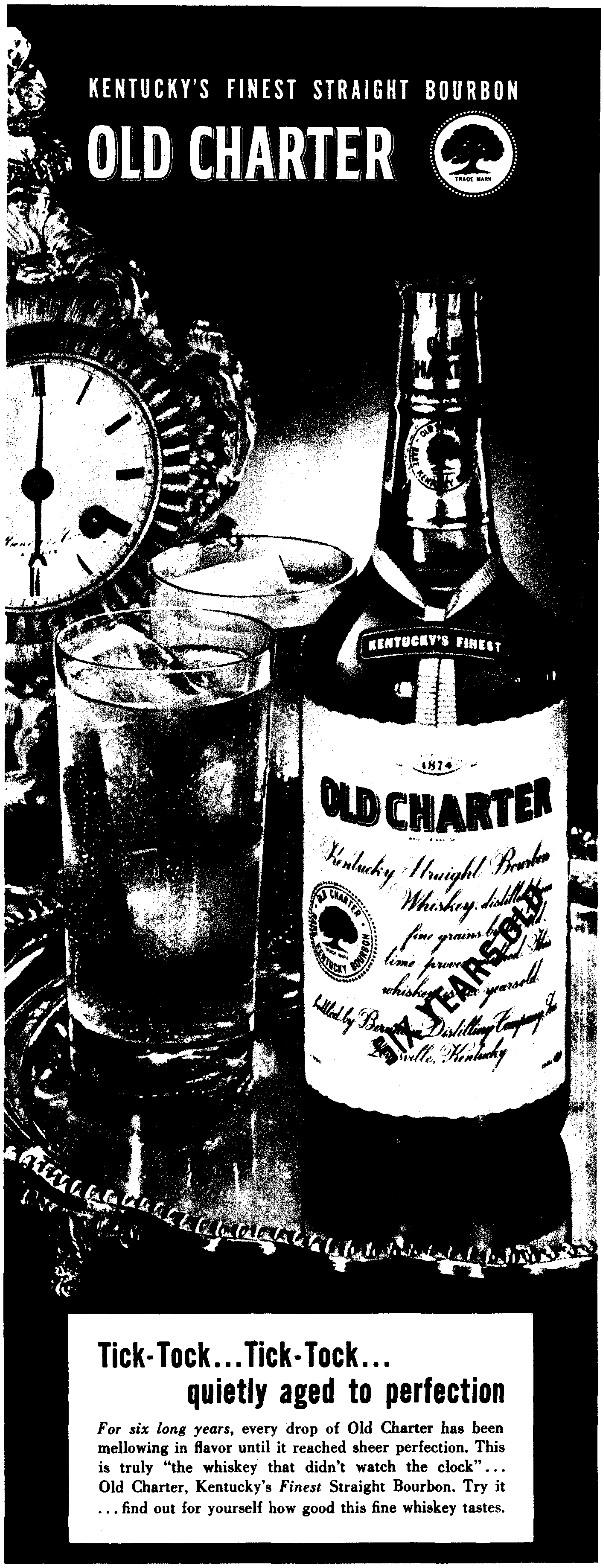

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Fred wasn't going to hurt the guy. Wilson was dead.

"What I don't grab," Walsh was saying, "is how come they went to Miss Rutledge's house."

"Provided they did."

"Bound to. That was Ellison's car we found there. But we didn't find his keys."

"What does that mean?"

"Wilson could have knocked him off and taken the keys so's to get into the apartment. That'd be when he got his things together and took it on the lam."

"Then why didn't he take the car, too?"

"Not a smart lad like Fred Wilson. Too easy to follow."

What was happening I liked and I didn't like. I liked the fact that Walsh didn't suspect that Fred Wilson was dead. I didn't like how much information he had. "You're not sure about any of that, Lieutenant. Why isn't Rick Madigan the logical suspect?"

"He is. Too logical. I don't check him out, but I ain't strong for him, either. He doesn't play rough. Besides, Ellison had just done him a favor. That wouldn't make him love Bert—but it also wouldn't induce him to start throwing lead into him. No, it adds up neat that Fred Wilson found out about the double cross, had Ellison drive him out to the house where it'd be nice and private, and then let him have it."

Of course, Marty Walsh's theory didn't hold water. But that was something I couldn't tell him. I couldn't mention that Fred Wilson was dead.

Suddenly Walsh took another tack. Like a prim schoolteacher quizzing a child, he said, "Did you ever hear of compounding a felony?"

That would have been funny if it had been funny. It was all I'd been thinking of for two days. I said I knew what he meant and asked what it had to do with me.

"Maybe nothing," he said cheerfully. "Maybe something. But my hunch is this: I think Wilson killed Bert Ellison. If he did, that makes him my meat. I also know from Madigan that Wilson was broke. Now, if a guy kills another and plans to do a lot of plain and fancy hiding, he needs dough. There was only one person Wilson could contact with any hope of getting his hands on real money. His wife."

I said, "He didn't."

"How come you know so much so quick?"

"If Jean had heard from Fred, I'd know it."

"That's the way I figured. I believe you do know it."

"You think I'm lying?"

"Yup."

That was my cue to get mad. I didn't take the cue.

"Maybe even Miss Rutledge heard from Fred and didn't tell you. I'm asking you to find out."

"Why?"

"Because we might be able to keep her in the clear. She's a nice girl. She oughtn't to get pushed around. Maybe she slipped Fred this money without knowing anything about Ellison. Maybe she's afraid to talk now for fear she'll be in a jam. And maybe she's decided to play it the wrong way because, after all, he's her husband."

I said, "Suppose—"

"Suppose what?"

"Skip it."

He didn't like that. He leaned forward and his eyes got cold. "Playing me for dumb, aren't you, Ingram?"

"No."

"I think yes. Well, I'm not dumb. Not too dumb, anyway. And I'm persistent as hell. There's an angle to this I don't understand. I've come here friendly like, giving you an out. And giving Miss Rutledge a break in case she got mixed up in something accidentally."

"And I'm sure you're wrong from the beginning."

"Meaning you know something I don't."

"Meaning nothing of the kind. I'm trying to protect Miss Rutledge from annoyance."

"Annoyance, he calls it." Marty got up. He still looked nice, but he looked dangerous, too. He said, "Let's leave it this way, Ingram. If things are how I figured, if Wilson got money from his wife so he could make a getaway—and if he didn't tell her that he'd killed Ellison—then you pass the news along to me, and I'll play sweet. Fair enough?"

I said it was fair enough.

DURING the next two days, Jean and I played a fascinating game of cross-purposes. I worked overtime trying to bolster her morale, only to discover that she was doing the same for me.

We tried to avoid any further discussion of the things that had been happening. We'd talked it over from every angle and had come back invariably to the starting point.

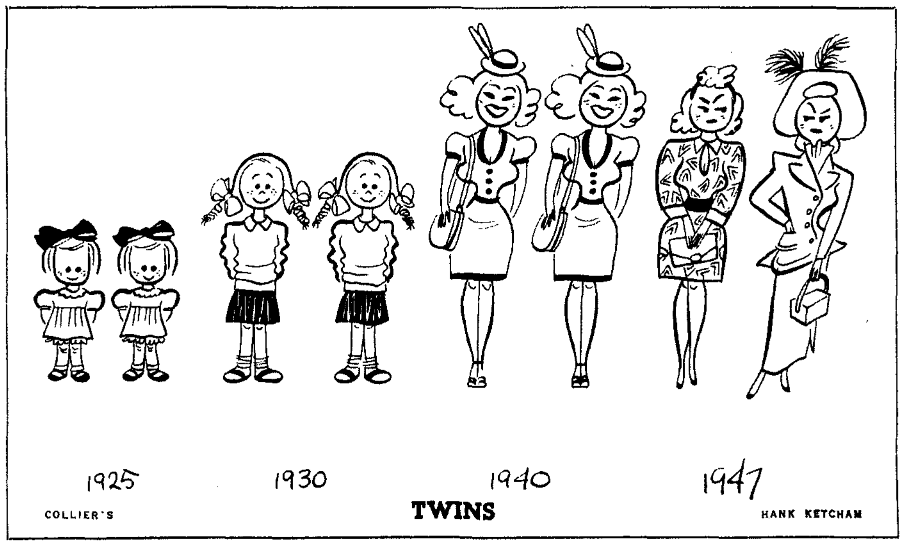
Wherever Fred Wilson had been put, he was still there—which was a rather ghastly thing to think about. Jean, the widow, was farther away from me than Jean, the legally wedded wife. We couldn't see anything in the future but trouble. It was whipping me down.

On Saturday I suggested we pay a call on Rick Madigan that night.

Jean didn't ask why. I was sure she shared my belief that Madigan was in the middle of this thing. I figured that he was capitalizing on his reputation for never playing rough, that he was several degrees smarter than the cops. They didn't have much to go on. Just Bert Ellison. They didn't know that anything drastic had happened to Fred Wilson. So they wouldn't press Madigan hard on that. Maybe I could.

Rick's present club was called El Cielito. He'd always been queer for Spanish names, which made him all even with two thirds of southern California.

Getting in was a cinch. Rick's patrons



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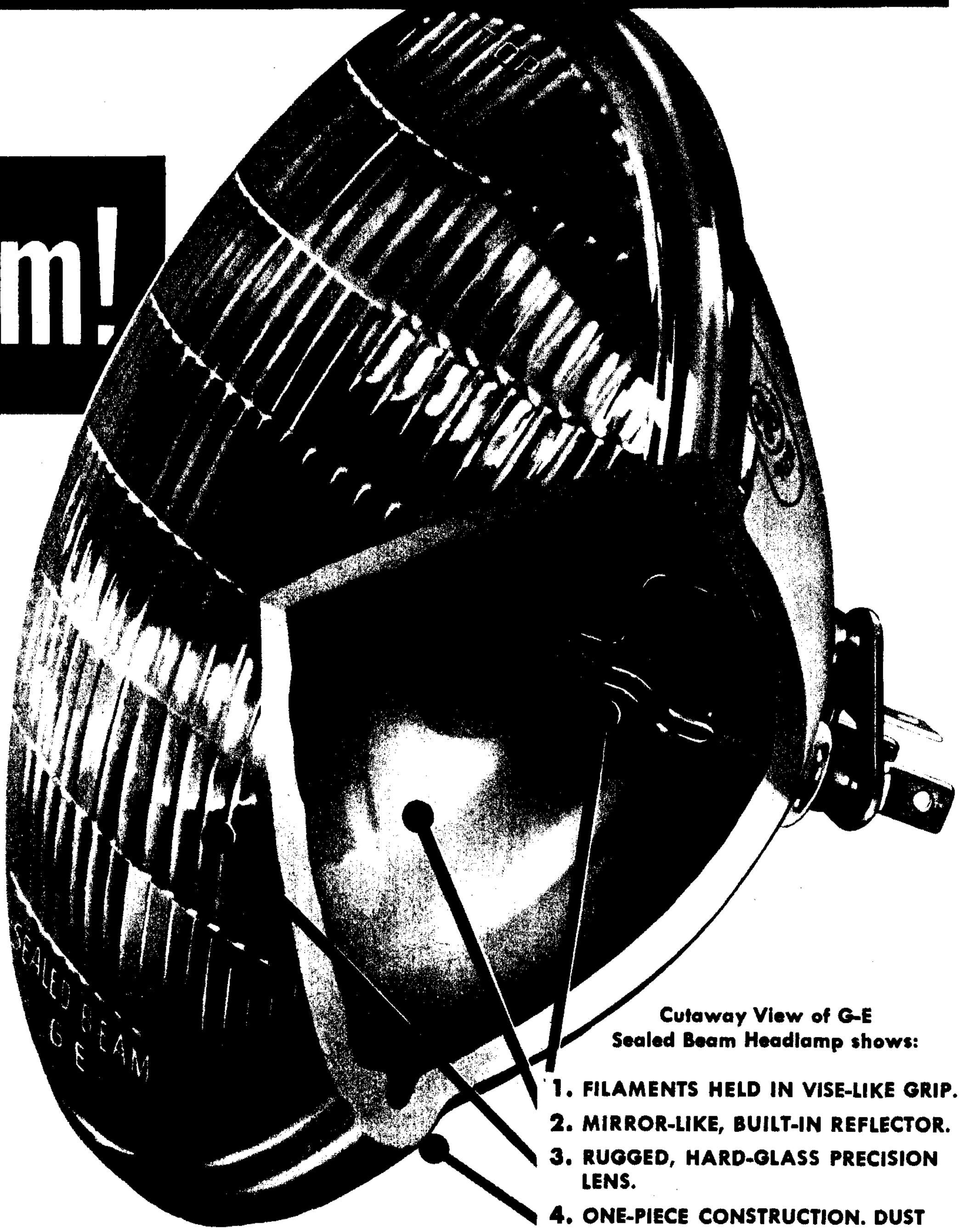

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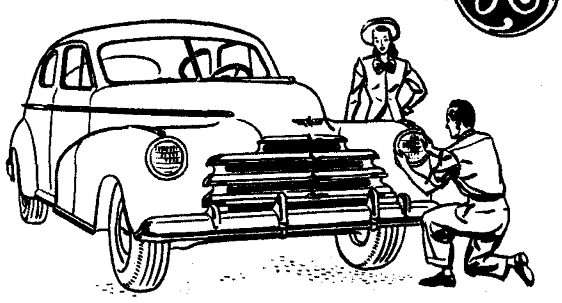

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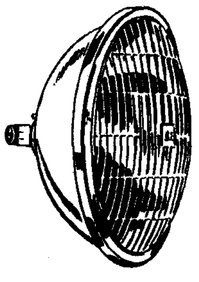

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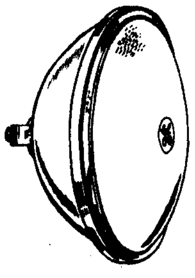

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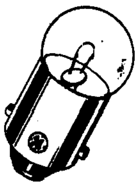

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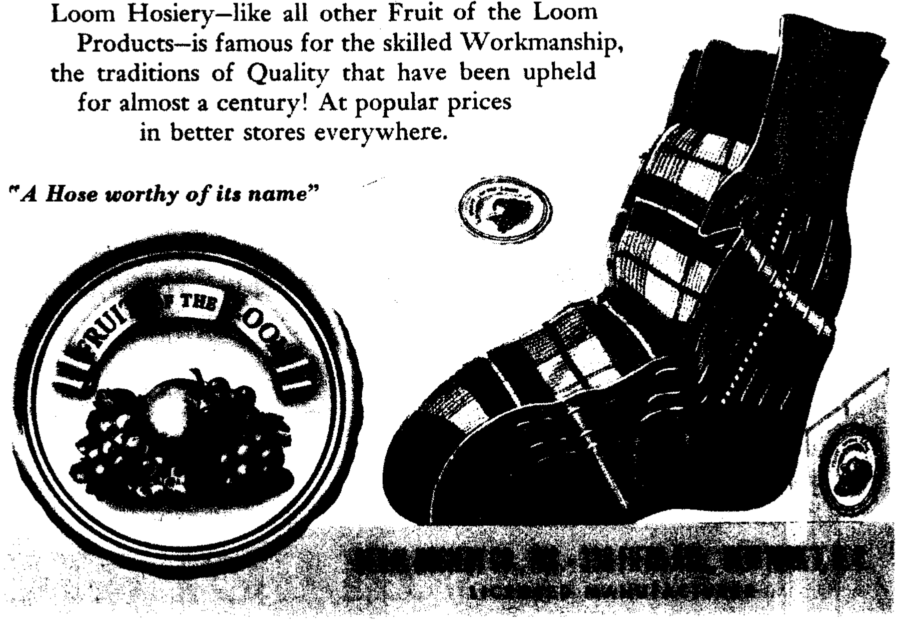

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had always been the wealthier, more successful, picture crowd—mostly ladies and gents who were up high enough so they weren't afflicted with option jitters.

I told Danny where we were going and gave him the general idea. He looked at me quizzically and remarked that Rick Madigan was strong medicine. He didn't figure I'd get very far. I said I didn't think so either.

"In fact," said Danny, "he might fool you. While you're kidding yourself that you're pumping him, he might learn something from you. You're both kind of playing the same game."

I PICKED Jean up at her house at eight o'clock. She looked as pretty as eight dollars' worth of lilacs. Sort of a cocktail dress that you couldn't describe to save your life—if you were a man—but which made you keenly aware of the woman who was wearing it.

The executive producer who'd introduced Jean to the club had telephoned. They had a ringside table reserved, and I got my usual thrill from hearing people say, "That's Jean Rutledge." I missed the customary follow-up which usually was, "Who's the mug with her?" I had long since learned to take that in stride.

The room was expensively and tastefully done. The *décor* didn't slap you down. It was there, and you liked it without bothering to ask why. On the bandstand there was a good orchestra which dished out soothing music. The dinner was excellent.

We took our time, said hello to lots of people, brushed off a few who wanted to perch at our table, or asked us to sit at theirs, and finally I inquired of the headwaiter about the inevitable gambling room. He said he'd find out. He didn't look surprised, but he wasn't giving himself away, either. A few minutes later he returned and said he'd discovered that there was such an adjunct, and would we step right this way. We stepped right that way.

Where Rick Madigan had a club, there you'd find gambling. Heavy gambling. The lid could be on all over Los Angeles County, and you could wager that if one palace of chance was operating, it'd be Rick's.

We watched the play at the dice table for a while. After going through the motions and losing a little, Jean and I backed away from the table. I drifted over to the manager and said that Jean and I would like to see Mr. Madigan. He said he'd see if Mr. Madigan was in. Nobody in that place ever knew anything for sure. They had to check and double-check. Five minutes later he'd made the discovery that Mr. Madigan was in, and two minutes after that we were in Madigan's private office.

I'd heard a lot about Madigan. This was the first time I'd ever met him. He was an interesting character, and not at all what I'd expected, even though he was precisely what Danny Singleton had told me he would be.

He was a huge man: portly without being fat, friendly without being gentle. His hair was light brown and sparse, his eyes blue, his business suit conservative, his manner suave, his voice and diction cultured. He said he'd long admired Jean's work and had wanted to meet her. He was very nice to me, just as though I mattered, too. He waved us to chairs and invited us to have a drink.

After the usual conversational sparring, I said, "I suppose you can guess why we're here."

He didn't duck that one. He gave us a smile and said yes, he could guess. He said he supposed it was because he had told Marty Walsh that he'd seen Fred Wilson. He looked at Jean when he said that, not trying to act cute, but indicating that he was playing it straight and hoped we'd do the same. It was difficult not to meet the man on his own ground.

I said, "You probably know a lot of things, Mr. Madigan. In case you don't, I want to explain that if Miss Rutledge were free, she and I would get married."

"I've heard that," he said gravely.

"Did Wilson mention it when you and he were talking?"

Madigan smiled sweetly. He said, "No—" and left it hanging.

"He said he expected to get some important money pretty soon, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Did you believe him?"

"At first, no. Later, yes."

"May I ask what made you change?"

"A hunch. He hinted that he knew about the formation of Olympus pictures inside the structure of the Magna outfit. He knew that his wife held a 25 per cent interest, which ought to add up to a lot of money."

I said, "Bert Ellison reported to you that Fred was here?"

"Yes. He was a rat who was trying to get into my good graces again."

"Did he succeed?"

"No. I used the information, but it didn't make me like Ellison any better." He leaned forward and his voice became smooth as satin. "But I didn't have anything to do with Ellison's death, either."

THAT brought me up short. It made me realize that this was a keen gent I was dealing with. He was beating me to the punch. He said, "Not wishing to bring up a topic which must be distasteful to you, Miss Rutledge, I firmly believe that your husband killed Ellison."

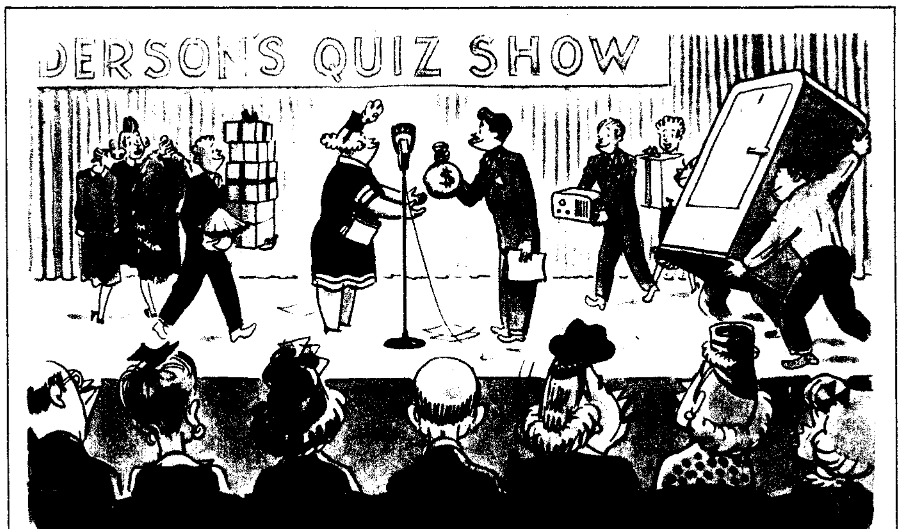
"Why?"

"Because he knew that Ellison had tipped me off about his being in town."

"Did you tell Fred that?"

"No. But I gather that only Ellison was supposed to know."

I said, "You've been talking straight, Mr. Madigan. May I?"



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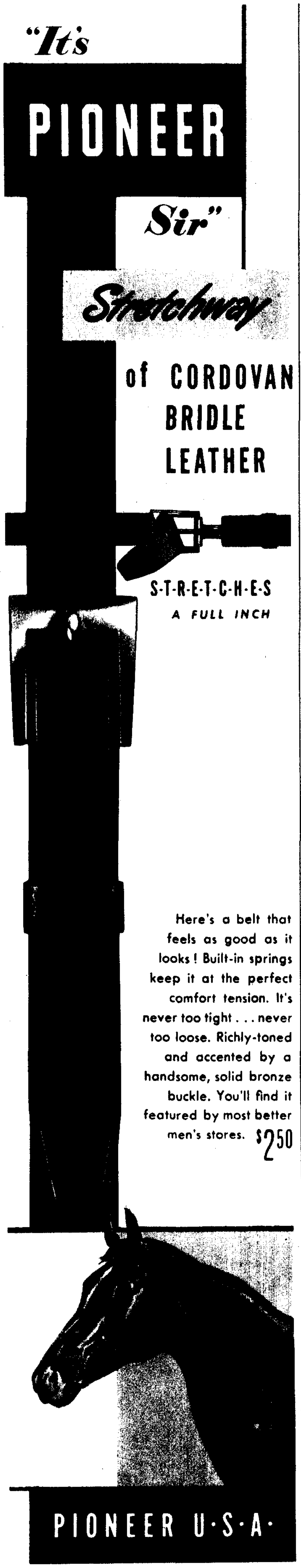

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"Help yourself."

"You didn't like Ellison. You didn't like Fred Wilson. It doesn't hurt you any for Ellison to be dead, and to have Wilson suspected of having killed him."

His eyes didn't waver. He said, "I thought you'd be figuring that way, but it would have suited me much better for Wilson to remain right here, where I could get my hands on him. He owed me seven thousand dollars. As things stand now, I'll have to kiss it goodby."

"The police believe that version," I said. "I'm afraid I can't go for it all the way."

"Perhaps," he suggested gently, "Miss Rutledge knows more about that than I do."

"What gives you such a crazy idea?"

"It isn't entirely crazy, Mr. Ingram. I could say it was natural that a husband would get in touch with his wife—particularly so charming a wife as Miss Rutledge. There'd be double reason if he was planning to extort a large sum of money from her. Want me to go on?"

I nodded.

"One thing has occurred to me that evidently didn't impress the police too much. It seems odd that the very day after Fred Wilson got to Los Angeles, Miss Rutledge decided to sell or rent a house which had been vacant for years. It seems even more coincidental that she should send her fiancé out to take inventory. Not the day before, not the day after. Just that one day."

JEAN stepped in. She said, "Just what *are you* thinking, Mr. Madigan?"

"No hard feelings, Miss Rutledge?"

"I promise."

"My guess would be that Fred got in touch with you, that he made his pitch for some money, that he learned about Bert Ellison double-crossing him, and that he had a quarrel with Ellison and killed him. Nothing premeditated—I don't think Fred was the type. But he did have a violent temper, as you probably know. And if I must go on, I'd say that he probably told you what had happened and got money from you to get away with."

He let that sink in. Then he turned to me. "You're very fond of Miss Rutledge," he continued smoothly. "Maybe you know that what I've said is the truth, maybe you don't. In any event, you'd go all out trying to protect her from being involved as an accessory after the fact. You've decided that you will try to put me on the spot. I'm a logical suspect because of the past relationship between Bert Ellison and myself. Do we understand each other now, Mr. Ingram?"

"Yes."

"Permit me, then, to give you a friendly word of advice. I didn't kill Ellison or have him killed. I didn't know that Fred Wilson was going to do it, or where he's hiding now. It would be most annoying for me to be involved in this. I think we'd all be better off if I keep my nose out of your affairs, and you do me the same favor."

I said, "That sounds like a threat."

"I wouldn't be so foolish as to threaten a man of your caliber, Mr. Ingram. And I'm sure you have no intention of threatening me."

"I'm not in a position to threaten," I said quietly. "But I don't believe that you've told us all you know."

"And you intend to continue probing?"

"Until I'm satisfied—yes."

"It's not always wise to persist in the wrong course."

I said, "Thanks for the advice. I'll think it over."

"Good. And any time I can be of service—"

He walked to the door with us, and held it open in a graceful, courtly fashion which somehow *did* not seem out of place in so huge a man.

We left the place and clambered into my car. We rode through the Strip and continued out Sunset through Beverly Hills. I said, "What do you make of him, Jean?"

She said, "He frightens me. He's too sure of himself. Too logical."

"All I can say is that if Madigan had anything to do with those murders, he's playing it the smartest possible way."

She said hesitantly, "What he said *about motives*—"

"He was telling us only what we already know, what we must have deduced. He told the police only what they were certain to find out."

Jean said, "Do you think he knows that Fred is dead?"

"My guess isn't worth a dime. But if he does know, then he's the man we want."

She put her hand over mine. "I wish you wouldn't fool with him, sweetheart. He's dangerous."

"I'm supposed to say I don't scare easy. I won't say it, because it isn't true. One good, loud *Boo* right now and I'd jump out of the car. But I'm over a barrel, honey. So are you. We can't drop things where they are."

I swung into Jean's driveway and parked the car there. We got out.

There was a hedge on that side, a six-foot hedge between her property and the vacant lot next door.

A shadow emerged from behind that hedge and stepped into the glare of the headlights. He was smaller than a mountain, but only slightly. He had a battered, scarred face and he looked mean. His voice matched the face. My first thought was Rick Madigan. Then it struck me that this man couldn't have been sent by Madigan. We had come straight home, and he probably wouldn't have had time to beat us.

The man said, in a harsh, rasping voice, "Miss Rutledge?"

"Yes."

"I gotta talk to you. It's important."

I shoved forward. I was scared, but there didn't seem to be anything else to do. I said, "What do you want to talk to Miss Rutledge about?"

His answer flattened me. He said, "About her husband. Fred Wilson. I know all about him."

THE world was full of surprises. They jumped at me from unexpected places. It began to look as though Jean and Fred Wilson and I didn't rate any more privacy than three goldfish.

I said, "What about Miss Rutledge's husband?"

He looked at me with an expression which definitely could not be classified as admiration. He asked, "Who the hell are you, and where do you fit?"

"I'm a friend of Miss Rutledge's."

"So what I gotta say is for her. You can go on home."

Jean and I looked at each other. She said, "We'll all go inside."

I took Jean's arm and led the way. Everything looked okay. Everything except this stranger with the rocklike face and the body of a bull.

We went inside and turned on some lights. Our new-found friend took off his hat, which surprised me. He looked around the lovely living room and said, "Some jernt." Neither Jean nor I said anything.

"Do we sit down," asked the stranger, "or do we talk standin' up?"

Jean nodded toward a chair. It was a big blue-and-gray affair, and the man more than filled it. He stretched out his thick legs, picked a cigarette from a dirty packet, lighted it and inhaled.

I said, "Let's have it."

He looked at me with amusement. He said, "Keep your shirt on, sonny. You ain't goin' nowhere. Not yet, you ain't."

Jean took it from there. She said, "Have you got a name?"

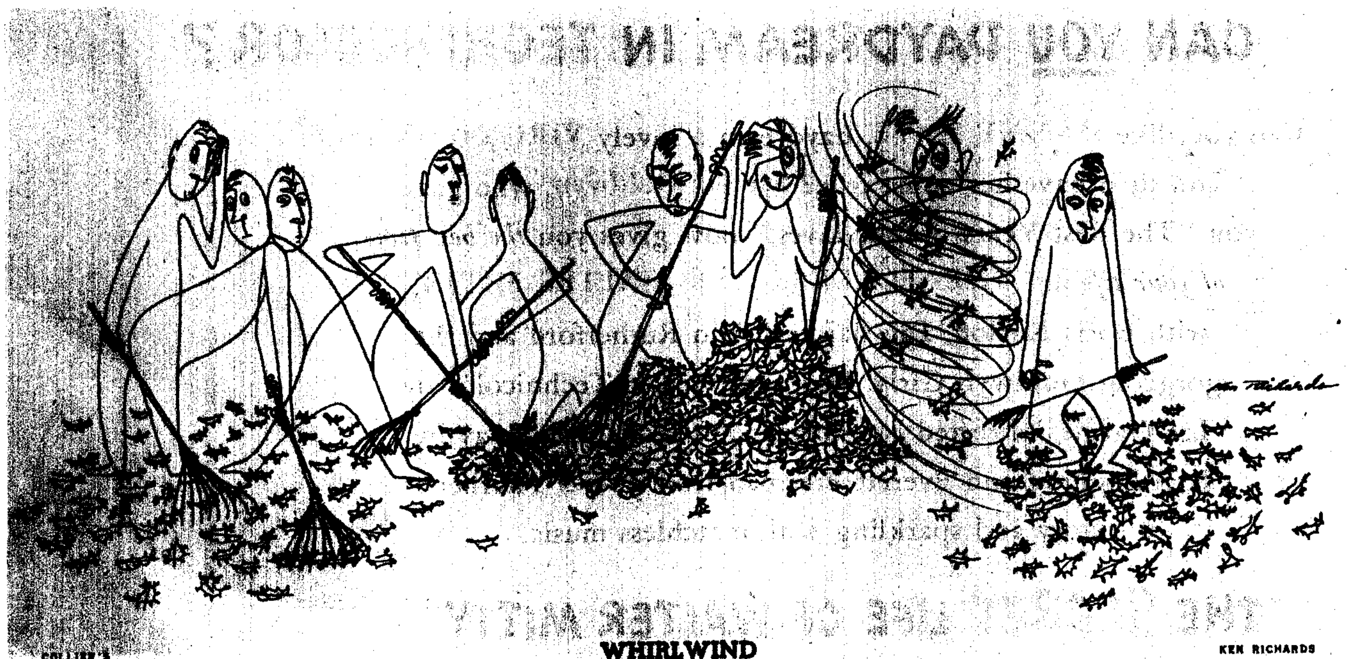
He grinned. There were a couple of teeth missing, which didn't make the grin beautiful. He said, "Sure, I got a name. Fact is, I got a lot of names."

Jean said, "What name are you using now?"

"For you, lady, I'll give the right one. I'm Gus Ackerman."

Gus Ackerman. It didn't mean a thing. I could see, too, that it hadn't registered with Jean.

She was playing this beautifully, a lot better than I was. She said, "You mentioned my husband. What about him?"



WHIRLWIND

KEN RICHARDS

Would she love you with a beard?

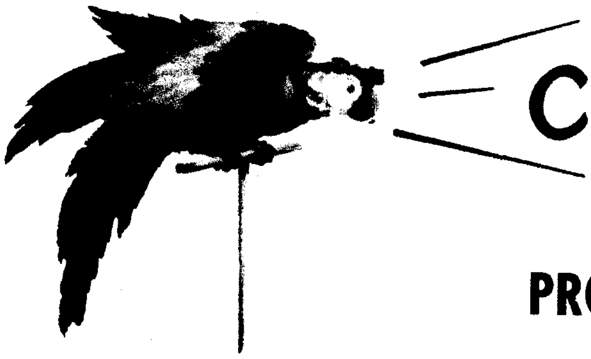
1858 **If styles** repeat themselves, there's a chance you may grow a beard equal to this old-timer's. Beards were in their hey-day in 1858 when the name Corby's came to Canada. A swing to whiskers followed Colonial days of clean shaving.

1885 **You might** spend your morning in a mustache-curling parlor, if mustaches were the rage again. The name Corby's was 27 years old in Canada when barber shops reached their full glory. Look at those fancy shaving mugs!

1906 **The safety** razor turned the tide back to clean shaving. And how the whiskers came off! A 50-year period of whisker popularity neared an end (to the joy of wives everywhere) as the name Corby's reached 48 years of fame in Canada.

SAY CORBY'S
CORBY'S
Reserve
H. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY

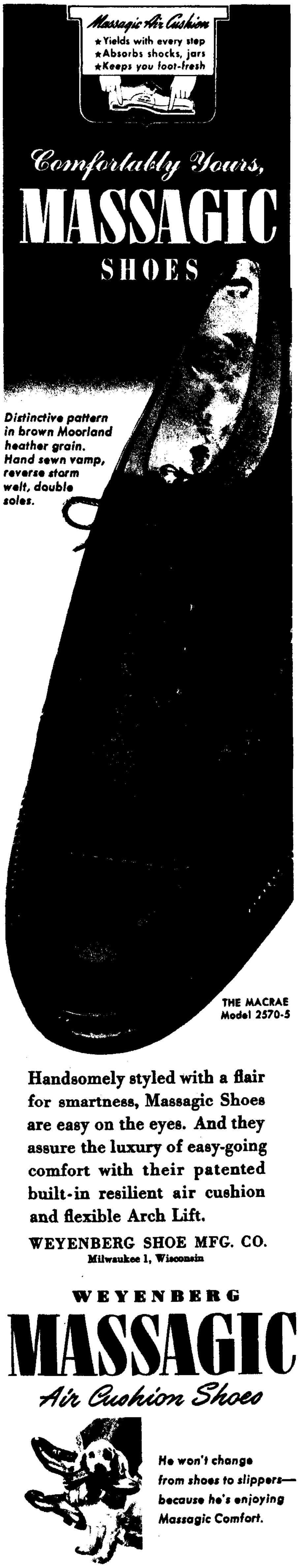
1947 **You're one** man in ten if you wear whiskers today. Some self-styled experts say beards are coming back. But you'll probably pause and consider before dashing out for a mustache cup. *But don't hesitate to ask for Corby's* . . . the whiskey with a grand old Canadian name. Light, sociable Corby's is a great mixer—a welcome thought for highballs. Call for Corby's by name.



CORBY'S . . . A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois


Massagic Air Cushion
★Yields with every step
★Absorbs shocks, jars
★Keeps you foot-fresh

Comfortably Yours,
MASSAGIC
SHOES

Distinctive pattern in brown Moorland heather grain. Hand sewn vamp, reverse storm welt, double soles.

THE MACRAE
Model 2570-5

Handsomely styled with a flair for smartness, Massagic Shoes are easy on the eyes. And they assure the luxury of easy-going comfort with their patented built-in resilient air cushion and flexible Arch Lift.

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WEYENBERG
MASSAGIC
Air Cushion Shoes

He won't change from shoes to slippers—because he's enjoying Massagic Comfort.

He grinned again. "You wouldn't be knowing, would you?"

"Knowing what?"

"All about Fred."

"I have no idea what you mean."

"Then leave me remind you." He was silent for a moment as though wrestling with an idea and not doing very well. Then he said slowly, "Suppose I mention the time. About 1:30 P.M.—maybe two o'clock—on Tuesday, January twenty-first."

I winced. That was the day, almost the minute, when Jean and I had discovered the body of Fred Wilson. Ackerman said, "Mean anything to you?"

"No." Jean looked at me. It was a signal to take over.

I said, "What do you want, Ackerman?"

"Who said I wanted anything?"

"You didn't come out here just for the fun of it."

"You're the bright lad, ain't you?"

"No. If I were, I'd have called the police long ago."

"I take it back, sonny. You ain't smart or you wouldn't have said that. You know why? Because you know I know you wouldn't call no law. Nor neither Miss Rutledge wouldn't."

"What gives you that idea?"

"So I'm wrong. So you call 'em. Who's stopping you?"

THIS wasn't getting us anywhere. I changed tactics. I said, "You know Rick Madigan?"

He shook his head. His eyes looked blank. "I heard of the guy. But I don't know him."

"Have you seen him tonight?"

"Hah! What would a small-timer like me be doing with Madigan?"

I said, "Miss Rutledge doesn't like to be annoyed. How much would it be worth to you not to bother her any more?"

"*That*, huh? You think of the damnedest things. I ain't even mentioned money. All I've mentioned is Fred Wilson and that setup in Monterey Canyon. Maybe I could also pitch in the name of Bert Ellison. That's for free."

"What's this all about?"

"Nothin'. I'm telling you, is all. Givin' you something to chew over." He hoisted himself out of the chair. "I'll be driftin'. Nice to of met you, the both of you."

He started for the door. I went with him. He wasn't much taller than I, but he was about twice my size. "Ex-pug?" I asked.

"Yeah. Wrastler, too. Thinkin' of startin' somethin'?"

"No."

"Maybe you got brains, after all." He opened the door and waved a huge, grimy paw. "Be seein' you," he said.

I motioned to Jean to stay where she was. I separated two of the slats in the Venetian blind of the corner window and watched Mr. Gus Ackerman. He walked to San Vicente and stood at the curb. He didn't look back once. After a while, a big red bus came along. He signaled it to a halt and clambered in. The bus rolled off toward Wilshire.

I took my hand away from the blind and turned back to Jean. She was sitting rigidly, looking tiny and beautiful and frightened. I said, with a gruesome attempt at humor, "Fred must have sold tickets to the affair. It looks as though all of Hollywood was there."

"Do you suppose that he—?"

"I don't think so, honey. If he had killed Fred, he wouldn't have had the guts to come here."

"He obviously knows all about it."

"I'm afraid so. How or why he happened to be there, I wouldn't know. But I'd say he didn't actually have anything to do with it."

"What does he want?"

"Money, probably."

"But he didn't say . . ."

"I mean big money, Jean. He looks stupid, but that's not the way he played it. He handled it smart. Convincing us he knew about the jam we're in. Hinting that he could play with us or against us."

"What does that mean?"

"Let's presume he saw what really happened. In that case, he knows who killed Fred and Ellison. He knows that we had nothing to do with it. He may be the one person in the world—aside from the killer himself—who could clear things up for us. By letting it simmer for a while, he figures you'll be an easier touch than if he made his pitch now."

Jean said, "And if he wanted to work against us?"

"He could tip off the police to part of the facts: that we found the body, that we lied to them."

She said, "You're evading. You're not sure he wasn't mixed up in the killings. I have a feeling that he was."

She had read my mind, all right. I was sorry she had, because if that theory happened to be correct, Jean was hemmed in by a lot of danger.

I brought up the subject of a private detective. Someone we could trust, and who could also act as a bodyguard. Then I vetoed the idea and she asked why.

"Because," I explained, "the kind of man we'd need—the sort of man you could trust with the whole truth—wouldn't play ball. Private detectives can't fool around with murder. That belongs to the police."

She said, "You think I'm in personal, physical danger, don't you, Bruce?"

"I don't know—" This was ticklish, and I picked my words carefully. "From Ackerman, probably not. Not right now, anyway. He's building up to a demand for big money. It might be useful to cultivate him. He can't be as keen as he sounded. We know that he apparently knows as much as we do. But he probably knows even more than that. I'd like to trick it out of him."

She made a quick gesture of protest. "You mustn't," she said quickly. "He's dangerous. Let's leave well enough alone. Promise."

I said I'd think it over.

WE TOOK a long time saying good night. Once again I offered to stay in the guest room, and again Jean said no. Tonight the maid was in her room, and Jean insisted that she wasn't frightened. I knew that wasn't true. But she had courage. I was afraid she had too much courage for her own good.

I carried the mess home with me, and thought about it most of the night and all the next day. Nothing unusual happened. It wasn't until the day after that that Mr. Ackerman came into the picture again.

Jean telephoned me from the studio in the late afternoon. She talked guardedly, referring to Ackerman merely as the gentleman who had called on her two nights previously. I asked what about him.

"He telephoned me this afternoon. Just chatted. Repeated that he didn't want anything."

"What did you do?"

"Arnold Travis was on the lot. I told him what had happened."

"Good."

"Arnold said he'd do some investigating. I just heard from him. The man is an ex-convict. He served a term in San Quentin for felonious assault. The police think he's been guilty of other crimes, but they've never convicted him except just that once."

"That's all?"

"Yes—" The way she left that hanging told me that there was more. I said, "Let's have it, sweetheart. What else did Arnold say?"

"He said"—she hesitated, then finished in a rush—"he said that this fellow is supposed to be bad medicine. He said we should both be very careful."

A small convertible of ancient vintage

"When Acid Indigestion tries to crab our act, we take TUMS!"

says Abbott

"YES," says Costello, "never any question about who's on first with relief. It's Tums!"

Sure, Tums are always first—so handy, so dependable whenever acid indigestion strikes! Just one or two tasty Tums not only neutralize excess acid almost instantly—Tums also coat the stomach with protective medication, so relief is more prolonged. Tums settle sour stomach, relieve gas, heartburn and that bloated feeling in seconds. No soda in Tums—no raw, harsh alkali—so no risk of overalkalizing and irritating your delicate stomach. No mixing or stirring, either—Tums are easy to take as candy mints. And when you can't sleep because of acid upset, don't count sheep—count on Tums for a good night's rest. Get *genuine* Tums for the tummy. Nothing *handier*, nothing *surer*, nothing *faster!*

Night and day, at home or away, always carry Tums!

10¢
Handy Roll

3-roll package, a quarter—everywhere

TUMS ARE ANTACID—not a laxative. For a laxative, use mild, dependable, all-vegetable NR (Nature's Remedy). Caution: Take only as directed. Get a 25c box today.

whizzed up San Vicente Boulevard, made a reckless U-turn at Twenty-sixth Street, whizzed back again and screeched to a halt in front of the office of Ingram and Singleton, Real Estate and Insurance. Vera Bradley got out, slammed the door, breezed into my office, waved her hand and said, "Hiya, chum?"

Vera seemed shorter and dumpier than usual. Her clothes looked as though they'd been thrown on and didn't belong. Her hat wasn't at the right angle, but she looked bright and fresh. She always did. I liked Vera—not only because her job at the present time was standing between Jean Rutledge and the public, but because she was on the ball. Everything that ever had happened in Hollywood, everything that was happening, everything that was going to happen—Vera knew.

She closed the door between my office and Helen's. I had a hunch that she wanted to talk privately. I was right.

One thing about Vera. She doesn't keep you in suspense. You never have to wonder what she's driving at. She said, "All right, sonny boy, give! What have you been doing to Jean?"

I tried to look stupid. That, ordinarily, is a pushover job for me, but this morning was different. I didn't get away with it. I echoed, "Jean?"

"Yes, Jean. Miss Jean Rutledge—the gal you're going to marry if you ever get the chance. Maybe you've met her."

"What's wrong with Jean?"

"Practically everything. Something's on her mind. Something she doesn't like—"

She plucked a cigarette from the humidor on my desk and had it lighted before I could make like a gent. "She acts as though somebody stole her marbles. I've backed her into every corner at the studio and tried to pump her. I get exactly nowhere. There aren't but two things in her life which could upset her like that: love and work, in the order named. It isn't work, because everything is running smoothly. So it must be love, with a capital Bruce."

I said, "You've got me, Vera. I haven't the faintest idea—"

"Don't be like that. I know better. And so do you. Have you and she been fighting?"

"Definitely, no."

"She tell you about anything wrong at the studio—something she maybe wouldn't have wanted even me to know?"

I shook my head.

Vera walked the length of the room and back again. She said, "Then it's got to be that punk that was found dead in her canyon house. Though why he should upset her, I don't figure. She swears she had never even heard of him before, and she hadn't been to the house since Jumbo was a pup."

She seated herself abruptly and crossed a pair of legs which were amazingly shapely for a woman of her build. She said, "I don't dig it, Bruce. Jean's in the middle of something. I think you know, and I had hoped you'd help. But maybe you don't know. Anyway, I'm paid to learn the score when something worries our little starlet. In case you don't know it, Miss Rutledge is worth—conservatively—ten million dollars to Magna. The big shots at the studio don't want ten million dollars to have troubles. I'm trying to help. I'm paid to. I'll keep right on trying."

I said, "Look, Vera—why not let well enough alone?"

"If you haven't any better clichés than that, I'm not buying. It isn't well enough and I'm not letting it alone. And the very fact that you made the suggestion proves that you know more than you're telling."

I shrugged. "She'll snap out of it. I'm sure she will."

"Okay, stupe. But, one way or another, I'm going to find out. 'By."

I watched her climb into the car, slam it into gear and shoot away. She was keen, that gal, and I was afraid that she'd delve too deep and yet not deep enough.

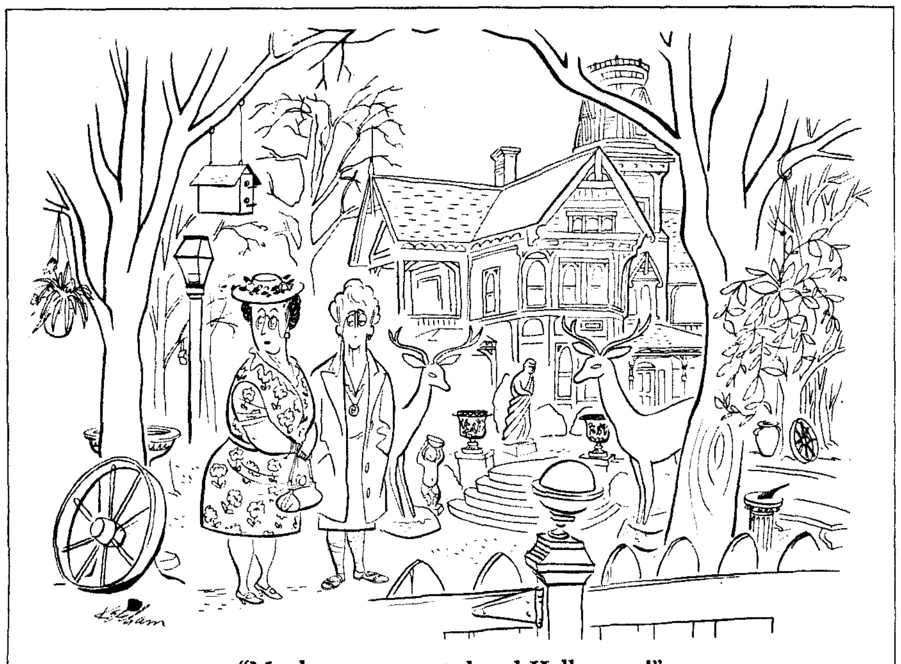
THE day dragged. I took Jean out to dinner that night, and talked with her about Vera. Her mind was made up in advance. She told me that she knew Vera suspected something was wrong, and that she trusted her, but that she didn't want to drag her into it. Too many people knew already.

Jean wanted me to hold her tight after I got her home. For a little while, I think we forgot our troubles. I felt that nothing would ever intrude on our happiness. I was so sure that I didn't even have a premonition when the telephone rang, and kept on ringing.

We broke the clinch. Jean had two telephones, one in the den and the other in her bedroom. She went to the one in the den. She said, "Hello," and then said, "Who? Who is it?" I didn't like the way she said that. It was a different voice, a voice that had fear in it.

The balance of her end of the conversation made less than no sense. I walked into the hall and asked her in sign language whether it would be a good idea for me to listen in on the bedroom extension. She shook her head no. She said, "Yes—" two or three times into the transmitter and then: "Why not here?" After that came, "Yes—within a half hour— Yes—"

I heard a click from the other end. Jean sat there holding the receiver. Then



COLLIER'S "My, how you must dread Halloween!" HANK KETCHAM

This will drive some scientists crazy!

IN THESE NEW Arrow "*Shadoshade*" ties our designers have done something pretty baffling.

They've created a design (try and solve it, Mr. Scientist) which *seems* to throw a shadow—a real live shadow that moves as your tie moves, *even when you're in the shade.*

In solid colors and a *wide variety* of highly colored stripes, these handsome Arrows are made of a royal rayon with a neat trick of its own—a *special wrinkle-resistant* lining!

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Look for the Arrow Trade-mark

ARROW

Shadoshade
Ties $1.50

MT. ROCK
COAT

HAVE YOU ALWAYS HATED YOURSELF IN A COAT? I HAVE. GR-R-R-R!

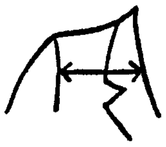
Until this year I don't honestly think I've ever had a coat that really fit.

I've looked in mirrors and in store window reflections (yes, we men do that, too) and there was my collar yapping out behind . . . and my lapels bulging out in front, showing my suit underneath. And my "skirt" hiked up in front, and slapping me behind.

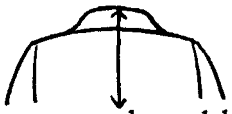
Why has it taken somebody 20 centuries to learn how to make coats to fit males?

Thank Heaven, MT. ROCK got the idea.

They found that about 10 new measurements would do it. For instance, they increased the width from here to here:

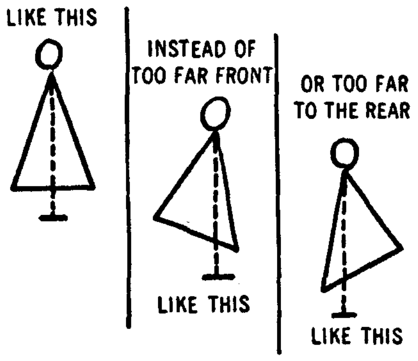


This helped defeat lapel bulge.



Then they increased the depth from here to here: This helps prevent that gulch in your collar at the back of your neck.

Then they made the coat to hang perfectly on the shoulders, so that you stand in the middle. And six or eight other engineering ideas that give the world the first (as far as I know) painless coat.



These coats are called MT. ROCK—and for the first time in my life I don't feel like a yokel in my coat.

MT. ROCK COATS ARE AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

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Albion, N. Y.—SAMMET'S STORE, INC.
Allentown, Pa.—KOCH BROS.
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Amherst, Mass.—E. M. SWITZER JR., INC.
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Asheville, N. C.—M. V. MOORE & CO.
Ashland, Ky.—YOUNGDALE'S MEN'S SHOP
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Atchison, Kansas—GEORGE H. FALTER
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Bay City, Mich.—FORD'S
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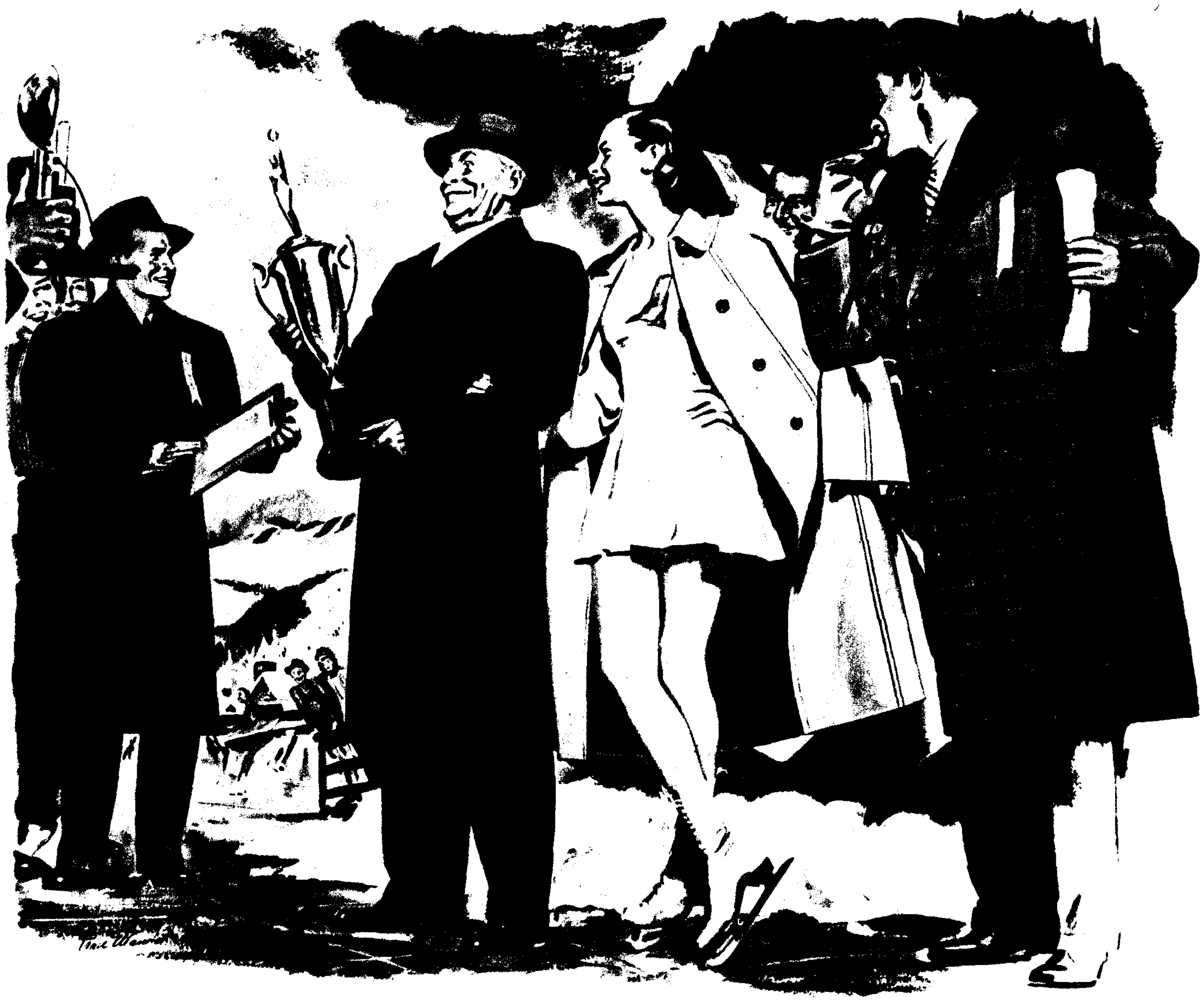

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she put it back on the cradle and got up. Her face was white. She walked past me and into the living room. She sat on the couch and I dropped beside her. I put my arm around her and held her close. She didn't seem to know I was doing it. I said, as gently as possible, "What is it, honey?"

She whispered, in a tiny voice, "I'm scared, darling."

"Tell me about it."

She said, "That phone call. It was a man—"

"Who?"

"He said—" She hesitated, and then let me have both barrels: "He said it was Fred."

It hit me hard. I thought maybe she'd made a mistake. This was carrying the fantastic too far. I said, "Lots of men are named Fred," and she said, "He repeated it. He said, 'Fred Wilson. Your husband.' "

OTHER things that had happened had been incredible. But there had been some sort of pattern, some logic, however grotesque. This didn't make sense any way you looked at it.

Fred Wilson was dead. Completely, absolutely, utterly, permanently dead. We both knew that. We had seen him. We had felt for a pulse that wasn't there, had listened for the breathing which had been stilled forever. His personal effects had been delivered to Jean's house and were now hidden in my garage.

I asked, "Did he sound like Fred?"

"I couldn't say. That is, he didn't sound like Fred—but the voice was obviously disguised. As though he were talking through a handkerchief. Something like that."

"If you didn't know that Fred was dead, could you believe it was his voice?"

"I couldn't be sure it wasn't."

I said, "It *might* have been that man Ackerman."

"Yes— But I don't know—"

"What did he want?"

"He was insistent. He says he's at the Monterey Canyon house. He wants me to come there right away. Alone."

"And if you don't—?"

"He said, 'You don't believe this is Fred. Well, it is. And if you know what's good for you, you'll get here fast.' Suppose Fred really wasn't dead when we saw him?"

"But he *was*. You're way off base, sweetheart. I know a dead man when I see one."

She said, "I'm going, Bruce. Foolish or sensible, I don't know. But I've got to find out."

"I'll go with you." I knew what she was about to say, so I forestalled her. "Take your car. I'll hide in the back. Anybody watching will think you're alone. Whoever it is, you can talk to him. If things go smoothly, okay. If there's any trouble, I'll be there."

She didn't argue. Just nodded. I went out to the garage and climbed into the back of her car. I crouched down on the floor. She came out alone and got behind the wheel.

The night was dark, with a threat of rain. The Santa Monica mountains looked high and black and forbidding. Cars whirled at us out of the darkness, headlights blindingly bright. Aside from the traffic there was an impression of utter desolation: hills rising precipitously on one side of the road, cliffs dropping sharply away on the other side.

All the way out, I talked to her. It was an odd conversation—me crouched down on the floor, Jean driving, not looking around, answering always in monosyllables.

I didn't say much, really. That was because I didn't know what to say. Not any more than I knew what to think. None of the pieces fitted. Too many people knew too much. Pressure was coming from too many angles.

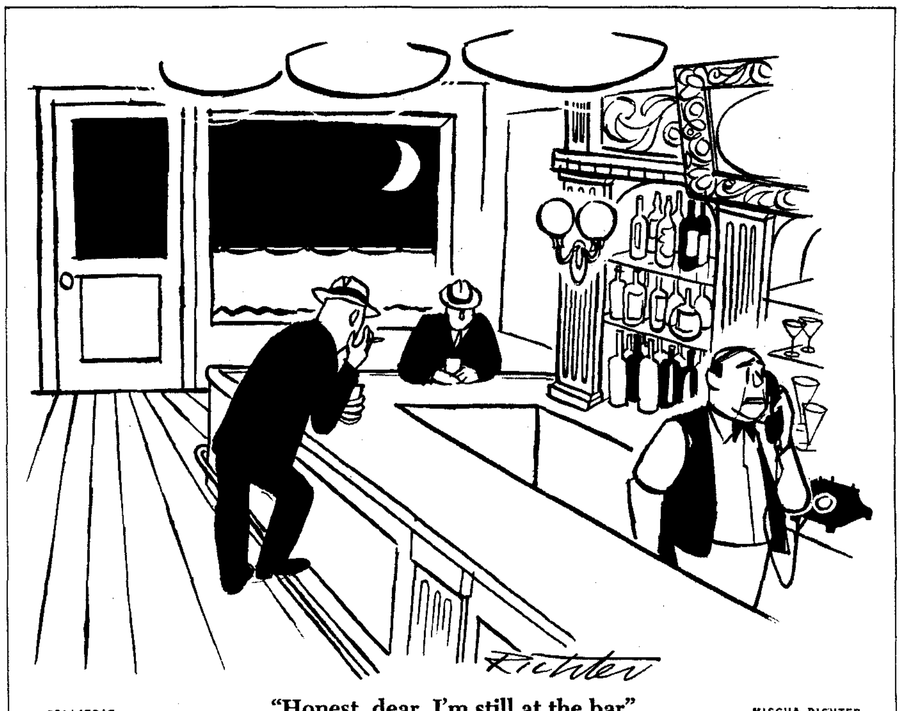
I thought about calling in the cops, even at this late date, of taking the rap myself. But I knew that wouldn't be healthy. If I talked, I'd have to talk all the way. That would pitch Jean right into the middle.

Now it could be a murder charge—perhaps one which could be made to stick. Even if they concentrated on me, the smallest role Jean would be compelled to play would be that of accessory. I knew the idea was bad when I first thought of it. The more I thought, the worse it got.

WE WERE approaching the house. I spoke softly from my uncomfortable place on the floor. I said, "Leave your window open, sweetheart. If anything happens that shouldn't, I'll hear it."

We swung off the highway, crossed the little bridge that spanned the brook, and rolled up the driveway to the parking space. My angle of vision was upward. I could see only the dark second story of the house, and the tops of the trees, with the mountain rising behind the patio. I didn't like what I saw. I didn't like the feel of it. I was so concerned for Jean that I forgot to be frightened.

Jean was superb. She got out of the car and slammed the door. I couldn't see her, but I could hear her tiny feet on the gravel. Then I heard her voice, and marveled at its steadiness. She called, "Fred!" then waited a few seconds and repeated.



COLLIER'S "Honest, dear, I'm still at the bar" MISCHA RICHTER

No answer. I heard her moving closer to the house, heard her call again and again. Still no answer. No sign or sound of life. Just gloom under an overcast sky, just a lonely house crouching against an ugly mountain.

I heard her walking on the veranda. I heard the rattle of keys and the opening of the front door. I heard her call from inside, her voice sounding muffled. I was tight as a drum, not knowing what to expect, but expecting it every second.

She continued to walk around. To call. It went on forever. Maybe fifteen minutes. Then she came back to the car and climbed into the driver's seat. She honked the horn three times, and I almost jumped out of my skin. She waited. No sound.

I said I'd go look. She told me to wait. She got out and went to the house again. More of the calling routine, more silence. More than a half hour had passed. Oddly enough, I felt a sense of relief. The thing began to take shape as another move in a campaign to frighten her. I figured someone was planning to put the bite on her, and wanted to make it big.

I thought something else, too. I remembered another visit to this house: a visit when we'd found Fred Wilson lying dead in the living room. Maybe that act was due for an encore. It couldn't be Fred. No matter how persistent or resilient a man is, he doesn't get murdered twice. But somebody else, perhaps—

How long we waited, I'll never know. It seemed forever. Then Jean said, "Looks like a washout, Bruce."

I agreed. But in the back of my mind lurked that other idea. I didn't tell her what I was thinking. I told her to stay in the car, and said I'd take a look around. I didn't know what I was looking for, but I wasn't going to be surprised if I found it.

Women have a lot more natural courage than men. Approaching that house, walking inside, I was shaking so I could hardly stand. It was incredible that Jean had been able to do it. It was the uncertainty, the inaction, the black mountain frowning down on me, the knowledge that two murders already had been committed in this house.

I went inside. I felt around in the dark and then turned on the lights. Nothing. I walked all through the house. Still nothing. Not even another corpse.

I snapped off the lights, went back on the porch and closed the front door. I could see the car, and Jean sitting tensely at the wheel. I signaled her to hold it, and started on a tour of the grounds.

The front lawn and garden didn't offer much. Back of the house there was a huge patio. It was dark and lonely.

I looked everywhere. I walked to the extreme rear of the lot. There was an opening in the hedge. I went through. That was a mistake.

I KNEW it was a mistake before I'd taken two steps. I heard a grunt. A deep, masculine grunt. A pair of unbelievably powerful arms wrapped around me.

I fought, but it didn't buy me anything. I tried to remember all the tricks they'd taught me in the Army. Dirty fighting. I might as well have thrown puff balls at a brick wall.

I was thinking all the time. Whoever was holding me meant business. He'd hidden out patiently to assure himself that Jean was alone. He probably had been certain that she wouldn't be. He had taken no chances.

Maybe he'd been waiting to kill her. I couldn't figure why, but that's how it could have been.

I kicked at the groin. I butted. An angry grunt was the only answer I got.

Then suddenly the bearlike grip was relaxed. If it hadn't been for Jean sitting out there in the car, I'd have tried to run. Instead I stepped in, and kicked. I kicked hard.

My foot didn't land anywhere. But something else did.

Something crashed against the side of my head. A weapon, not a fist. No fist could have hit that hard.

For a split second I saw beautiful, vivid flashes—yellow, orange, purple.

Then I went out like a light.

I OPENED my eyes. I was lying on a bed. My head hurt, and I was still scared. Then I saw Jean, and I quit feeling frightened, and felt like a dope, instead. Hot protector I was. Slapped down by someone I hadn't even seen, someone who could have gone from me to Jean and made a thorough job of it.

I had difficulty getting my eyes focused. When I finally succeeded, I figured this must be a convention. Jean was there, of course, and with her were Danny Singleton, Arnold Travis and a genial heavy-set fellow named Tommy Hanson. He was an M.D. and a friend of mine. He grinned down at me and remarked that it was lucky my head was solid bone. He helped me to my feet, and after the room stopped spinning, I discovered that I could still navigate.

We were in some room of the Monterey Canyon house. I asked whether they had found anybody, and Danny said no, they hadn't. That didn't surprise me. Danny and Arnold helped me downstairs and shoved me into the former's car. I said I wanted to ride with Jean, but they weren't having any. There were four cars, and we started back along the Canyon road, looking like a funeral procession. We were headed for the duplex I shared with Danny, and this looked like a good time to talk. I said, "I'm glad you got Tommy Hanson."

Danny said, "That's what we figured. Tommy won't say anything." He favored me with a twisted grin. "You sure manage to project yourself into the damnedest messes, Bruce."

"Yeah; you'd think I'd learn, but I don't."

He said, "What happened? Jean told us as much as she knew. Up to the point where you didn't come back to the car and she went hunting. Found you lying back of the hedge. Thought you were dead. She telephoned me and I phoned Arnold. We got out here in nothing flat."

I gave him the story. It made me sound a little silly, no matter how I angled it. Looking for trouble, but not expecting it. Stepping through a hedge with my guard down. I said, "The guy was strong as an ox. I couldn't move." I took another course. "Did Jean tell you anything about a lad named Gus Ackerman?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"I think that's who it was. This Ackerman says he used to be a wrestler."

Danny said, "Try again, baby. It wasn't Ackerman."

"Says who?"

"Says Arnold Travis. He got my call at his office. I told him what Jean had said over the phone. He got the Ackerman idea, too, and before coming out, he dropped in at some lousy beer joint where ex-pugs hang out. Ackerman was there. He had been there for a couple of hours."

I said, "I wish it had been Ackerman."

"Why?"

"Because if that's who it was, then I'd figure it was all part of a shakedown scheme, and no real harm was intended. If it were somebody else—"

"I get it." Danny's face was grave. "You think maybe—"

"It wasn't Fred Wilson," I said. "That's the one thing I'm a hundred per cent sure of. Whoever it was knows a lot of answers. He used Fred's name to decoy Jean out there. He played cagey, being sure she wouldn't go alone—which she didn't. But suppose she had?"

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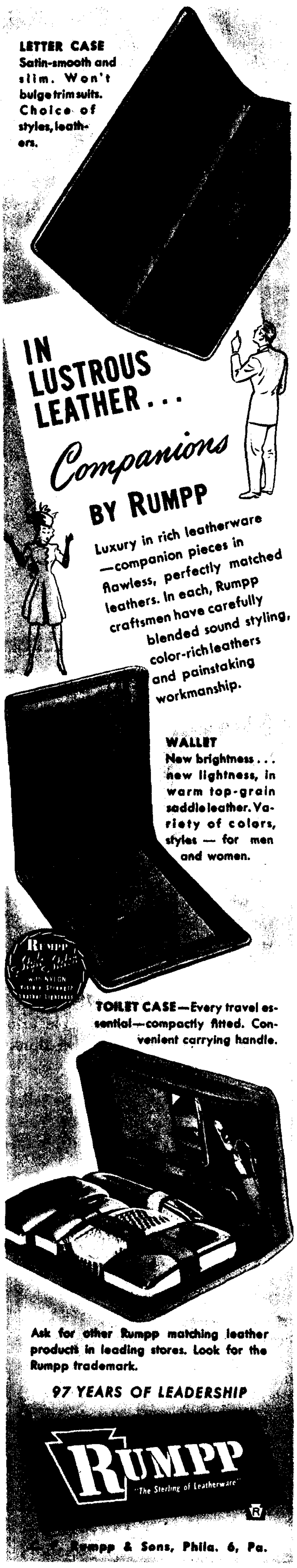
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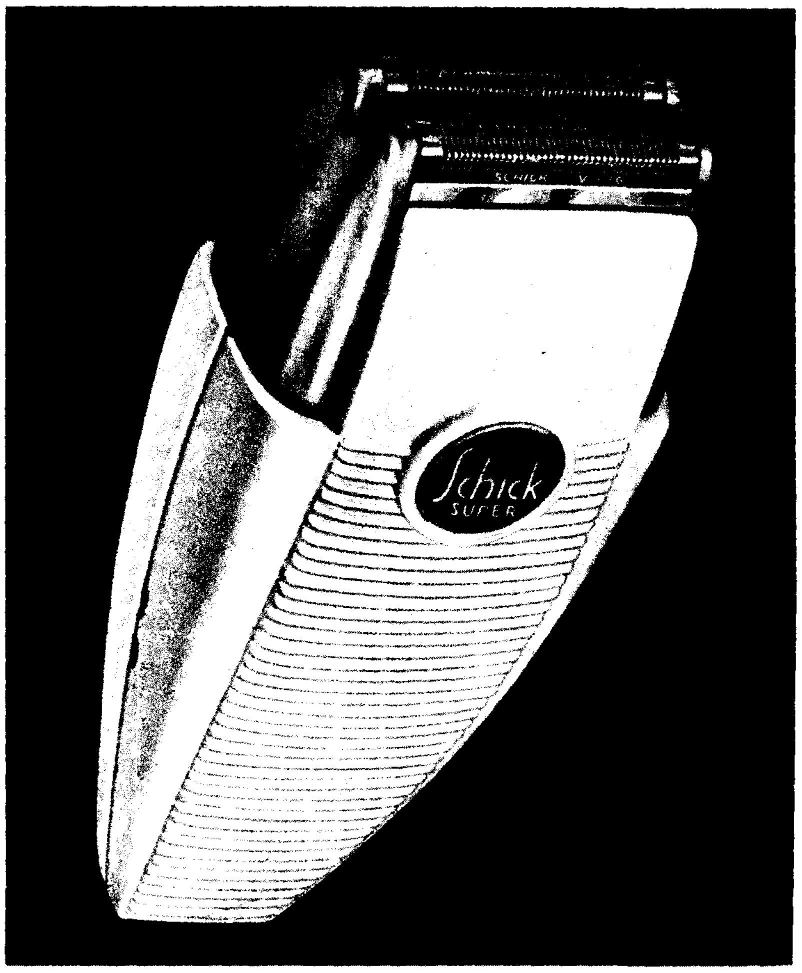

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Danny said quietly, "Why would anyone want to kill Jean?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out."

He didn't attempt to kid me out of the idea. We both knew that this night's show hadn't been staged for fun.

"Madigan?" I asked. "He could hire some toughie."

"Could be. But I wouldn't bet on it."

We did a lot more talking. It didn't get us anywhere except home. Danny helped me inside, and got me undressed and tucked into bed. Then he called Jean and Arnold. Arnold had been working around the refrigerator and showed up with an ice cap which he perched on my new bump.

WE HELD a conference. We tossed the ball around, but it wasn't any fun. Finally I said, "This is getting too damned thick. It's time to tell the cops."

The other three looked at me. Nobody said anything. I said irritably, "What's wrong with that idea?" and Danny said, "It stinks on ice."

"Why?"

"You're in too deep. You and Jean both. You'd be indicted for murder, and the district attorney would pin your ears back."

I looked pleadingly at Arnold, and said, "You agree with that?"

He nodded. "I'm afraid so, Bruce. I'm ignoring the fact that Jean's career would be ruined by the scandal. That isn't important any more. But a murder rap wouldn't be much fun."

"She had nothing to do with it. Neither did I."

"Who would believe you? Even if you could clear yourself—which would be almost impossible—they'd have you for obstructing the law, for concealing material evidence in a murder case, for—oh, what's the use? They've got you both all wrapped up, and ready for the cleaners."

I said, "But *someone* killed Fred and Ellison."

Arnold Travis said, "That's the job we've got on our hands, Bruce. To find out who did, and why. We've got to learn the truth and also be able to prove it. Even then the cops won't like you, but they won't kick your teeth in, either. Point is, you can't move in on them until you can give them all the answers."

Jean said, "I don't want you involved, Arnold."

"Too late," he answered grimly. "I already cut myself in. I've been concealing evidence, too."

"I shouldn't have told you," she said.

"Sure you should. It started simply, like a snowball at the top of a big hill. What you and Bruce did at the beginning was logical. I think I'd have done the same thing. From that time on, you haven't had any choice."

"Avalanche," murmured Danny. "A damn' avalanche."

I again aired my pet suspicions. It was agreed that it was physically impossible for tonight's party to have been staged by Gus Ackerman. Neither Danny nor Arnold seemed to take the Madigan idea too seriously.

Jean was sitting beside me. She was holding my head, and every so often she'd lean over and adjust the ice bag, which was relieving the pain a little, but also reminding me how dopey I looked. She glanced at Arnold and said, "Why don't you drop the whole thing? We'll forget we ever told you."

He shook his head. "I'm your lawyer, Jean. It's up to me to protect you. And I'm neither chivalrous nor altruistic. Putting it bluntly: You're my meal ticket. You're my most important client. I wouldn't want anything to happen to you."

I brought up the subject of Jean once more. I said I was afraid for her to stay alone at her house. I offered to stay there, and so did Danny, but Jean turned thumbs down on all our suggestions.

"I'm not stubborn," she insisted. "And I'm not being brave. I'm thoroughly frightened. For myself, for Bruce, for Danny—and even for Arnold. But I don't believe anyone wants to kill me—which is what all of you are thinking. I believe our only chance is to give the murderer a chance to approach me. That way we might learn something."

"And we might not," mourned Danny.

"In which case, we're no worse off. Anyway, I'm continuing just as I've been doing. I'm not going to crack up." She put her hand on my cheek, and her voice wasn't quite steady. She spoke *to* the others and *at* me. "I happen to be in love with this character," she said. "Maybe that's why the most important thing in the world to me is getting things cleared up. As things stand now, I don't see any future. I'm a widow. But I can't prove it. I also can't marry the man I want to marry—"

Her voice broke. I felt torn up inside.

"And one more thing," said Jean. "I don't want a bodyguard. If this person wants to contact me, I want the route left clear. He'd know about any protector you might wish on me. That'd keep him off. Then we really wouldn't have a chance."

It was after two o'clock when we broke up. Arnold and Danny walked out of the room discreetly, leaving Jean and me alone. I beckoned to her. I said, "Did you really mean it, honey?"

"Mean what?"

"About wanting to marry me?"

Her eyes were misty. She bent over me, and pressed her lips against mine—hard. She held it for a long time. She jumped up and went to the door. She turned then, and smiled at me.

"I want that more than anything in the world," she said. "Remember that, darling." . . .

Two mornings after my rendezvous with the unknown who had slugged me at the Monterey Canyon house, I drifted casually into the office. I didn't have anything on my mind—not even the headache which had plagued me all the previous day.

Helen was typing up some insurance forms. She said, "Good morning," and there was a gleam in her eye. As though she knew something I didn't know—which gave her plenty of latitude, at that.

I looked in on Danny. He was doing nothing industriously. He had the gleam, too. I said, "What goes on around here?"

He motioned for me to close the door. I closed it. He favored me with his nice, crooked grin and said, "What have you got that I haven't got?"

"Troubles."

"I don't mean that. I mean, in the way of sex appeal. Why are you so attractive to beautiful women? How come you mow 'em down without even meeting 'em?"

"Double-talk," I said. "What's it mean?"

"In yonder." He jerked his head in the general direction of my office. "A gorgeous creature." He described a figure eight with two hands. "Like that. She wants to buy a house. She wants to buy it from Mr. Bruce Ingram. Not from Ingram and Singleton. From you."

"So—?"

"I worked on her. I projected my youthful charm and sunny personality. I struck attitudes. I was graceful, sympathetic and witty. It didn't buy me anything. She wants you."

"Can I help it if I'm ravishing? She in my office?"

"Uh-huh. Fairly sizzling. And it isn't just the itch for real estate, either."

He waved at me, and I walked out of his office and across the reception room without looking at Helen. I went into my office and closed the door. Then I tried to look surprised and succeeded better than I had expected to.

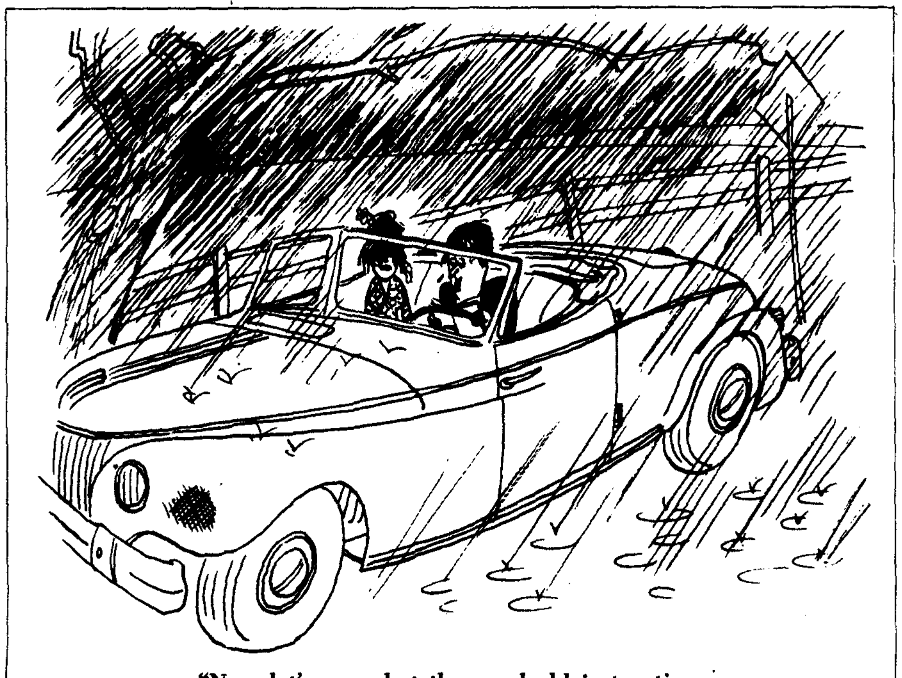
MY VISITOR was relaxed in a leather club chair. She was dark and vivid and she had beautiful legs which she obviously didn't mind displaying. She was puffing a cigarette and I caught a glimpse of sultry black eyes through the thin haze of fragrant smoke. She said, with a rising inflection, "Mr. Ingram—?" Her voice was husky and intimate. She uncrossed her legs and got up.

She was wearing some sort of a simple beige outfit which was in keeping with the warm, sunshiny weather. It was a suit, and under the jacket was a shirtwaist of a brown shade so light that you'd think it was white, provided you thought about costumes at all. Me, I didn't. I was thinking of what was wearing the outfit. Now I understood the gleams in the eyes of my partner and my employee. If this creature had insisted on me, they had a right to gleam. I felt pretty cocky.

She was wearing one glove. She gave me the other hand. It was a nice hand. The grip was firm and just a thought more than friendly. This, I didn't get. I possess the customary masculine ego, but I don't kid myself. This wasn't happenstance. It was calculated. Why, I couldn't guess. At the moment, I wasn't even trying.

The husky voice said, "I'm Mimi Fowler. I've recently moved here from New York. I'm interested in buying a home."

I said that was nice. I made a few stereotyped remarks about southern



"Now let's see what the good old instruction manual has to say about automatic tops!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

"But," he asks me, "isn't all brake lining the same?"
GRIZZLY

"Look, Joe," he says, as he watches me reline his brakes. "Isn't all brake lining the same?"

"Not quite," I answer. "For example, Grizzly Brake Lining is an exclusive, asbestos-friction compound, molded on a strong wire grid back. There are plenty of other features too, but what's most important is the way Grizzly gives better braking action to both 'Big Foot' and 'Little Foot' drivers."

"How's that?" he asks.

"Just this," I reply. "The many fine Grizzly features assure superior brake performance in the largest trucks down to the smallest passenger cars. Women, as well as men, find Grizzly gives them quick, smooth, sure stops with a 'soft' pedal."

"Well," he grins, "if the quality of your work equals Grizzly's quality, I'll be satisfied."

"Don't worry," I assure him. "Grizzly and I make a combination that satisfies every time!"

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California. I said that there were lots of lovely homes on the market, and asked whether she had any preference as to location, and what size house she wanted.

"Something nice, Mr. Ingram. Not too terribly expensive, but not too small, either. I may do quite a bit of entertaining."

"How many in your family?" I asked.

"One. Myself."

"Then a small place . . ."

"I've lived in small places all my life. Apartments. Hotels. I want lots of outdoors."

I said, "My partner, Mr. Singleton, can show you some lovely places."

I said that casually, experimentally. She shook her head and turned the sultry smile in my direction. "I'd rather have you handle it, Mr. Ingram."

I wanted to ask why, but that didn't seem very smart. She wouldn't tell me anyway. If I was on the ball, maybe I'd find out later. She said, "I have a car out front. I'm renting it."

"I have one."

"Perhaps we could look at a few places. I'm new here. I don't want to make a hasty decision. If you have time—"

I became the efficient real-estate salesman. I got out my book of listings. Details of all the houses we were handling: size, age, condition, number of rooms, location, taxes, amount of ground, whether there was a sprinkler system.

I thumbed over the pages with her looking over my shoulder. I was acutely aware that she had drawn her chair close to mine, that her subtle, heady perfume was working on me. I had a feeling that I was being given the business.

She looked at the pictures, but she didn't seem much interested, really. You can tell when a person is all hot and bothered about buying a house. This Mimi Fowler wasn't acting that way. Hers was a sort of politeness, as though this was a necessary ritual leading up to something really important.

She said she preferred the country. She was in a furnished apartment now. She'd been here just a little while. She didn't know anybody in southern California. She'd been very lonely. That didn't register too convincingly. A lady with the inviting look that Mimi carried around didn't have to be lonely, ever—even in a proper municipality like Los Angeles.

She selected three or four places as being possibilities. They were far apart: one in the Valley, one in the Pacific Palisades, one in Los Feliz, one up near Malibu. That added up to a lot of automobile riding. I was certain that so far as selling a house was concerned, I was wasting my time. But I was even more certain that there was something interesting back of the approach.

I decided to tackle the Los Feliz place first. We got into my car and I started off. I caught a quick glimpse of Danny, who was watching through the window of his office. He was wearing a derisive smile, and as I rolled down the boulevard, I saw him turn and say something to Helen. I could guess what that something was. Kidding the senior partner.

We looked at a couple of houses. They were nice houses, and I made my conventional sales pitch and she handed me the expected enthusiasm. We were both stalling. It got to be noon, and I suggested that we stop at a drive-in for lunch. She didn't take a tenth of second to say yes.

OVER sandwiches, Mimi Fowler said she couldn't go for either of the houses I'd shown her; she wanted to know whether I didn't have something a little larger, a trifle more isolated. She explained that she craved to commune with nature.

I played dumb. I thought I knew what she was driving at, but I couldn't be sure. Then it came. She said, "There's one house I believe you're handling that I might be interested in." And then she added, as a legitimate client would, "Provided it's not too expensive."

"What house is that, Miss Fowler?"

"Isn't there a place somewhere out in one of the canyons that is owned by Jean Rutledge, the movie star?"

I was set for that. I didn't even blink. This explained why she wanted me. It didn't tell me *what* she wanted. I said, "Yes, we're handling that. But it isn't exactly on the market."

"I thought—"

I said, "You see, something rather unpleasant happened there recently—"

"Yes. I know. They found a man's body. Something like that."

"Exactly like that. I found him."

"I read about it in the paper. I think they said his name was Bert Ellison."

I took an extra large bite of my baked-ham sandwich. She had overplayed her hand. For a visitor to be interested in a movie star's home—that was not unnatural. For her to know a body had been found there—that was in line, too. But for her to remember the name of the man who had been killed: That meant something else entirely.

I said, "Yes. Ellison."

"And they've never solved the mystery, have they?"

"I don't know. I haven't heard anything more about it."

"But surely the police must have some idea."

"They haven't confided in me."

"I'd love to see the house," she said with a burst of false enthusiasm. "From what I've heard about it, I imagine I'd love it. If I did, and if the price was right —maybe you could work on Miss Rutledge to let me have it."

I said okay. I paid the waitress, watched her juggle the trays back to the service gate, and drove toward Monterey Canyon.

Mimi was stretched out alongside me. She was displaying quite a hunk of nylon, and didn't seem to resent my interest.

This was a new angle, a totally unexpected development. Mimi Fowler might be exactly what she said she was, but I thought different. She'd been leading up to this ever since she'd drifted into the office and insisted on getting my individual attention. I was careful not to question her too closely. I didn't want her to think that I suspected things were not according to Hoyle. What suited me was for her to play her hand. I'd be the spectator.

On the way up the canyon she confided in me that she'd never met a real live movie star. She thought it would be wonderful. Did I think that if she were interested, Miss Rutledge would talk it over with her personally? I said I thought she would. In answer to another question, I admitted that Jean and I were good friends. I neglected to say how good. She said that meeting Jean would give her the thrill of her life. She made that point a half dozen times and squeezed it hard.

We went into the house. Mimi was plenty interested. But not in the house, as such. Room arrangement, furnishings, water heaters, furnaces, kitchen, bathrooms—the things that a woman house hunter usually asks a million questions about, this Fowler dame took in stride.

She made me show her just where I'd found the body of Bert Ellison. She was keenly interested in the furniture in that room, in the rugs even. You'd have thought she was looking for something. She kept up her act with me: I was the original hot-shot. So I played it her way. But I wondered why she was interested, what she was looking for.

WE STAYED there a long time. Much longer than necessary. She said she was almost sold on it. She simply *must* meet Miss Rutledge and talk to her about it. I kept her dangling. This was something I wanted to hold a conference about. It needed a lot of talking over with Jean herself, and with Arnold Travis and Danny Singleton. I promised to let her know, not later than the next day.

Mimi didn't want to see any more houses. This was enough. I could take her back to the office. On the way, she did a little extra special work on me. I couldn't figure how much she knew about Jean and myself, but from the way she was acting I guessed that she didn't know that we were in love with each other. I was flattered by her obvious play for me, and I felt a little silly, too.

Just before we reached the Brentwood area, she did a reprise on the Lonesome theme. Los Angeles was such a big city, so much to do, and nobody to do it with. She gave me to understand that maybe I was the lad who could fill that last requirement. She said suddenly, "There's one place I simply must visit."

"Where's that?"

"A club called El Cielito. I've heard so much about it. They tell me all the celebrities go there."

"Yes. I suppose they do."

"It's run by a man named Rick Madigan, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I'd love to meet him, Mr. Ingram. I wonder whether you'd think I was awful if I asked you to take me there. Tonight, maybe?"

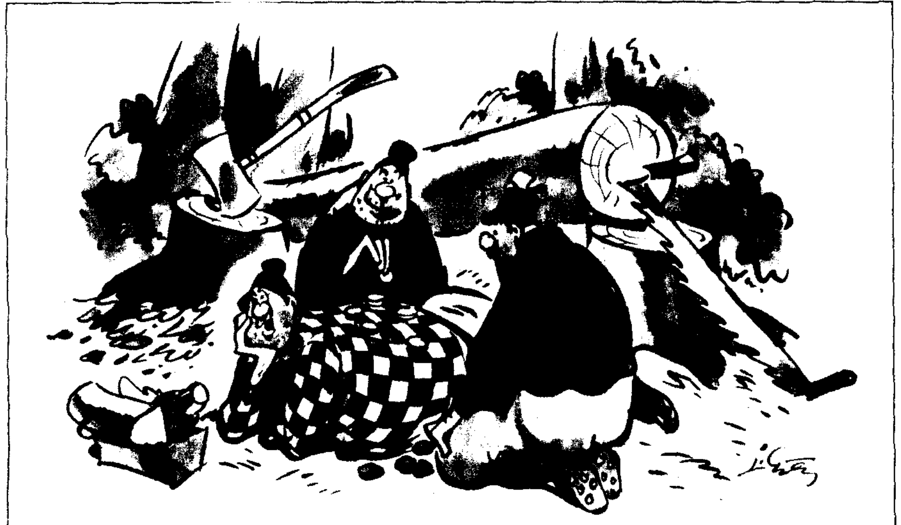
I looked straight ahead. No, I didn't think it was awful. I thought it was frightening.

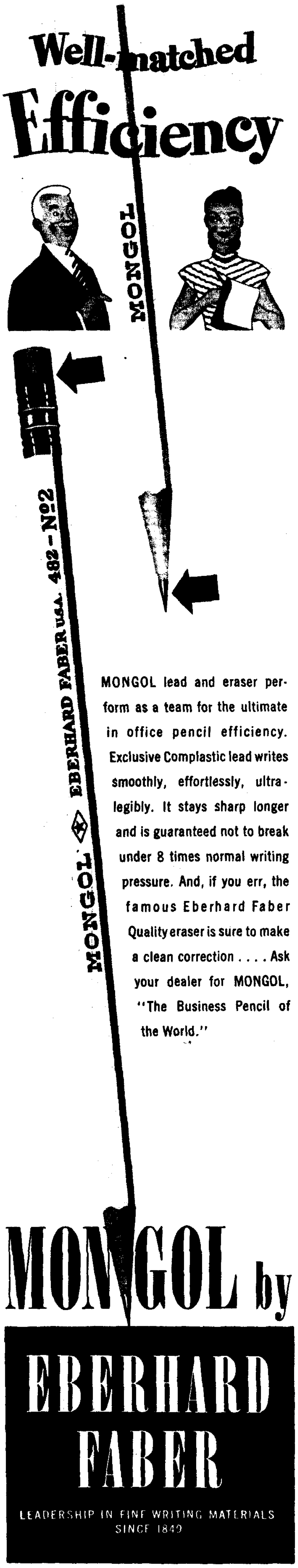
Jean Rutledge's house. Bert Ellison. Rick Madigan. This Mimi Fowler knew too much. She wanted something. Wanted it bad.

It was my job to find out what.

I made a date to take her to El Cielito that night.

(To be continued next week)


COLLIER'S "That felt like a lousy move" GEORGE LICHTY



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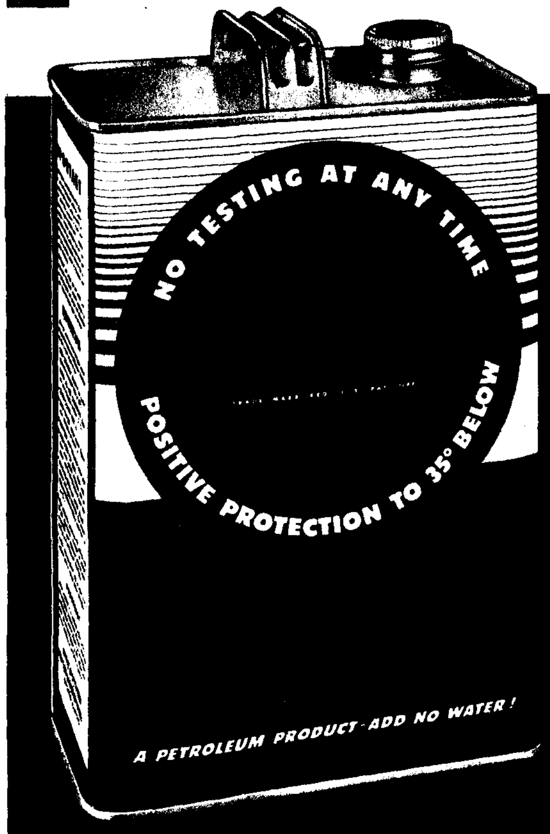
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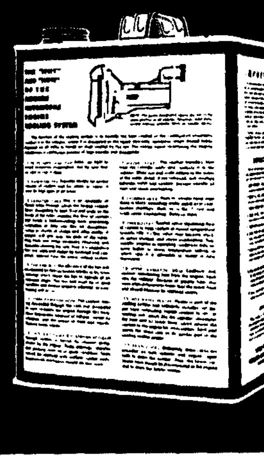

LET'S GET GERMANY OFF OUR BACK!

Continued from page 17

required for even the most minor transactions, red tape, and paper work barriers at a thousand points to that free flow of materials, men and money which constitutes the very life of healthy trade and a vigorous economy.

Practically the whole apparatus of Schachtism is intact in Germany and has been multiplied many times by the fragmentation of Germany into four zones and twelve *Länder* (provinces) west of the Iron Curtain. Instead of one center of Schachtism in Berlin as in Nazi days, we have sixteen little centers.

IV

Invite the Germans to take part in the Marshall Plan discussions on the needs of Germany.

V

Proceed with the establishment of a central government for western Germany. Simply to hold an election to permit the German people to select their first central government by popular vote, in my opinion, would be a great mistake. The German people are not yet ready. I would therefore recommend that the central government be established by having the Economic Councils that are now representative of the German states, and the officials of the *Landerats* come together in a convention to which should also be sent representatives elected to represent the church, the legal profession and industry. This convention could select personnel to fill the first offices of the central government, but the heads of the military government should have a veto power on these selections. We should also make provision for the approval of this government at a later date by popular elections.

VI

Abandon the Morgenthau concept of a banking system patterned after the Federal Reserve System in America and institute a central bank for western Germany patterned after the central banks of the other countries of Europe.

VII

Provide a new currency for Germany as soon as a central government with a balanced budget is in effect, a central bank functioning and sufficient consumers' goods available to give a new currency purchasing power.

Hard Work Can Conquer Despair

Once a policy along these lines is announced even though it may take months to carry it out, a revolutionary change in the psychology of the Germans will take place and much of their hopelessness will disappear. The German people will go to work again.

Once that is done, we will have made the first effective step to stop the spread of Communism west of the Iron Curtain.

Given a new policy, new organization and new hope in western Germany, it is possible to begin to use food not as a means of relief but as an instrument and an incentive to get production going again.

If food is provided to Germany or Western Europe only on a relief basis, then it is merely pouring dollars down a bottomless rathole with no hope of eventually getting either Germany or the other countries off the back of the American taxpayer.

On the other hand, food can be used as a means of getting these countries eventually to stand on their own feet, fully capable of repaying the loans to America providing America will accept repayment in physical goods.

Let us see why the German has so little incentive to work. First, remember that, on an average, the Germans are living on a diet of 1,200 calories a day. That is one half of the diet of the people of Britain and one third of the diet of the people in America. No one can do heavy work and produce on a diet of 1,200 calories.

There is more to the problem, however. An exceptionally able young German technician, with a family of wife and one child, gets 300 marks a month take-home pay after social security deductions. He has a No. 2 ration card entitling him to 2,000 calories per day, his wife a No. 3 card entitling her to 1,550 calories (not much over half required to maintain vigorous health) and his child somewhat less but with a child's supplementary ration of milk and fats. In total, say about 5,000 calories per day for the family.

If they manage to obtain on the ration cards all the food that produces the 5,000 calories per day they can remain alive though not in vigor or health and the food will cost them amazingly little. Bought at the stores at the legally fixed low prices on the ration cards, it will cost about 45 marks for the month.

Shortages Nullify Ration Cards

But in practice, the full amount of food stated on the ration card will be unavailable for weeks and months at a stretch. There are always periods when there is no butter or margarine, no meat or fish, very little or even no potatoes. In a section of the Ruhr, very recently, potatoes, the biggest item in the German worker's diet next to bread, were unobtainable on the ration cards for almost four weeks.

In practice, therefore, this family is able to obtain less than three quarters of the food and calories called for by the ration cards. That gives them less than half of the calories nutritionists say are necessary for health and vigor. Moreover, their diet becomes enormously unbalanced. Fats, proteins and protective foods generally being just the items that are most frequently unavailable, they live excessively on bread.

With an enormous void in their stomachs, husband and wife will try to buy more food in the black market. But there prices are so high that the amount of their monthly pay check left over after fixed charges are met will not be enough to buy a single day's food.

Thus each day it becomes more apparent to the German worker that earning money by working hard at his regular job is not the way to get food. That discovery is fatal to production. The way to get food is to sell some personal possession at black-market prices or take it out to a farmer and barter it directly for food at the black-market price level. Hence selling or bartering goods already in existence becomes far more important than working hard producing new goods for pay in *Reichsmarks.* And that also is fatal to production.

Because of this situation I have recommended that dietary experts work out a five-year plan for the German people proceeding gradually from a 1,300-calorie diet to 2,600 calories, but with special supplementary food incentive diets for specialized groups starting with the underground miners in the Ruhr. I have recommended that under the Marshall Plan this basic five-year diet be guaranteed by the other nations, mainly the United States, on a declining basis—100 per cent the first year, 80 per cent the second year, 60 per cent, 40 per cent and 20 per cent. For a five-year period this declining guarantee for food would cost about $2,000,000,000.

If, as suggested above, we make it possible for the Germans to export, they must then rebuild their productive capacity and their exports fast enough to

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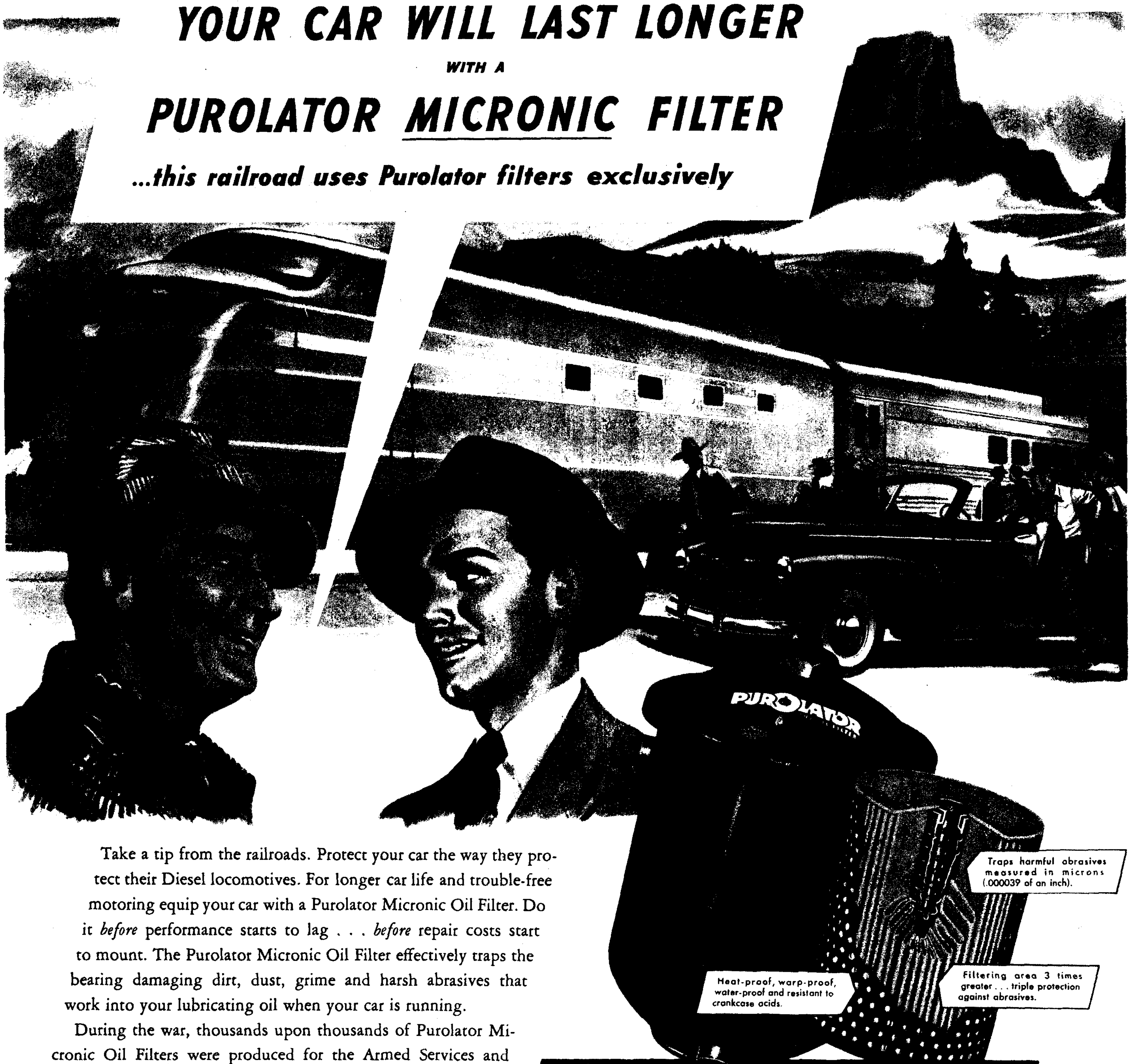
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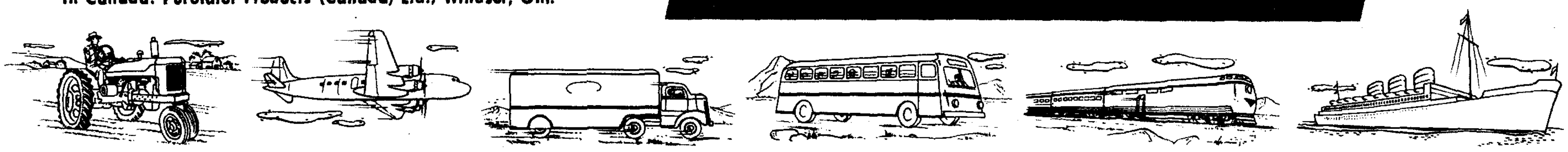
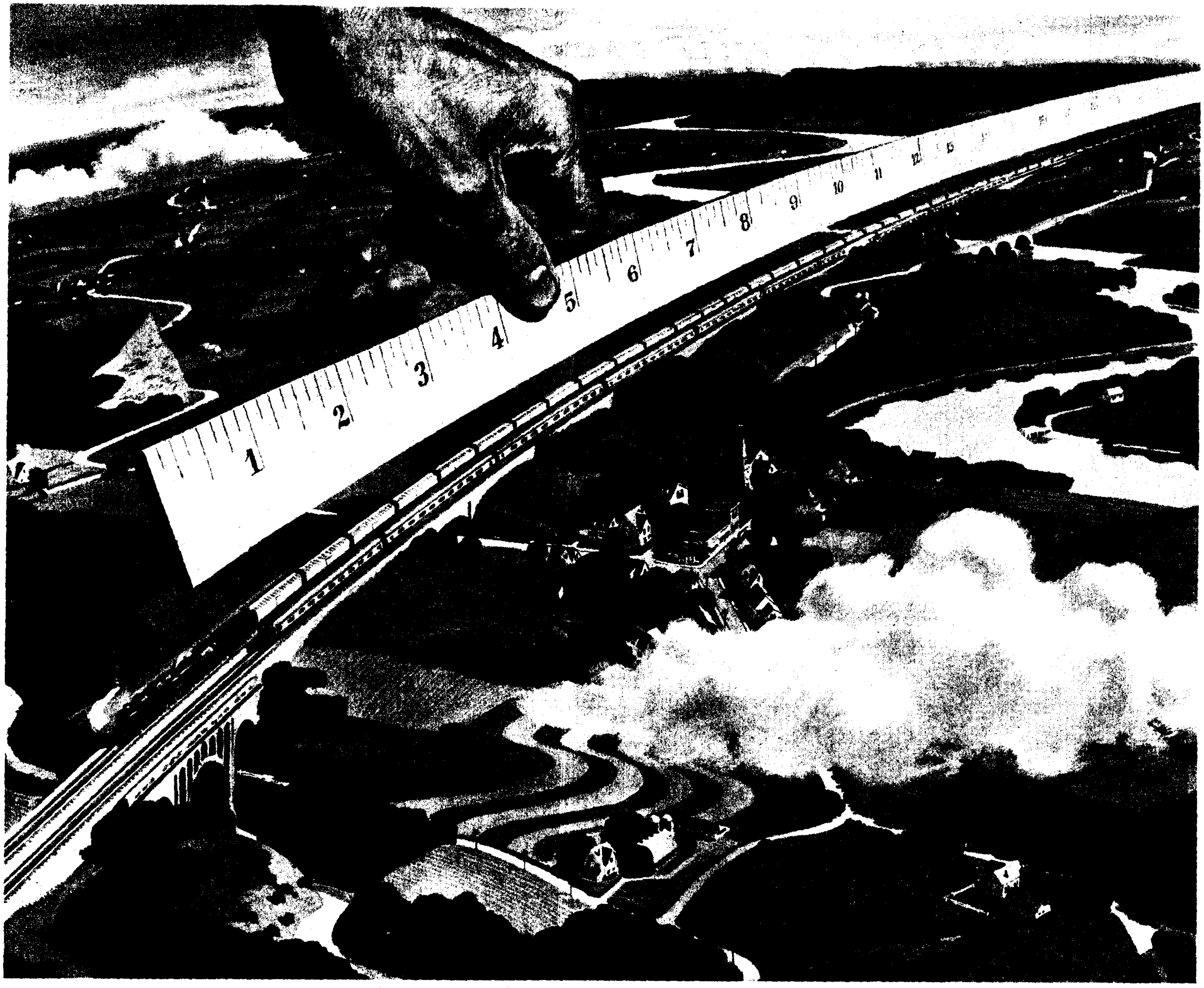


PUROLATOR FILTERS ARE STANDARD EQUIPMENT ON LEADING CARS, TRUCKS, TRACTORS, BUSES, DIESELS, TRAINS, PLANES AND SHIPS



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Results in better passenger service:

Railroads were the pioneers in air conditioning. Today practically every passenger car on principal runs is air conditioned. As far back as 1934, railroads introduced streamlined trains. And—although no passenger equipment could be built in the war years—today around 150 of these trains, sleek symbols of modern transportation, cover 100,000 miles every 24 hours. Many more are being built!

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The amount of work done each day by the average freight car *practically doubled* between 1926 and 1946. And in the first five months of 1947 it was almost 10% more than in 1946! That's one important reason why railroads are able to handle the greatest peacetime traffic in history with fewer freight cars than they have had in many years!

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In 1946 collision, derailment, and other train accidents resulted in only one passenger fatality for each 996,000,000 miles traveled! (That's right—almost a *billion* miles!)

These facts are a matter of record. They are practical, down-to-earth yardsticks of railroad progress.

Railroad progress is the product of many minds . . . of much planning . . . of constant research . . . of wide cooperation and the expenditure of billions of dollars. And in measuring progress, it's not promises but *results* that count.

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Association of American Railroads

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

make up the difference in this declining food guarantee. By the end of five years they must export twice as much per capita as before the war if they are to buy sufficient food. If they wish to have more than a 2,400-calorie diet, they must produce and export more.

Let's take a closer look at how this would work. The first step in using food as a means of getting production would be to send to Germany meats and other special energy foods and put them in the 75 colliery stores in the Ruhr area.

The Ruhr miners are now producing 220,000 tons of coal a day. There are about 260,000 miners in the Ruhr. Thus over-all output per man per day is about 9/10 of one ton. In prewar it was 1.6 tons per man per day. For a good many reasons they may not be able for some years to do more than 1.35 tons. But if the latter figure could be attained it would mean a 50 per cent increase in coal or a total of about 345,000 tons per day. This would mean 35,000,000 tons more per year for Germany, and with that a dynamic German industry would get going.

The problem is how to get it. First bring back more rapidly the former German Ruhr miners who are prisoners of war, working in the French mines where their output is very low. Second, offer each underground Ruhr miner (of whom there are about 170,000) coupons for extra tons of coal produced so that for 50 per cent increase in production he could get 75 per cent increase in food for himself and his family.

The annual production of the Ruhr is going at the rate of 66,000,000 tons. The new plan would provide an annual production by the end of 1948 of 99,000,000 tons. But immediately such an increase in production is promised, it is apparent that the transportation system of Germany cannot haul it away from the mines. This is due basically to the severe bombing of the transportation system during the war.

Too Long a Haul for Ruhr Coal

Intensive study of this problem indicates that the real difficulty is that we are attempting to export 10,000,000 tons of coal from Germany to Russia, France, Switzerland, Holland, Italy, Belgium and other countries of Western Europe by an unnaturally long rail haul. This ties up railway equipment that is already grievously short.

Moreover, each country securing coal from Germany in cars that have been repaired by the military governments keeps the good cars and sends back cars that are in bad repair. This contributes to the vicious cycle.

The fundamental fact is that in the years before the war, coal was supplied by boat from Great Britain to the large ports of Europe. Not only was Great Britain the largest supplier of coal in Western Europe, but coal was the basis of her diplomatic power.

The fact that Great Britain is no longer exporting coal to Western Europe is one of the biggest contributing factors to the dollar shortage with which she is now struggling—attempting to overcome this problem by resorting to austerity, nationalism and Socialism.

In the meantime, no progress has been made in western Germany in the past year in the restoration of the industrial production. Municipal power plants that supply thousands of small plants have been operating at a small percentage of capacity due to a shortage of coal.

If a moratorium could be declared for one year to 15 months on the shipment of these 10,000,000 tons of coal out of Germany, a revolutionary dynamic would be inserted into the whole picture of western Germany and Western Europe. If these 10,000,000 tons of coal now exported from Germany could be used for a year or 15 months within Germany, the restoration of not only Germany but of Western Europe could be assured.

The only way, however, that this moratorium on the export of coal from Germany can take place is for the countries of Western Europe to be again supplied by coal from Great Britain.

The leaders of all factions in Great Britain recognize that coal is the very crux of their recovery problem. Yet because the coal industry and the coal miners have presented such a critical problem for so many years, the leaders of Great Britain are reluctant to face this issue. They are trying everything except offering direct incentives to get the miners to dig the coal again in the quantities that they produced in the years before the war.

Labor Government Dodges Issue

For two years the Labor government has been avoiding the main issue of the necessity of digging and exporting coal, while using the proceeds of the American loan to buy food supplies that could have been bought in part, at least, with coal if they had gone to work and dug it.

The simple fact is that more and more austerity, while necessary, now only tends to push Great Britain further down in a depression cycle. Austerity cannot take the place of production. As long as Great Britain does not dig and export coal, more loans are simply continuing Great Britain on the American dole, and the British people do not like or want that.

Thirty million tons of coal exported from Great Britain at current obtainable prices would almost close the gap that now exists between Britain's imports and exports. It would go a long way toward curing the dollar shortage that is now the crux of the crisis in Great Britain. With coal, Britain could buy a large portion of her food and raw material requirements.

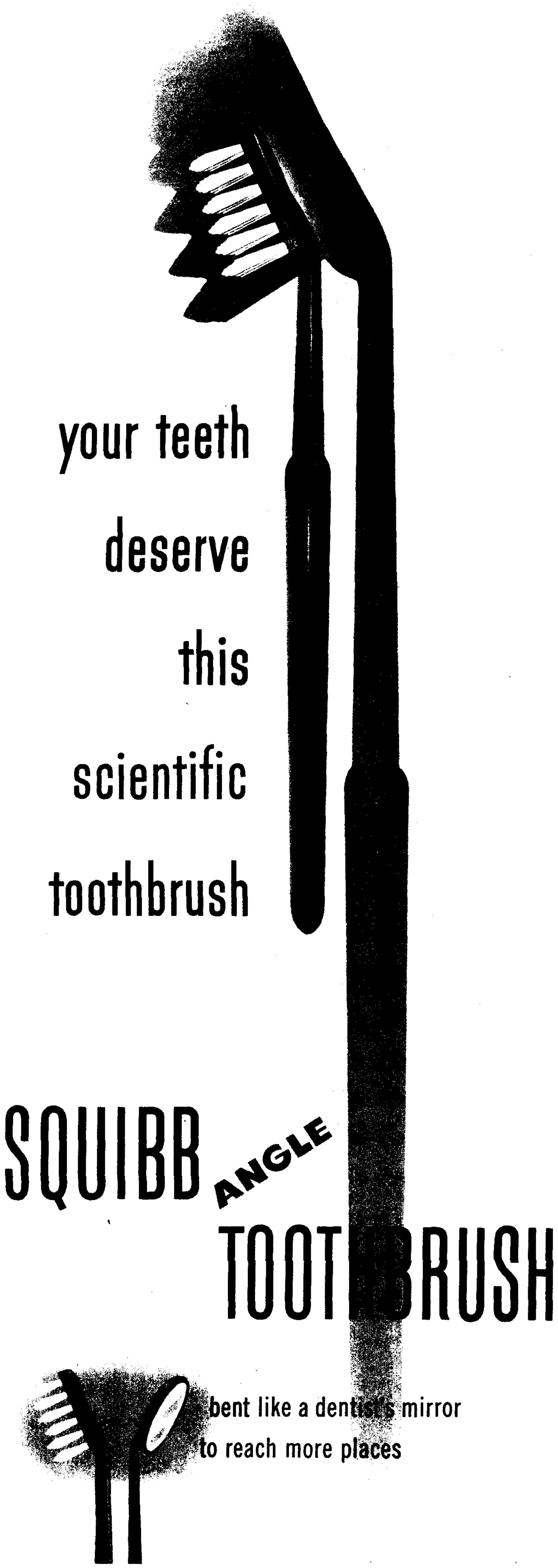
Great Britain has the coal. She has the barges with which to haul it. She has the miners with whom to dig the coal. The miners themselves, I am assured, would dig the coal if they were given incentives. They can be given such incentives. But offering the miner added incentives to produce extra coal would, of course, be contrary to the Socialistic conception of equality. But if the Socialists continue to insist on an equality of misery they are going to have an increasing amount of misery.

The "soft Socialist" states of Western Europe, including England, are frankly experiments, almost certain to evolve into something else, as they rest on the false assumption that men will work hard without either strong compulsions or strong incentives. Thus, in England, the new crisis measures contemplate (or profess to contemplate) sharply increased production and 40 per cent more exports than before the war, while at the same time offering the people less food, less consumers' goods and less forms of enjoyment. In other words, the British state demands more production but offers less inducements.

Can America afford to underwrite these Socialist states that have neither the inducements nor the disciplines of the well-tried capitalist system nor the iron disciplines of the police state?

If we do, what may happen may well be that we will be pouring our money into a sink that has no bottom. This report has taken one sector, the coal industry, and recommended increased production through the real incentive of increased food and consumers' goods tied directly to output. Should we not insist that American economic support of European states be based on the establishment of an economic system that rests on hard work resulting from genuine incentives tied to output and backed up by a discipline that ties the very possession of a food ration card to output?

It seems to me that we face two alter-



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natives in Europe: The soft Socialist states will either go through crisis after crisis, each requiring new controls and new compulsions, to the full length of the police state, finally replacing the enormously weakened money incentive almost entirely with physical compulsions, thereby reverting wholly to serfdom and slavery; or—goaded by American pressure, if we are wise—they will, step by step as fast as realities permit, drastically alter and deflate the enormous and complicated system of rationing, allocations, controls, etc., and revert to capitalistic incentives even though the terminology remains Socialistic. Thus Russia, faced with low output, introduced "Stakhanovism," which is none other than the good old capitalistic piece-rate system and smells the same even though called a Communist rose.

But to get back to particulars, the fact remains that if America must supply an added loan to Great Britain or help through the Marshall Plan in the way of food and raw materials to alleviate Great Britain's crisis, then Britain's contribution to the Marshall Plan and recovery of Western Europe should be to dig and export coal and to postpone further nationalization of industry until she can accomplish it at her own expense and not at the expense of the American taxpayer.

When I went into Germany to study the problem of German recovery, I expected that the answer would be found in Germany. But as my studies developed, it became amazingly clear that the crux of the recovery problem of Germany and Western Europe lay in the digging and exporting of coal by Great Britain.

It is also perfectly clear that America cannot continue indefinitely its relief loans to Europe. Yet we must take prompt and vigorous action to prevent the spread of Communism west of the Iron Curtain; and the only way to do this is to help Western Europe and Great Britain to get industrial production going and the standard of living rising.

Without question in Germany, and perhaps in Great Britain, it will be necessary to make additional supplies of food available on a declining basis. But this food supply should be made available only on condition that it be used as an incentive to get production going and not merely for relief. It is my definite recommendation that the American Congress stipulate some such plan as this as a condition for the appropriation of funds for the Marshall Plan.

Facts Kept from British People

Even if Great Britain digs and exports coal as outlined, she will still need some additional loans to buy supplementary food and raw materials. In my opinion, the people of Great Britain have not yet been told the truth about the extent of the austerity program required if there is *no additional help forthcoming* for Great Britain under the Marshall Plan.

It is not in the basic interests of America or of the world that Great Britain should be permitted to fall or, under excessive austerity, to delay her economic recovery.

But it is also clear that unless Great Britain is willing to dig and export coal as her contribution to the recovery of Western Europe under the Marshall Plan, further loans and help from America would not accomplish the objective of recovery.

Even if the cost is several billion dollars a year for the next five years in the form of loans, I believe that if these loans are intelligently made, not as relief but as an incentive to get production, that they can be repaid.

Repayment should not be expected until after five years, during which Western Europe would have a chance to get on a self-supporting basis.

The problem of repayment of these loans to America presents the same transfer problem that confronted us in World War I and World War II. But there is and can be a difference.

Some of the loans required under this program can be made from the International Bank and can be repaid to the International Bank. Some of the loans can be made by private investment bankers and repaid through the normal channels of foreign trade over future years.

But the bulk of these loans will have to be repaid through the transfer of physical goods from other countries to America.

The reduction of tariff walls would go a long way to make possible the repayment of these loans. So far, the program has not accomplished a great deal.

Our Congress might consider a new plan to permit a generalized quota of imports, duty free, up to 10 per cent of the physical quantities of the production of any American industry now having a protective or prohibitive tariff.

Would Not Injure Our Economy

Over a period of years, such a moderate importation would not be destructive of either American industry or American labor, and over a long period of years would permit the repayment of these loans advanced now for reconstruction.

Another method of repayment that should be considered by the American Congress is to make some of these loans for the reconstruction of Europe through our Export-Import Bank and then accept payment in the years to come in the kind of goods that can be used in our own relief programs. This would minimize the taxes levied internally to meet relief requirements.

In effect it would mean paying out American credit now to bring relief to *Western Europe and Great Britain* and later accepting goods manufactured in Europe that could be used for relief work *in the United States.*

To stop the march of Communism beyond the Iron Curtain may require another five years of intelligent and constructive help from America. But this help should be made as an incentive to production—as a means of helping people to help themselves through an organization, small but competent, capable of seeing that the basic principles are followed and the desired results obtained. It should have sufficient authority as to details so that they can meet changing requirements that will inevitably develop under a five-year program of this kind.

Russia's Policy: Wait and Hope

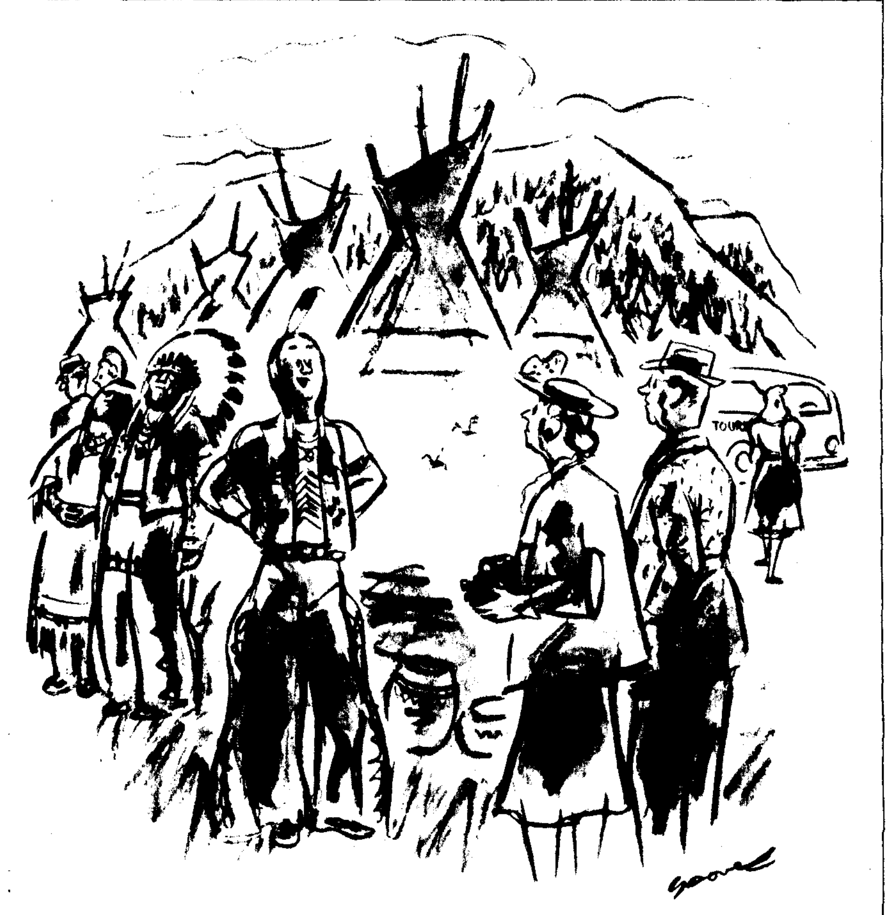
The inevitable question arises as to what Russia will do in the face of such a constructive plan of action for the reconstruction of Western Europe. It is my considered opinion that Russia will not go to war. Her policy is to wait, hoping that America will fail to take action or *that England will not dig coal* or that France and the other countries of Western Europe will fail to get together on a plan of action.

If we fail to integrate our action as we did for the invasion of Western Europe, it is my opinion that Russia will realize her hopes—that we fail in Western Europe and that this failure will bring about an economic depression of severe proportions not only in Western Europe and the British Empire but in the United States as well. The cost of such a recession will, in my opinion, be greater in the end than the cost of preventing it.

I do not know whether we have the collective intelligence or the will to act promptly enough to minimize such a recession. But I believe that our only hope of avoiding these consequences is for the leaders of our government and the committees of Congress to act with the utmost promptness in developing a plan that can be submitted to a special session of Congress this fall.

THE END

Next week, Collier's will publish the first of two important articles by a noted foreign correspondent, Sigrid Schultz, reporting on the German people today—their progress and lack of progress toward democratization, their underground activities, their operations in connection with American occupation forces.



"I don't know any of these tribal legends, but I can tell you some good stories about my hitch in the Marines"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE

DOCTOR OF MOTORS

Our coach forgot a rule!

"YOU GOTTA KNOW ALL THE RULES," I reminded our high school coach the other day, "if you expect your team to win."

"It's the same way with your car," I said, "from the way it looks and runs, you're playing a losing game."

When he asked what I meant, I told him, "You call me your Doctor of Motors and expect me to make sure that your car gives you trouble-free, economical transportation. If you make it a rule to come in regularly, I can spot little troubles before they get big and costly."

Well, I fixed his car—ground the valves, replaced the gaskets, put in Perfect Circle Piston Rings to stop her oil pumping, tuned her up—and from the way he smiled you could tell he felt like he had another winner.

Then, he agreed that it was just plain common sense to bring his car in for regular checkups—that he would make it his No. 1 car rule and never forget it again.

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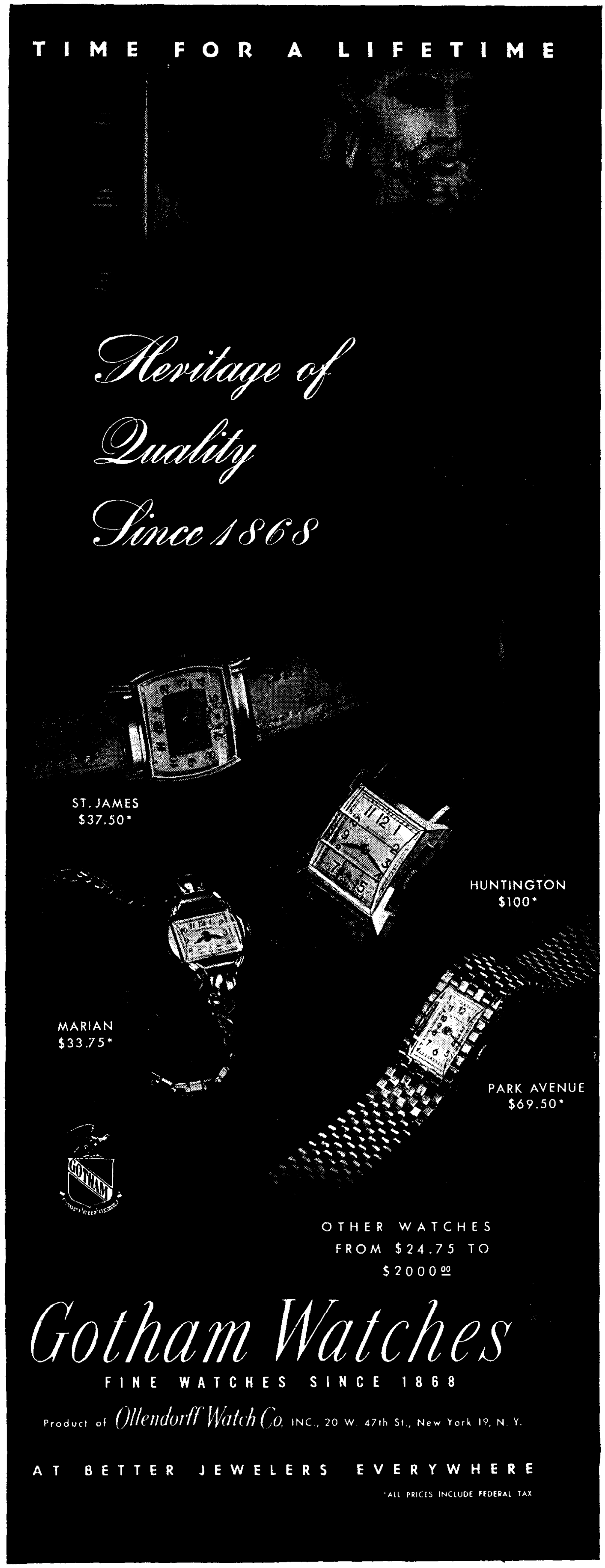
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THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

Continued from page 23

summing up their conversation. "It gave me deep satisfaction," he said, "to find while with you yesterday that out of the depth of your understanding sympathy with Hitler's victims you welcome the proposal which is now before the State and Treasury Departments."

F.D.R. forwarded the letter to me, and I sent it to Hull with a note reaffirming the Treasury's approval of the proposal.

Hull replied in like spirit. "Any view that this would make funds available to the enemy," he said flatly, "is not correct; the funds would remain blocked in Switzerland until the end of the war."

Everything now looked clear, and I relaxed. But I could not have been more mistaken. Months passed without action. It was not till late September that the State Department cabled to Switzerland the Treasury's clearance of the financial phases of the evacuation program. Harrison replied that, in accordance with standing instructions, he had referred the license to the British Legation, which would not concur without specific advice from London.

It took the State Department 17 more days to get back a cable to Harrison saying that Washington had carefully considered all eventualities and desired him to issue the license. But by now the British Ministry of Economic Warfare wanted to take the matter up in Washington. Harrison requested specific instructions as to whether he should proceed without the British.

Inhuman Herding of Children

The license was still held up. Meanwhile the news from Europe was increasingly depressing. Cables from Bern disclosed, for example, that 4,000 children, between the ages of two and fourteen, had been taken from their parents in France and deported in sealed trains, locked in windowless boxcars, sixty to a car, without adult escort, without food, water or hygienic provisions. We gritted our teeth and kept putting on all the pressure we could.

But the worst was still to come. On December 17, 1943, the State Department received a cable from London quoting a Ministry of Economic Warfare letter to the embassy. The Foreign Office, this letter said, is concerned with the difficulty of disposing of any considerable number of Jews should they be released from enemy territory. For this reason they are reluctant even to approve of the preliminary financial arrangements—though these were now acceptable to the Ministry of Economic Warfare. The letter was a satanic combination of British chill and diplomatic double-talk, cold and correct and adding up to a sentence of death.

After the months of excuses, postponements and sabotage, this callous communication came as a climax. We felt as if this impeccable and immovable alliance of the foreign offices was determined to stand forever between action and the hapless thousands behind Hitler's walls. The British Foreign Office was only living up to its reputation; but we had now come to believe that our own State Department, through the phrasing of its cables on the subject, was adroitly signaling its own indifference to the whole "Treasury" project.

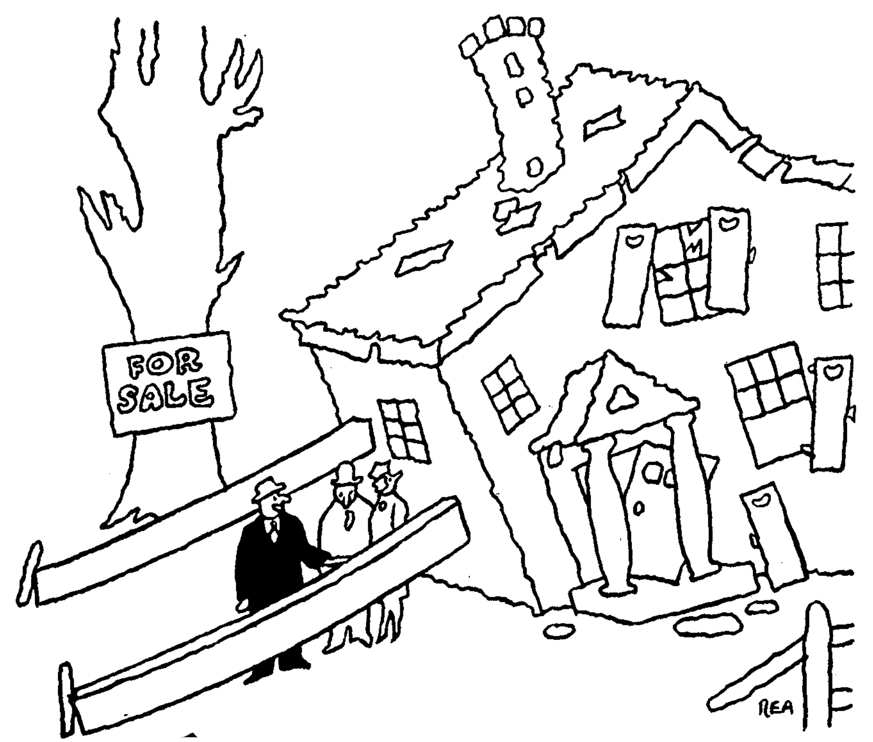
John Pehle, the hard-hitting head of Foreign Funds Control, put it this way at a staff meeting:

"This file is full of State Department cables which are full of little remarks like the Treasury wants this, the Treasury desires you to do this, and the Treasury this, and the Treasury that. . . . Harrison, unless he is just a dumbbell, can see through that." Pehle summed it up: "State is, in effect, saying this is (only) *what the Treasury wants you to do.*"

The morning after we received our copy of the Foreign Office letter we held a long staff meeting at the Treasury. The conclusion was unanimous: The matter had dragged on too long; now we should put the issue directly to Cordell Hull and, if necessary, to the President. Tired and heartsick, I telephoned Hull—this was a Saturday—told him what I wanted to talk about, and made an appointment to see him on the following Monday.

On December 20th Pehle and I went over to the State Department. I carried with me a Treasury memorandum pointing out that the British position went far beyond the concrete issue under discussion. "If it prevails, it means that we should give up trying to rescue Jews in enemy territory."

Hull and Assistant Secretary Breckinridge Long were waiting for us. The Secretary looked tired and worn. Long,



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FIGHTS 5-FOOT DRIFTS IN EMERGENCY CALL

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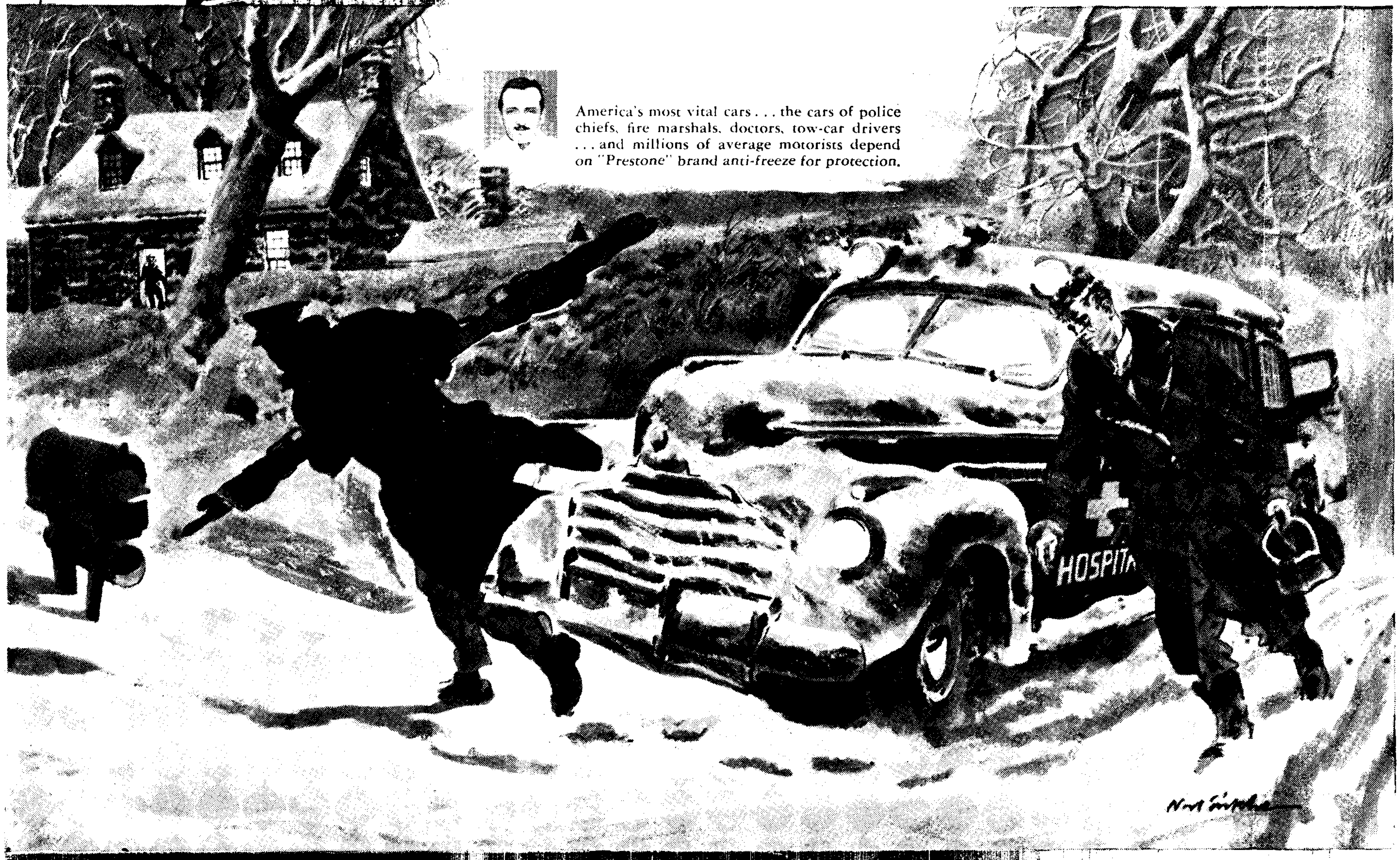
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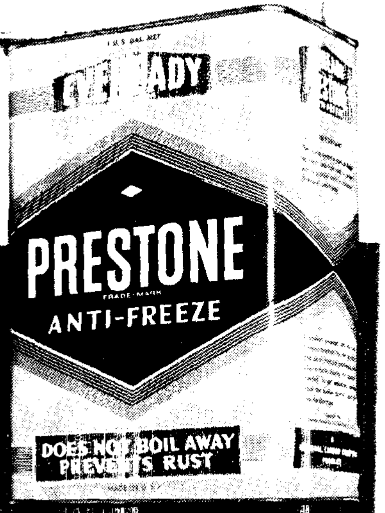

PRESTONE

TRADE-MARK

apparently sensitive to the criticism that had been leveled against the State Department, seemed anxious to please. Before I could start to present our case, Hull drawled that he had studied the cable from Winant and had already sent a reply.

He handed me a pink sheet of paper. It was Hull at his best, rejecting completely and forcibly the British position. I have rarely seen such strong language used in communications with an ally. The British message has been "read with astonishment," Hull said, and the State Department is "unable to agree with the point of view set forth." The "philosophy set forth" is "incompatible with the policy of the United States government and with previously expressed British policy as it has been understood by us." Then Long said that he had ordered Harrison to issue the long-awaited Foreign Funds license to Riegner on December 18th—the same license the Treasury and Secretary Hull had favored five months before.

Apparently five months of tearing our hearts out was finally producing results—aided, of course, by the shocking British letter, which had proved too much for Mr. Hull's Tennessee temper.

"Of course, the people down the line get hold of these things," Hull explained, making clear his own genuine outrage at the run-around. "When I don't know about them, I just can't handle them. But down the line they just don't understand these things. . . . You just sort of have to rip things out if you want to get them done."

Mystery of Cable 354 Revived

It seemed a propitious time to clear up the mystery about cable 354, which State had by now refused several times to show us. So I sprung it on them. Hull obviously attached no significance to my request for a copy of 354 and, turning to Long, asked him to see to it.

Long came up to me as we were leaving and said he would like a minute with me alone. He realized that there was a lot of talk among underlings in both departments, he said, and he was particularly troubled about rumors of anti-Semitism in the State Department.

I said, "Well, also, since we are being so frank, you might as well know that the impression has grown in the Treasury that the feeling in the State Department is just the same as expressed in that cable from London about the Foreign Office; there is no difference."

Long protested. He said he hoped our departments could work together.

"After all, Breck," I said, "the United States of America was created as a refuge for people who were persecuted the world over, starting with Plymouth. . . . That was the concept of the United States, and as Secretary of the Treasury for one hundred and thirty-five million people—I am carrying this out."

Long said, "Well, my concept of America as a place of refuge for persecuted people is just the same."

"I am delighted to hear it," I said.

For a moment, the problem seemed to be under control. "But the tragic thing," I told my Treasury staff later, "is that—dammit!—this thing could have been done last February."

In a short time State sent over a copy of cable 354. But the cross reference to the earlier cable of January 21st (the notation which gave 354 its meaning) was deleted. We knew our case was not yet complete. I told Long over the phone that we could not understand the paraphrase of 354, and I had asked Randolph Paul, my general counsel, to get a copy of the original cable as it was sent. Paul followed this up with the State Department. As a result we were shown a mimeographed copy of the cable, which did specifically refer to the earlier cable. Our case was now complete.

On January 12, 1944, Hull and I had another conference. We spent the first 45 minutes discussing Argentina, on which the Secretary was well briefed. Then we turned to the refugee question. Looking harassed and weary, Hull did not seem to be well informed as to what was going on. When I said I would like to be introduced to the head of the visa division and the political adviser on refugees, both of whom were in the room, Hull simply looked bewildered. He did not know which they were.

Our talk was consequently inconclusive. But Hull's heart was in the right place. He agreed with me vigorously as I remarked, "When you go through this record for the last year and a half, it is one of the most shocking matters."

It was time to go to F.D.R. I made an appointment with him for Sunday morning, January 16th. Then I sat down and prepared a highly confidential document which I called my "Personal Report to the President."

Paul and Pehle accompanied me to the White House on that all-important Sunday. The President skimmed through the report, then listened soberly to us.

The report pulled no punches. It charged that certain State Department officials:

1. Utterly failed to "prevent the extermination of Jews in German-controlled Europe."

2. Hid their "gross procrastination" behind such window dressing as "intergovernmental organizations to survey the whole refugee problem."

3. Suppressed, for two months, reports to the State Department on German atrocities after publication of similar reports had "intensified" public pressure for action.

The last paragraph expressed the Treasury's profound conviction. "The matter of rescuing the Jews from extermination is filled with difficulties. Only a fervent will to accomplish, backed by persistent and untiring effort, can succeed where time is so precious."

The President was sympathetic. He knew that Mrs. Roosevelt and Marshall Field had been frustrated for months in their effort to get entrance permits from the State Department for 5,000 refugee children. He suggested that Secretary of War Stimson be placed on the proposed board. And he urged us to bring in Ed Stettinius, the new Undersecretary of State. Then he gave us his blessing.

Later that afternoon the three of us from the Treasury met with Stettinius. Pehle gave Stettinius the cold facts. Stettinius said he was not much surprised.

On Tuesday, Rosenman reported that he had cleared the special committee with the Secretary of State.

"Hull wanted to send for Breck Long," Rosenman said, "but I told him I didn't think that would be helpful."

On January 22d the President announced the establishment of the War Refugee Board. The State Department's responsibility for refugees was now transferred to Board members—to the Secretaries of State, Treasury and War. The actual work of finding havens for as many as possible of the tortured millions in Europe was the job of the board's executive director. The President wanted a big name for this post. My own candidate was Wendell Willkie; but when I suggested to the White House that he was a man worth building up, one of the President's secretaries observed acidly, "I think he has had all the build-up he has coming to him on that trip." Meanwhile John Pehle was made acting director. He moved ahead with such speed that all soon agreed he should be named regular director.

At the first board meeting, Hull kept insisting, "One thing I want is, I want this out of the State Department. I want it outside."

I congratulated him on the magnificent cable he had sent all embassies instructing them to co-operate with WRB. Quick as a flash, Hull turned to me and said, "What you mean is you are congratulating yourself."

Stimson laughed, "That is better than throwing brickbats at each other, anyway."

The President was very much pleased with the way Pehle lit into the problem. On March 7, 1944, he talked to me about the ultimate destination of the refugees.

"What I am trying to get the English to do is this," he said. "They don't want to change the White Paper, but I want to get them to say publicly, if I am successful through the Refugee Committee in bringing any Jews out of Europe, (that) they will let them go to Palestine. . . . I want them to mention Palestine by name."

A few minutes later he said, "You know, the Arabs don't like this thing."

Large-Scale Exodus of Refugees

The War Refugee Board under Pehle and under his successor, General William O'Dwyer, now mayor of New York, made an impressive record in spite of tremendous difficulties. It was instrumental in getting thousands of Jews out through the Balkans in 1944 and 1945. Its agents had powerboats running across the Baltic, ferrying refugees to asylum in Sweden. It negotiated through intermediaries with Heinrich Himmler, chief of the Nazi secret police, to get several trainloads of refugees out of Germany. It sent funds to France to assist refugees who had long been in hiding. It helped get South American passports for refugees in Switzerland.

It did a magnificent job. But think what it might have done had it begun work a year earlier! As a result in part of the delays in beginning a serious rescue program, only one out of seven European Jews is alive today. Still the record of the War Refugee Board did a good deal to redeem before the world the moral position the United States lost through the procrastination and worse of the delinquent officials in the State Department.

President Truman has been outspoken in his efforts on behalf of the refugees. Secretaries Byrnes and Marshall have cleared out of key positions some of the officials who obstructed our government's policy on this problem during the war. But a great deal more remains to be done. There are 850,000 displaced persons in Europe today, living a miserable life in cold, crowded and cheerless cantonments. Of these about 40 per cent are Roman Catholics, about 20 to 25 per cent Protestants, about 20 to 25 per cent Jews. But the problem of the displaced persons is not the problem of any particular race or religion: It is a problem of suffering humanity. Their misery will remain a haunting reproach to every well-fed, thriving, happy American.

I will never forget a remark Franklin Roosevelt, in an unusually serious mood, made at a Cabinet meeting on March 18, 1938. The Nazis had just marched into Vienna.

"America was a place of refuge for so many fine Germans in the period of 1848," he said. "Why couldn't we offer them again a place of refuge at this time?"

He was keenly aware that America's historic tradition made it an asylum for the oppressed and for the homeless, a refuge for the victims of foreign tyranny. No true American today can be happy to see the United States shirking its ancient responsibility and trust. We must take action ourselves to succor our share—more than our share, for we have more to give—of the wretched people of Europe. To do less than this would be a betrayal of America's traditional role as the birthplace and conscience of human liberty.

THE END

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LIKE TO THE LARK

Continued from page 35

Gently the violins glided into Their love theme. A swirl in the strings and it rose, sweeping upward on thickening harmony, soaring free like a bird in flight—lifting—lifting . . .

A TUG at his arm. "Let's have a hamburger."

He stopped, blinking. They had come out in the lobby. The usherette with stringy blond hair and mascaraed eyes was standing at the curtained entrance, staring into the darkness, nonchalantly chewing her gum.

Outside, under the marquee, an old man was standing on a stepladder, taking down the big letters.

"Is something the matter, Dan?"

The brittle illusion of the movie had fallen to pieces in his mind.

"No, nothing," he answered sharply.

"Dan, don't you want a hamburger?"

He turned and looked up the wet street, at the quivering pink sign. Inside, the high-school kids would be crowded around the throbbing juke box. The stumpy waitress in a stained apron would wipe crumbs off the booth table with a frayed rag. . . . To His lodge in the mountains He took Her, and They broiled thick steaks at a blazing fireplace and ate with silver forks. . . .

He turned away. "Let's not have a hamburger tonight."

They walked around the corner to where he had parked the coupé. After she got in he had to slam the tinny door three times before it would stick.

On the way home he felt his wife's warm body leaning against him. . . . In the early hours of the morning, They had sped through the darkness, lights stabbing across the countryside, lulled by the great purring motor. . . . He saw the dim orange glow jiggling on the pavement ahead, and heard the ominous thump of a main-bearing knock. Same old jalopy; same old street. He moved far over to his side of the seat and pretended to be very concerned with his driving. He pulled up on the gravel in front of the garage.

"I'll open them," she said.

"No, I'll get it." But the door handle on his side stuck, and while he was fumbling she was already out. He swore to himself. A woman opening the garage doors. What kind of a setup was this getting to be anyway?

They ducked under the wash lines on the back porch. He flicked on the kitchen light, and looked away quickly from the dishes in the sink. She was watching him. "I wanted to do them," she said. "I knew how it would be."

Over her head he saw the dented breadbox. He swung around and walked into the living room. He turned on the soft light over the chair and reached for his book.

"Aren't you coming to bed?"

A soft, curving inflection—the way She had spoken to Him. But when he looked up she was outlined against the bright kitchen light, and the enamel on the stove was splintered and stained.

"I think I'll read for a while," he said. "You read this afternoon, too."

"So what?" It was beginning to break through, but he didn't care.

"What's the matter, Dan?"

"What's the matter! Are you blind? Next month we'll be married a year and look at us. Same old apartment, same old smoked walls—"

"You want too much, Dan. We'll get it. I know we will." She came across to him, leaned over and ran her fingers through his hair. "You're too impatient. You're a perfectionist." Her cheek was smooth and he smelled the perfume from her hair. And then over her shoulder he saw the big X of adhesive tape on the window pane.

He pushed her away. "Oh, go to bed."

She walked to the door and turned. "Dan."

He ground his knuckles against his forehead.

"I love you, Dan."

He slammed the book on the floor. "For God's sake, go to bed!"

She left.

HE WAS trembling. He sat down. He picked up the book. The colored back tore under his shaking fingers. How could she say that? How could she? The yellow-stained enamel, the torn linoleum, the rickety, spread-legged table . . .

Slowly he closed the book and stood up. He looked around the room and said softly to himself, "My God, how can she say it?" And he put the book down and tiptoed to the bedroom.

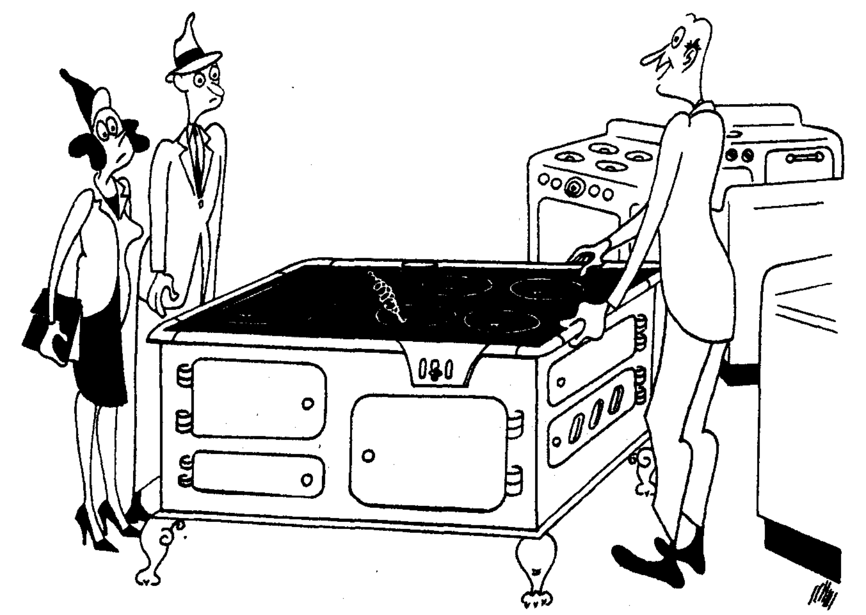
He leaned over the bed in the dim light, and put his arms around her and kissed her. Her wet eyelashes fluttered against his cheek.

"Darling, darling," he said.

She pulled him down toward her and rubbed her hand across his forehead, smiling.

"Come on to bed," she whispered.

THE END



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KEEP IT CLEAN

Continued from page 26

boxed and then tightly sealed, is mothproof until the paper is broken. Paradichlorobenzene or naphthalene crystals in the package, to asphyxiate any moth that may have popped in while you were wrapping, are advisable. But such crystals, cakes and the like, tossed into the average closet, won't give even an ounce of prevention unless directions are followed precisely *re* amounts per cubic space, and tight sealing of the closet. The nearest thing to real mothproofing of fabric is done in a hot dye bath during manufacture.

Some sprays, however, if properly applied, practically wetting the garment, furniture or whatever, are effective enough that some firms guarantee results for five years, provided of course, they do the spraying. DDT still needs further investigation, says the Department of Agriculture, before sure recommendations can be made for its use. At present they suggest spraying baseboards, carpets, clothing, any possible breeding place, with a five per cent solution in odorless kerosene, with no flame near by. This spray leaves a residual effect that kills the larvae of moths and carpet beetles crawling over it.

Odor Prevention: In the days of no sanitation and little bathing, incense and perfume were essentials in masking, rather than eliminating, unpleasant odors. The scent-emitting products we use around the house today serve the same purpose. They generally combine a penetrating perfume with a mild anesthetic that gets to work on your olfactory nerves before you've had a chance to detect anything lurking under the perfume, working on the principle that what you can't smell won't offend you. Cleanliness and good ventilation, however, still have their points.

Prevention is fine, but it doesn't solve everyday house-cleaning problems. Short cuts are what we need. Luckily there are plenty of them. Here are a few:

To Clean Silver: It will take ten seconds to clean your silver, plus the time you need to get out a large enamel or glass pan (an enameled sink will do), pour into it some very hot water, stir in a magic powder from an aluminum foil envelope, slit the envelope wide open, drop it in gently, and add your silver, making sure it all touches the envelope or other pieces of silver which do. (For your weighted and hollow silverware you will need to follow other, also simple, directions that come with the package. This is a streamlined version of Grandma's method which required an aluminum pan, salt, soda, steadily boiling water—and someone to clean the pan afterward. Electrolysis is what it's called.

To Cut Grease: Want your oven cleaned? Just swab on something called a degreaser, wipe it off in a few minutes, rinse and dry. Do the same with your broiler rack. In solution with water, the degreaser cleans greasy pots, walls, brushes, even working clothes. A synthetic detergent is only part of the well-guarded secret.

To Wash in Hard Water: In hard-water districts particularly, synthetic detergents are gaining favor because, unlike soap, they do not form curds with the minerals in the water, for prompt redeposit on whatever's being washed. Even in softer-water districts bathtub ring will no longer be the cause of family battles, the way everyone is dunking in synthetic suds that leave no film and therefore no ring. And the whole family can scurry out without wiping dishes, which dry by themselves sparkling and unstreaked, when washed the synthetic way.

There are new synthetic detergents coming up all the time, though none of them has yet been able to beat out soap for all-round service. A new one for washing woolens does the job in water no warmer than 120 degrees (shrinkage occurs over 140 degrees). "Sensational," its manufacturer told us modestly. Some of them aim to handle anything washable. A new one brought out through the joint efforts of a chemical and a washing-machine company will, they say, do this in an automatic washing machine, in hard or soft water, and without the excess sudsing that is often the problem of soap.

To Remove Rust: Steel wool will remove rust and so, we are told, will a good brass polish. Newer rust removers depend chiefly on chemistry rather than abrasion to do the job, loosening the rust and washing it away.

To Remove Wax: Based also on chemistry are the wax removers that take old, dirty wax off linoleum surfaces with no scrubbing and toil. Spread the remover on, rinse it off in a few minutes, and let dry. You're ready for a new coat of wax. There's no possible soapy film to remain, since there's no soap in the concoction.

To Put Wax On: We wax to protect surfaces, and to make the cleaning of them easier. We also like the sheen of wax. The quicker we can get it, the better we like it. Hence the popularity of so-called self-polishing waxes, which require only spreading and no rubbing. There's even a popular gadget with a long hollow handle through which to feed the wax so that we don't have to bend an inch in the process.

Waxes that clean as they go, taking off dirt and putting on wax at one and the same time ("Wipe it on—and you're done!" chortle the ads), are hard for us to comprehend, but the Bureau of Standards explains them this way: There are two general types, one a wax blended with a solvent, the other a water-emulsion wax, the latter requiring no rubbing afterward, though polishing never did furniture any harm. Solvent or water, it cleans as it goes, your cloth taking up the dirt. As the solvent (or water) evaporates from the furniture, it leaves a thin film of wax. That's all there is to it.

No rinsing, no rubbing, no work at all, is the theme song of a myriad more specialized cleaners that would like to crowd onto your cleaning cupboard shelf, to help you out with cleaning your enamel, your metals, your walls, paint, windows, leather, rugs, upholstery, etc., etc.

There's no doubt they lighten the job. But don't let them fool you: elbow grease is still a necessary ingredient. Do all the quick no-rubbing, no-bending waxing you want, for one instance. But underneath, for a long-lasting job on a wood floor, there's still nothing to replace a paste wax, preferably applied by you on all fours, certainly buffed to a fine finish with electric or human power. Fine furniture still looks its finest, many a cabinetmaker will tell you, painstakingly waxed and buffed and waxed again, by hand. And if you want your silver to have a rich sheen, hand polishing still has it over electrolysis.

There's one short cut you do take that is no timesaver: You don't read instructions. You douse your bottles of wonder stuff around helter-skelter, and then complain if you don't get results. You drive direction-writers crazy, trying to catch your eye.

Sit down and read before you run. It'll rest your feet and speed the job. Heaven knows, the housewife needs both.

THE END

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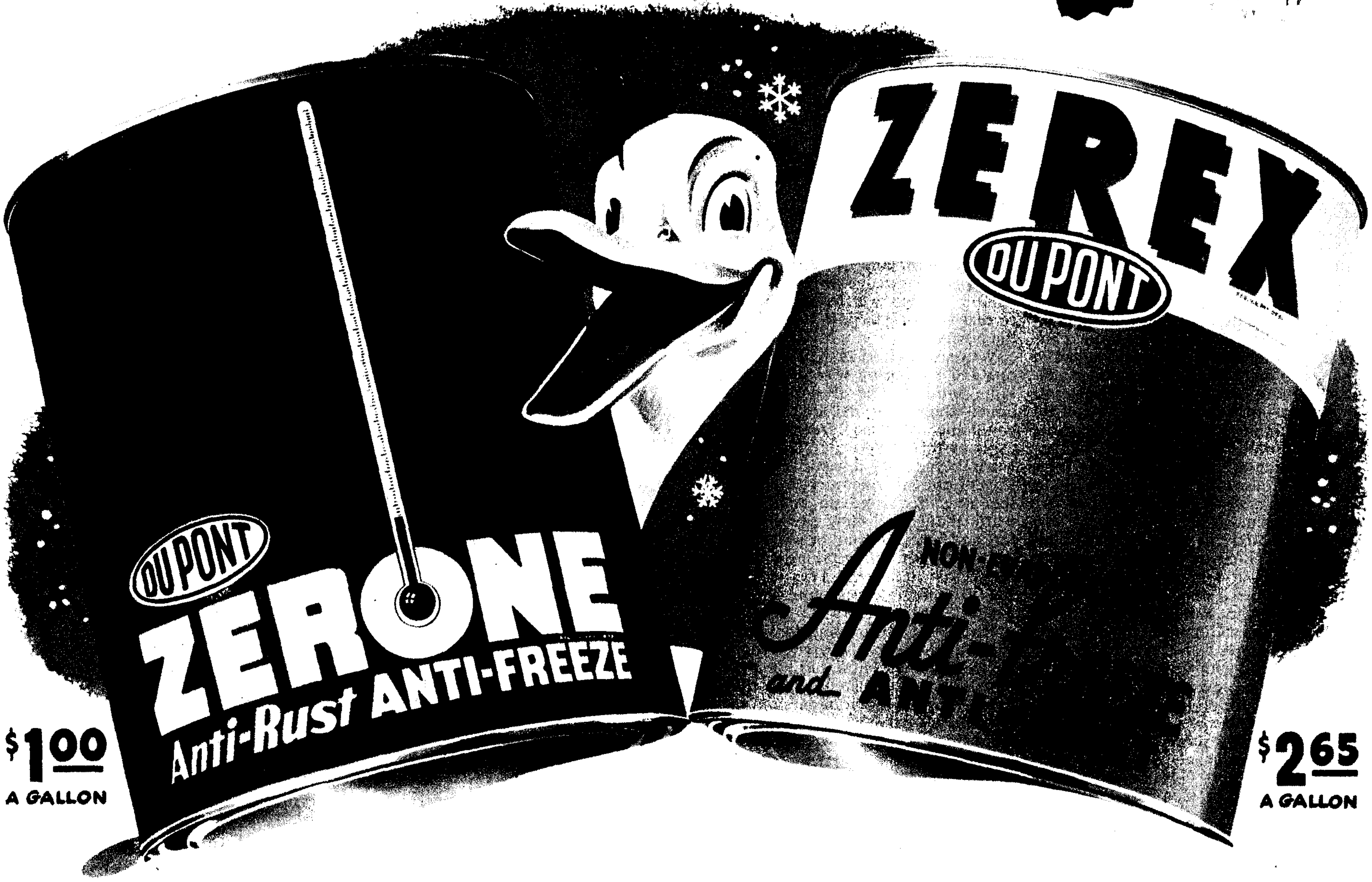

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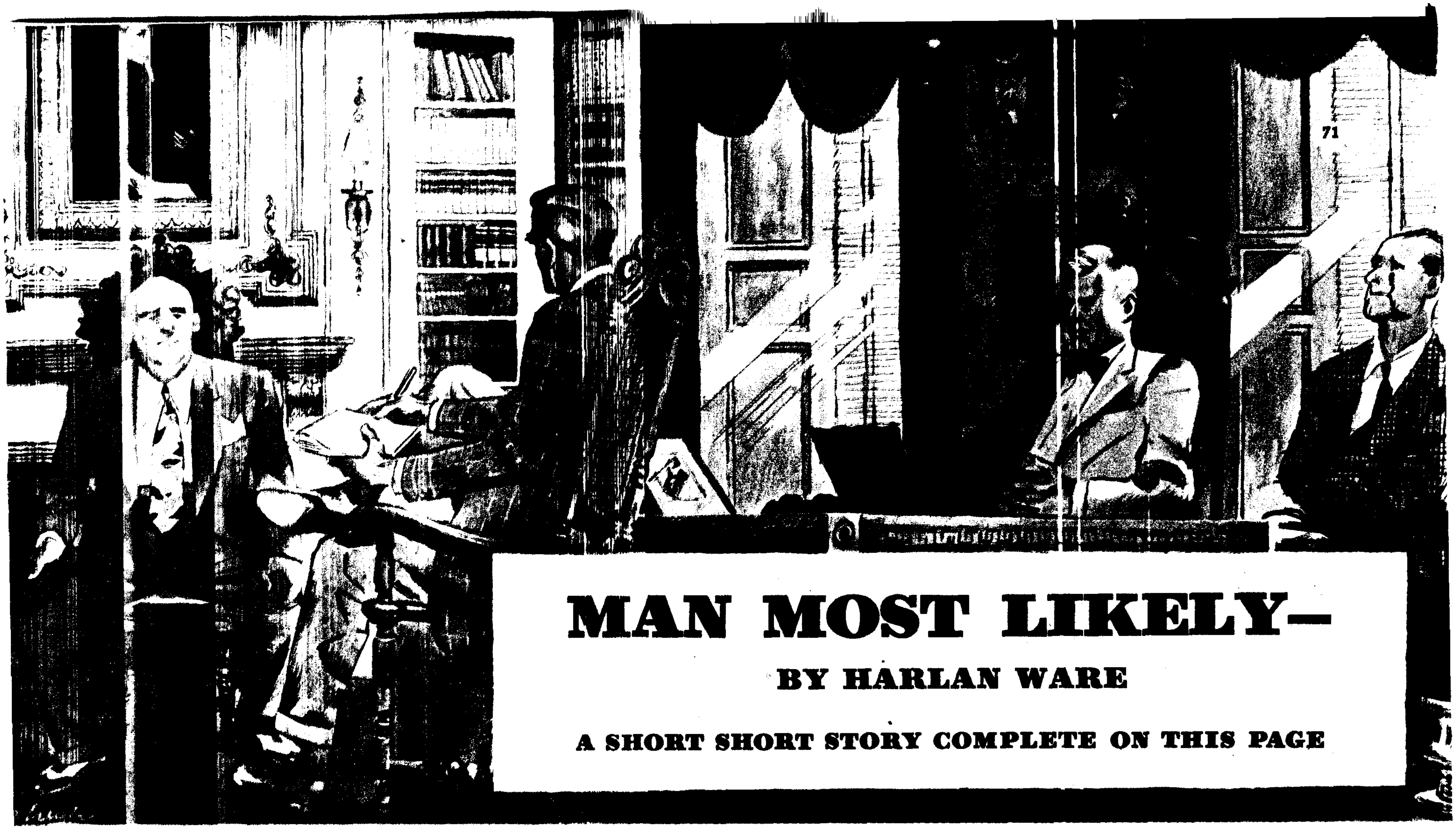


MAN MOST LIKELY—

BY HARLAN WARE

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"When a millionaire goes to college at the age of fifty-two and flunks his freshman course," said Casey, "it's a pretty good story"

THE president of the university, Dr. Hartley Keith, was chatting warily with Jim Casey, a reporter from a metropolitan paper, when the door opened and his secretary said: "Mr. Smith is here now."

The president jumped to his feet. A square, bald little man, carrying a green freshman's cap, came in hesitantly followed by Osgood Pitken, Dean of Men. When the introductions were over, Dr. Keith said: "Well, Mr. Smith—it's out." He added, quickly: "I've answered no questions. Any statement must come from you."

Mr. Smith found a chair, put his cap on his knee, and eyed the reporter with apprehension. Pitken moved to a window bench. There was a moment of tension.

"When a millionaire goes to college at the age of fifty-two and flunks his freshman course, it's a pretty good story." A sidewise grin nudged a shade of humor into Casey's long face. "Any comment?"

Mr. Smith lit a fat cigar. He looked around for an ash tray. Not seeing one he flipped his match past Pitken and out the open window.

"Nope," he said. "I was at the bottom of my class and that's that."

"Perhaps your business affairs took up a lot of your time?"

"Unh-uh," said Mr. Smith. "Told the boys at the office not to bother me and they didn't. Nobody here studied harder than I did."

"You've built a successful business from the ground up," Casey said. "Why did you decide to go to college?"

"Needed to know more," said Mr. Smith briskly. "I got my plants organized so I could take time to pick up the education I missed when I was young. I admire college fellas very much. Lots of my employees have college degrees."

Casey took his tongue out of his cheek, made a note, and asked: "Are you married, Mr. Smith?"

Mr. Smith said, guardedly, "Yes, why?"

"How about your wife? Is she a college graduate?"

"She is." A chill came into the blue eyes. "But you make anything of it and I'll sue you."

Casey smiled affably: "Mind telling me your average grade?"

Mr. Smith turned to the Dean of Men. "F, I know—but what'd it figger?"

Mr. Pitken hesitated.

"Go ahead," said Mr. Smith. "Tell him."

"About fifty-two," said Mr. Pitken reluctantly.

Casey whistled.

"Look here, young fella," said Mr. Smith sternly. "I don't care what you say about me but I don't want you mentioning my wife, or slanting the story to make fun of the University. Me flunking out—that's human interest. But I want no smarty-pants stuff about higher education. I believe in it." He leaned forward and asked: "You a college man?"

"No."

"You're not!" Mr. Smith had been sitting on the edge of his chair. He sat back now, crossed his legs comfortably and relaxed. He turned to the President. "Tell him about the scholarship, Prexy."

"Yes, indeed," said Dr. Keith happily. "Mr. Smith has established a scholarship fund of one hundred thousand dollars for people thirty years of age, or older."

"And still you flunked him!" grinned Casey. "When did you do this, Mr. Smith? And why?"

"Yestiddy. And I did it for fellas like you that'll wake up all of a sudden and realize they need an education," said Mr. Smith, sharply. "And also because I hold this university and Dr. Keith and Mr. Pitken"—Mr. Smith beamed at the Dean of Men—"and all the professors in the highest esteem."

Casey chewed his pencil. "What course did you take?"

"Business Administration."

"How do you account for your failure to pass?"

"I just didn't get it."

"You mean, it was too abstract?"

"I don't know what you mean by abstract. I couldn't understand it."

"Did the rest of the class understand it?"

"Oh, sure. They seemed to get a lot out of it."

Casey studied the dimple he had put in the pencil.

"Mr. Smith, what did *you* get out of this year? You must have got something of value out of it." Casey's pencil was poised.

Mr. Smith shot his cuffs and looked abruptly at his watch.

"Son," he said briskly, "you've had enough of my time. You just run along with Mr. Pitken and he'll tell you the details about the scholarship. If you ever want to take advantage of it yourself, let me know."

CASEY stood up, a little surprised, and Mr. Pitken escorted him out. When the door had closed, Dr. Keith said: "I'm afraid you gave him material for a rather humorous story, Mr. Smith."

Mr. Smith cupped an open palm under the long ash of his cigar and walked to the open window.

"That doesn't matter," he said, dusting off the ash. "I was leading him away from the main nub." He grinned. "I knew we could handle him as soon as he admitted he wasn't a college graduate."

"Beg pardon?" said Dr. Keith.

Mr. Smith moved his cigar to a cocky slant.

"Notice how fast I got rid of him when he asked me that last question about what I'd gotten out of college?"

"Yes?" Dr. Keith turned one ear.

"Now, a journalism graduate, well, *he* wouldn't have let me shove him around, I'll betcha. He'd have kept on askin' that question until he got a big gossipy yarn that'd embarrass the University and you and me."

"What yarn is that?" asked Dr. Keith.

Mr. Smith's lips parted.

"Oh, say! Hasn't Osgood Pitken had a chance to talk to you yet?"

"About you, Mr. Smith? Why, no."

"Oh." Mr. Smith cleared his throat. "Well, y'see, yestiddy, when Mr. Pitken told me I'd flunked out, well, he couldn't have done it nicer. He's a very bright warm-hearted fella, Mr. Pitken is. Diplomatic. I don't think I ever saw a smoother performance." He threw his cigar out and watched it arch over a flower bed. "That reporter!" he scoffed. "Look what he missed. No proper education, y'see. Stumbling around, half-trained."

Dr. Keith now had his hand behind his ear.

"I'm not sure I follow you, Mr. Smith," he said.

"Why, I hired Mr. Pitken yestiddy—when we got through talkin'. Personnel manager for the Hartford plant—at twelve thousand a year."

"You've hired my Dean of Men?" Dr. Keith's voice went shrill in surprise.

"Yep. That newspaper sure missed a swell story by sending out the wrong fella." He warmly held out his hand. "Well, so long, Prexy," he said. "It's a shame to raid your staff like this, but I got a rule to always get *some* value outa anything I do."

The President looked thoughtful as the little man put on his ridiculous green cap at a jaunty angle and walked out, whistling.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

PREPARE FOR WINTER DRIVING NOW!

WINTER

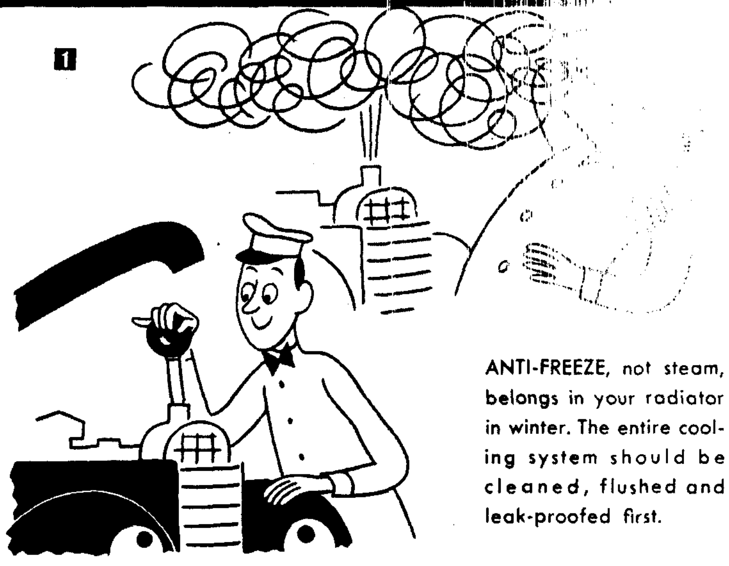
always a big act

Collier's Preventive Service is your "cue" for winter car care

WINTER FOLLIES of '47-'48

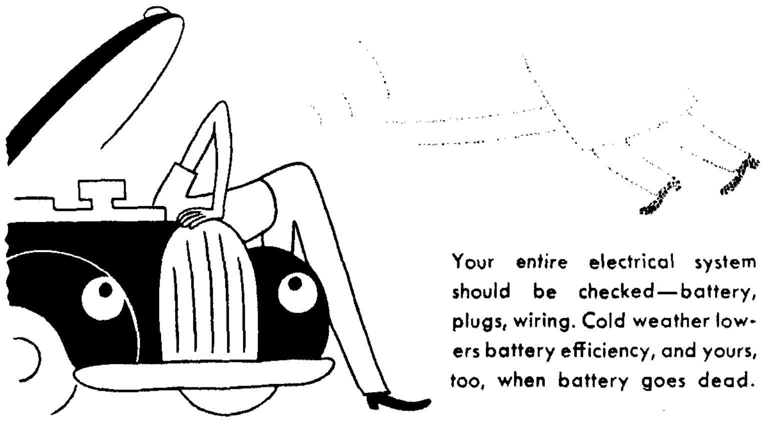
Winter [illegible]
highway [illegible]
rip in [illegible]
insuran[illegible]
family's [illegible]
The [illegible]
pared [illegible]

1



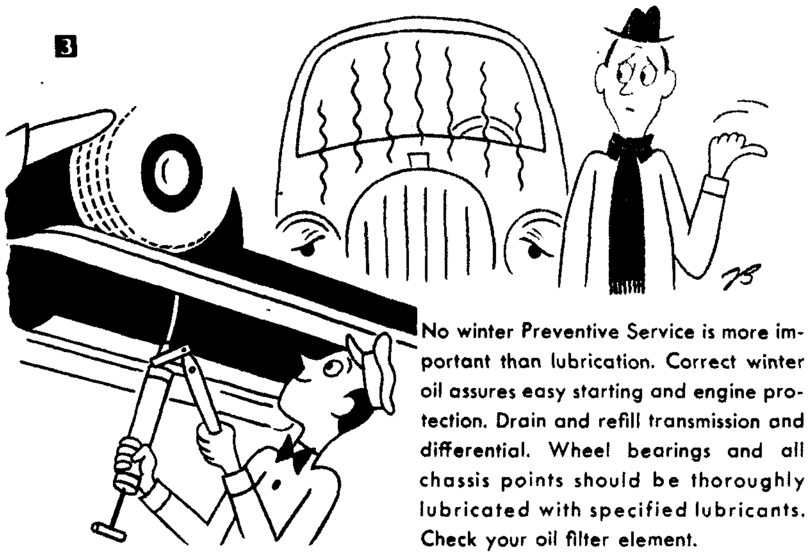
ANTI-FREEZE, not steam, belongs in your radiator in winter. The entire cooling system should be cleaned, flushed and leak-proofed first.

2



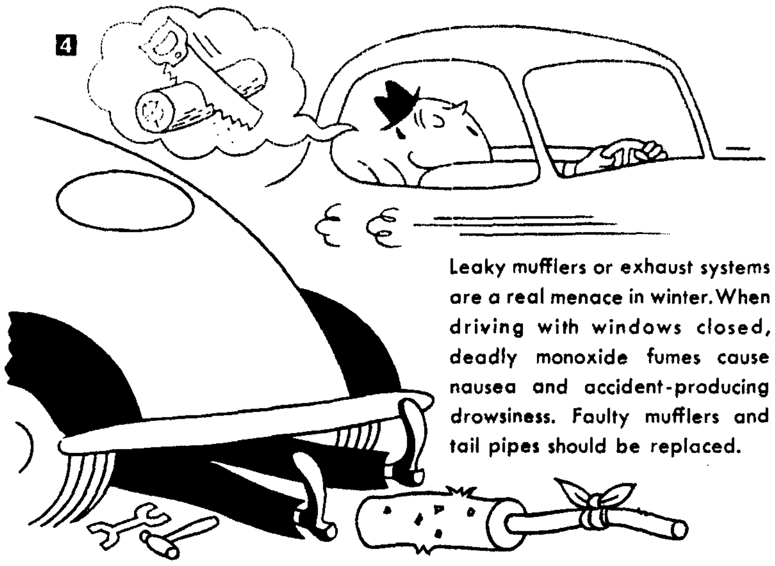
Your entire electrical system should be checked—battery, plugs, wiring. Cold weather lowers battery efficiency, and yours, too, when battery goes dead.

3



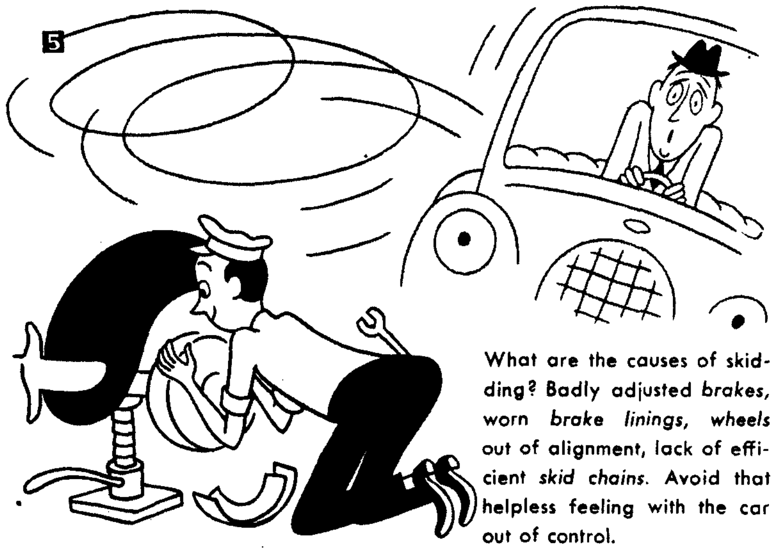
No winter Preventive Service is more important than lubrication. Correct winter oil assures easy starting and engine protection. Drain and refill transmission and differential. Wheel bearings and all chassis points should be thoroughly lubricated with specified lubricants. Check your oil filter element.

4



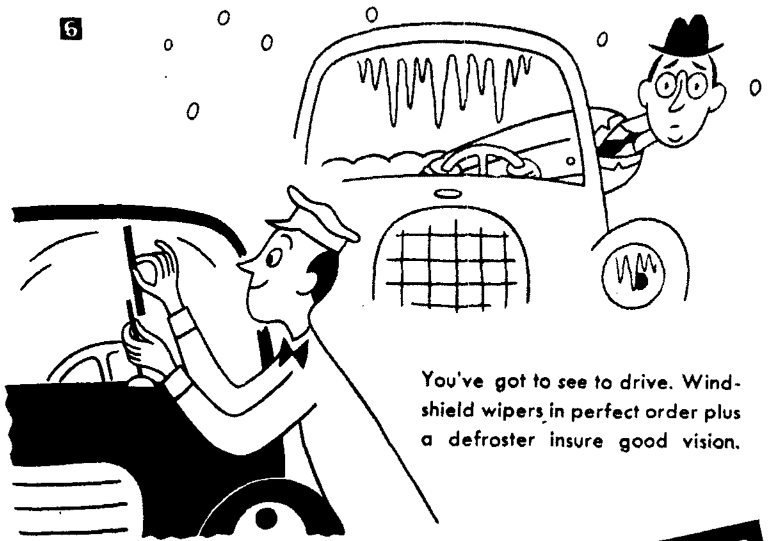
Leaky mufflers or exhaust systems are a real menace in winter. When driving with windows closed, deadly monoxide fumes cause nausea and accident-producing drowsiness. Faulty mufflers and tail pipes should be replaced.

5



What are the causes of skidding? Badly adjusted *brakes,* worn *brake linings, wheels* out of alignment, lack of efficient *skid chains.* Avoid that helpless feeling with the car out of control.

6



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e-

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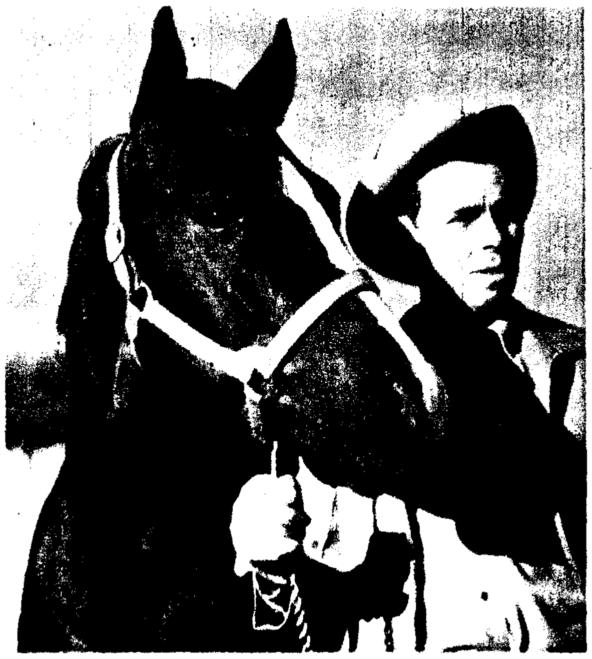


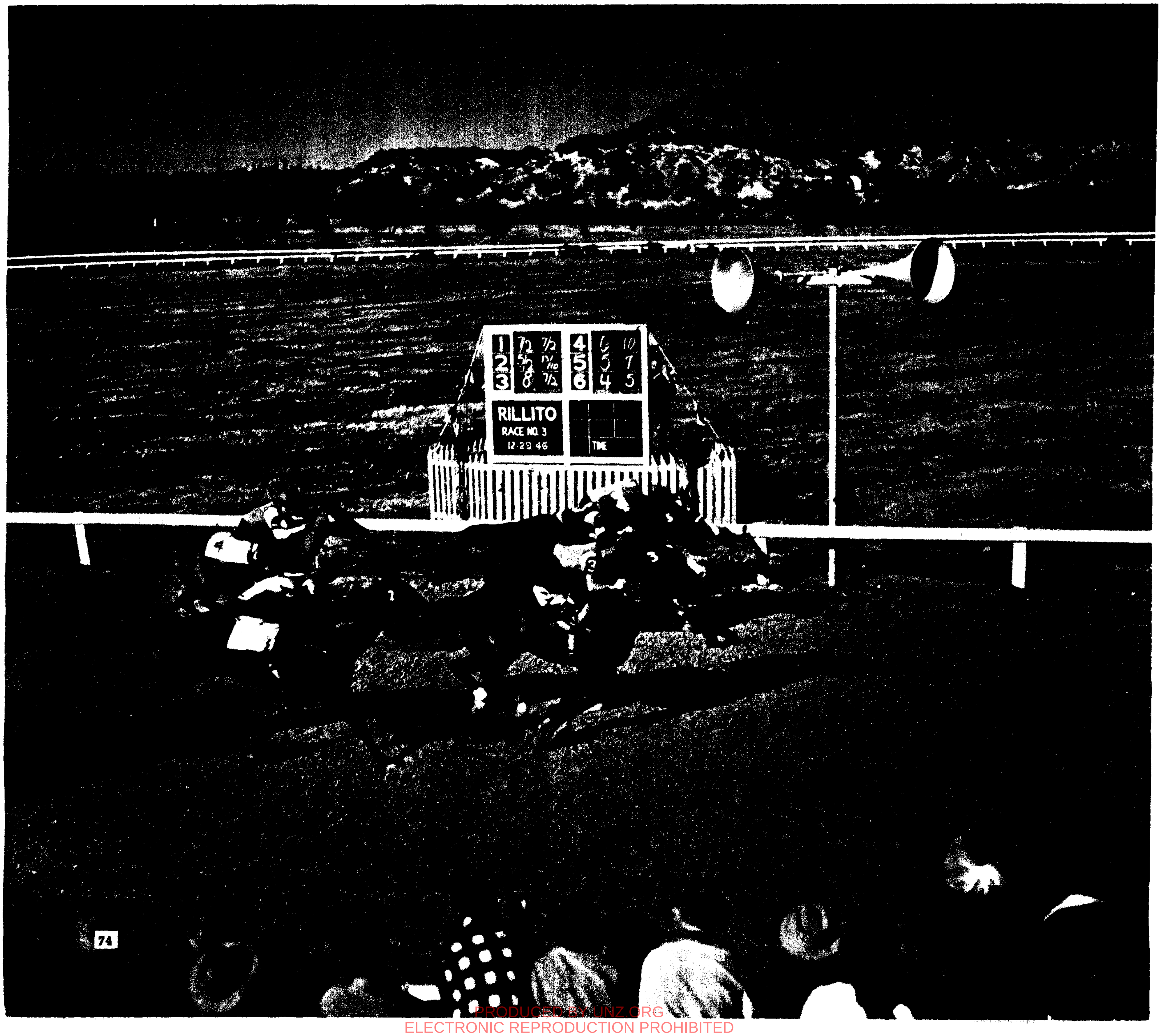
Small alert ears, huge muscular jowl and small muzzle are typical quarter-horse conformation points. This is the stallion Hank H., with Trainer Lyo Lee

POOR MAN'S RACE HORSE

BY VIVIEN B. KEATLEY

The celebrated American Quarter Horse is an old breed but only in recent years has it been admitted to the equine Social Register

Photo finishes and dead heats are far from unusual in quarter-horse races, as handicapping is precise. Here the horses are caught by the camera at the finish line in a very near dead heat at Rillito Track, Tucson, Arizona



ASK any cowboy or dude wrangler on a Southwestern ranch about quarter horses, and he'll say: "A quarter horse is just a horse that can run faster than any other horse in the world, up to a quarter of a mile."

As far as this explanation goes, it's correct; the quarter horse will run rings around a thoroughbred at 440 yards and shorter distances. Nearly all breeders agree that a good quarter horse can run an eighth of a mile, or 220 yards, in ten seconds with a full flying start, and many contend that he is capable of even more fantastic performances. Melville H. Haskell, who has raised quarter horses for 20 years at his Rincon Stock Farm near Tucson, Arizona, said a few years ago that he doubted if the horse ever lived that could run an eighth of a mile in 12 seconds from a true flat-footed start.

Now he thinks he may have to eat his words. On official quarter tracks, Tonta Gal, a four-year-old quarter horse, carrying 120 pounds, ran an eighth in 12.1 seconds, starting flat-footed from a mechanically operated gate set so that her head was exactly on the line. A little later, Texas Jr., carrying 115 pounds, equaled her time. So far, that's the world's record for the distance, as recognized by the American Quarter Racing Association. For the quarter mile, the record is 22.3 seconds, made by a nine-year-old quarter mare, Shue Fly, carrying 124 pounds, and by Miss Princess (Woven Web), carrying 111 pounds. (Miss Princess, like another King Ranch Champion, Assault, was sired by Bold Venture.)

But there's a great deal more to the quarter horse than speed. In the first place, he's the oldest race horse in America. The American Quarter Horse, which is his official name, was established as a breed as early as 1665, some forty years after 17 English stallions and mares had been imported to Virginia and crossed with the horses brought to America by the Spaniards. This was about 160 years before the establishment of the English thoroughbred, and more than 200 years before the publication of the first American Stud Book.

The Standard Speed Test

For many years the Stud Book, which now lists only thoroughbreds, recognized the quarter horse, and designated outstanding ones as Celebrated American Quarter Running Horses. This classification has been revived by the Quarter Racing Association, and by the American Quarter Horse Association, which keeps a Stud Book and Registry and is devoted to preserving the breed. Today a Celebrated American Quarter Running Horse is one which can run a quarter of a mile, from a standing start on the line, in 23.4 seconds or better.

The American Quarter Horse has bred true to a greater extent than any other breed in the world; he has kept his distinctive characteristics for almost three centuries, and the quarter horse of today is the same compact, heavily muscled animal that resulted from the original crossings. Dr. Darrel B. Spratt, a distinguished Western veterinarian, says that "no breed of animal has greater prepotency nor greater ability to beget his own likeness."

With an occasional exception, the thoroughbred is fit for nothing but racing or the stud, and maintaining a stable of good thoroughbreds is an expensive proposition. The American Quarter Horse has been called "the poor man's race horse" because he is a useful or "performance" horse; to provide a run for your money he requires neither expensive equipment nor professional trainers and riders. All a quarter horse needs for a race is another horse and a straightaway. Off the track he is an ideal stock or saddle horse, and he performs very well hitched to a buggy.

Alert, quick, and fast, with an extraordinary turn of early speed, the quarter horse is in high repute as a polo pony; a year ago a string of highly trained Argentine ponies, all thoroughbreds, went begging for buyers while American sportsmen eagerly shopped in Texas and Arizona for quarter horses to replenish their war-depleted stables. The quarter horse is the finest of cavalry mounts, sturdy and tough, raised without much artificial feed and used to hard riding and rough country.

Used by British in Boer War

During the Boer War, the British army bought a large number of quarter horses in Texas, and the verdict of the English cavalry commanders was that "they proved their superiority in competition with horses drawn from every country in the world."

But above all, the quarter horse is a stock horse. The cow ponies of the Western cattle ranches are quarter horses and so are the horses ridden by the stars of the rodeo. Next time you're at a rodeo notice how quick the horses are on the getaway; as an old poem puts it, they leave the starting line as if the devil had kicked them from behind. As a cow horse the quarter horse is probably the only really essential equine in our modern economy. Until the Western mountains are cut down to hill size, or unless something a lot more versatile than the jeep comes along, the quarter horse will continue to rule cattle ranching.

The quarter horse has been defined as "more horse to the height than any other breed." One rarely stands more than fifteen hands (five feet) but he will often weigh 1,200 pounds and more. He is built along the lines of a slightly overdeveloped ballet dancer, and is equally quick, graceful and muscular. He has small, alert ears, a huge muscular jowl, a small muzzle, a thin mane and tail, and no fetlock. These are bloodline characteristics, and breeders say they have nothing to do with his strength and speed.

But certain of the peculiarities of his bodily structure do account for his performance abilities. In a way, his center of gravity has been shifted; he is heavier in front than other horses. He has well-developed shoulders, deep girth, full chest, large arms and forearm.

All this accounts for his ability to get started quickly; as Dr. Spratt puts it, his "direction of power" is almost horizontal. He can start, turn and stop quicker than the fastest steer.

His tremendous strength—he has been bred to carry a full-sized man and a 40-pound stock saddle, and he can withstand the frantic jerk of the most powerful steer without budging—is accounted for by his short legs. A beam supported by short posts is stronger than one supported by tall posts. A thoroughbred, even one bred for the shorter distances, is usually taller than he is long, with long legs. But a good quarter running horse will

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

Jean Jacobs rides her favorite mount over the rough foothills of Arizona. Used to hard riding off the track the quarter horse is an ideal range horse

J. Rukin Jelks and Melville H. Haskell, two of the leaders in quarter-horse racing. Below, Piggin String, champion quarter running stallion. Typical of the breed, he is docile and good-natured, though rather high-strung

I was all wrapped up

...in our home!

This June bride had a January gloom! Chill winds turned our hallways into 3-lane highways . . . the place was always like a barn . . . our furnace was puffing overtime, and don't think we weren't paying for that! When Tom (he's my call-me-mister) grumbled . . .

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. . . I decided to use my head for something besides Sniffles, Inc. So I 'phoned a CAREY Approved Home Insulator. Almost as fast as you can say, "CAREY Rock Wool Insulation is blown in, no muss or fuss," he winter-proofed our home.

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But enough of this chattering . . . even now you may be shivering in anticipation of toddling off to that cold north bedroom. Why not call *your* CAREY man tomorrow for all the details? You'll *like* the results.

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be a little longer than he is tall, while a good quarter cow horse, bred more for utility than speed, will be almost perfectly proportioned; that is, his length and height will be approximately equal.

The shorter-legged quarter horse gets his long stride, which is essential to speed, from an extended underline resulting from his great sloping shoulders and croup. Big lungs within a deep heart girth and full chest provide the extra oxygen required for sudden bursts of speed. His short legs limit his running distance, but that doesn't matter; he doesn't have to run even a quarter of a mile at top speed to catch the fastest steer.

For well over 200 years, whenever an American spoke of a race horse he meant a quarter horse. But interest in the running quarter horse subsided with the establishment of the thoroughbred, developed primarily for long-distance speed, and longer races in the English tradition became popular. The quarter horse was unable to compete, and gradually dropped out of organized racing and was omitted from the Stud Book.

For several decades the only quarter-horse competition was an occasional matched race, and a few sprinting events at rodeos and fiestas. But owners of quarter horses, continued to boast that their animals were the fastest in the world in the short sprints. Nothing was done about it until 1939, when Joe Fleiger, who operates a ranch near Tucson, said to some fellow members of the Southern Arizona Horse Breeders' Association, "Let's stop talking about how fast we *think* our horses can run, and find out what they can really do."

The Rise of the "Four Horsemen"

Fleiger's suggestion was accepted as a challenge by four Southern Arizona ranch owners—R. C. Locke, Melville H. Haskell, J. Rukin Jelks and Jake Meyer, who later became known as "the four horsemen" of organized quarter-horse racing. Locke had built a track for harness racing at his ranch, Hacienda Moltacqua, near Tucson, and to this he added a quarter-mile chute and a six-stall mechanically operated gate to insure accurate standing starts.

The first Annual Quarter Horse Speed Trials were held there in 1941. The war slowed things down considerably, but races and speed trials were held every year, and by 1945 the American Quarter Racing Association had been organized on a national basis.

Meanwhile the American Quarter Horse Association had been formed, with offices at Fort Worth, Texas. For a time it looked as if the two associations might be operating at cross-purposes, but matters were quickly straightened out, and now there is complete amicability between them. By maintaining an official stud book and registry, the Quarter Horse Association provides a permanent and authentic record of bloodlines producing quarter horses which prove to be "best by test," the tests being cow-horse shows where conformation is the chief factor in judging, as well as rodeos where speed and skill are judged.

The Quarter Racing Association is interested only in the quarter running horse and in racing. Small quarter meets are held in the South and Southwest from Orlando, Florida, to Danville, California, but only records made at tracks recognized by the association can qualify a horse for the Register of Merit, reserved for Celebrated American Quarter Running Horses. At present, tracks are operating under the rules of the association at Reno, Nevada; Salinas, King City, Corona and Los Alamitos, California; Tucson, Arizona; Albuquerque, Raton and Ruidoso, New Mexico; Tulsa, Oklahoma; and at El Paso, Eagle Pass, Del Rio and Houston, Texas. Standard distances for quarter-horse racing are 220, 330, 440, 550 and 660 yards, but

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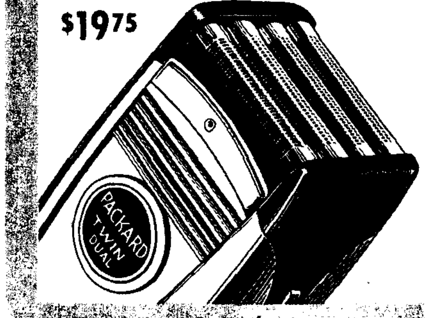

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races beyond 440 yards are not considered in establishing quarter-horse records.

Other short distances, including 250, 300, 350 and 400 yards, are also recognized. All records not established at these tracks are ignored, because in many places a flying start is used and the timing is erratic. The Daily Racing Form, for example, credits Big Racket with the North American record of 20.8 seconds for the quarter mile, in Mexico City. On the same day at the same track seven other horses were credited with running the quarter mile in better than 22 seconds. But when two of these horses raced at Tucson, under the rules of the association, neither came anywhere near qualifying as a Celebrated American Quarter Running Horse. The world's records recognized by the Quarter Racing Association, all made from a flat-footed standing start, are as follows:

Distance	*Time*	*Horse*	*Age*	*Wt.*
220 yards (1 fur.)	12.1	Tonta Gal	4	120
		Texas Jr.	3	115
300 yards	15.8	Barbra B	4	110
330 yards	17.3	Pep	4	106
350 yards	18.2	Tonta Gal	5	125
		Miss Bank	6	122
		Prissy	6	122
		Punkin	6	catch
440 yards (¼ mile)	22.3	Shue Fly	9	124
		Miss Princess (Woven Web)	4	111

The finest quarter track in the country is Rillito, which used to be a training track on the Jelks ranch near Tucson. From the viewpoint of a horseman it is ideal. It is not a fast track, because of soft footing and a ten-foot rise in the chute, but it is an easy one. Horses never pull up lame after a race. There's a three-eighths-of-a-mile straightaway, and a half-mile oval.

For racing fans accustomed to the impersonal formality of a big-time track, a day at Rillito is a new experience. Everything is strictly informal. Every one seems to know everyone else, and everybody calls the breeders, trainers and owners (often the same man) by their first names. Horses which are to be raced are kept at the Tucson Rodeo Field and brought by trailer to the track each Sunday during the meet, which begins on October 15th and continues for 25 weeks.

Betting is done by pari mutuel, and there are no show bets, only win or place. Almost all of the mutuel net is distributed in purses, with a minimum guarantee of $100, the final figure being from 7 to 8 per cent of the total bet on each race. There are no entry fees except in stake races and championship trials, when the fees range from $10 to $250 and are added to the purse. At some quarter tracks there are no races above a quarter of a mile, but at Rillito there are always at least four up to that distance, and four longer ones, up to a mile and three eighths, for thoroughbreds.

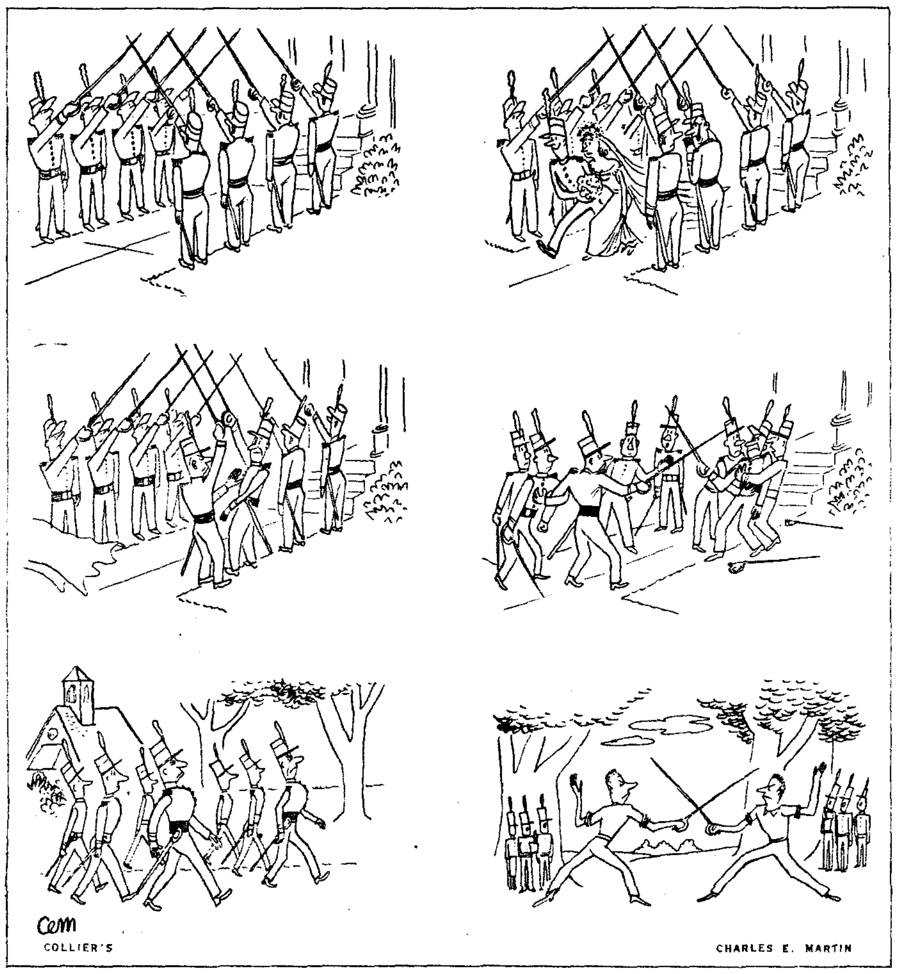
Races Are Hotly Contested

Most of the short-distance races run at a recognized association track are graded handicaps, which insure close competition. Handicapping is so precisely done that photo finishes and dead heats are far from unusual. There are no claiming races at a quarter mile or less, since speed is not the only indication of a quarter horse's value. On the quarter tracks, a maiden is a horse which has never won a race in which the winner's share is $50 or more, and a match race between two cowboys on a ranch counts just as much in determining maidenhood as money won at a recognized track.

Horses are regraded after each race, and within each grade, winners pick up weight at the rate of "about eight pounds for a tenth of a second of estimated speed under standard conditions." A horse is promoted to a higher grade mighty fast, staying there until proved to be outclassed.

There's very little opportunity for tricky riding on a quarter track. For one thing, the course is a straightaway, which rules out riding for the curves. For another, the horses are trained to run in a straight line, and they cross the finish line in the same lane in which they left the gate. If they crowd into another lane and thereby shut off a horse, they are disqualified. Racing under such conditions has little appeal for big-time jockeys, or professional gamblers or race-fixers. So far, the quarter tracks have been free of them.

THE END



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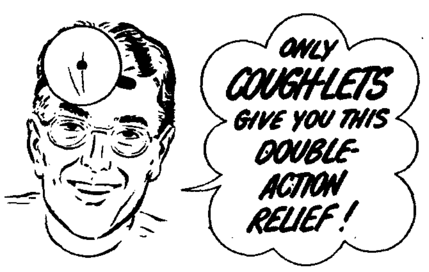
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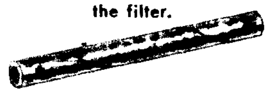

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BLOW ME BLUE

Continued from page 21

Tell me why." Joey Kelp leaned forward eagerly.

On the bureau inside the cabin—that's what Mama called it, the bureau, although he had just nailed some wood together—was a photograph. Posed in a studio in New Orleans, five men and a dark-haired woman. The woman and two of the men were sitting in the front row, leaning on each other, and each of them had an arm around her. One of the men was Biff Baussier, but she was looking at the other man. He'd had that picture twenty-odd years, in hotel rooms and flophouses and then in the houseboat, with her looking strong and steady at that other man. The day she got married Ed sold his horn and bought whisky.

"I just stopped," he said. He crossed his long legs. The houseboat rode so low that the heels of his old tennis shoes almost touched the water. "And I don't guess I'll start again, either," he said.

Joey Kelp was surprised and then he got excited.

"Twelve hundred dollars!" he said. He glanced wildly around the houseboat. "You could use twelve hundred dollars, couldn't you?"

"I expect I'd drown in it," Ed said, and grinned. "I guess I quit for good."

Joey Kelp got very excited. He got up and stamped around and started to talk a half-dozen times and then changed his mind every time. Finally he ran over and picked up the canvas sack he'd carried under his arm. It had something lumpy inside and the top was closed with a drawstring. Ed knew what it was before he opened it.

"This is a special surprise," Joey said. "A present for you. You fool around with this and see what happens. And hang onto the record machine, spin one whenever you feel like it, and I'll see you in a couple of days. Plenty of time to talk business. You think about it, Pops."

He started up the slope.

"How'd you find me?" Ed called after him. "Who told you?"

"Hazel told me. You remember Hazel Tolliver?"

Ed's mouth dried up and his hands trembled. He said nothing for a long minute. The catfish jumped and fought against the stringer, kicking up the water.

"Sure," he said finally. "I remember Hazel."

"She says hello; I forgot to tell you. Love and kisses; she talks a lot about you. Hazel's doing fine; she's making some records for us. Sings in a place in Birmingham and drives a fine big car. How'd you like a fine big car, Pops?"

Ed waited until the fire-engine convertible scooted around the bend, leaving the dust hung up behind it, before he opened the sack. There was a trumpet inside. A shiny new trumpet.

ON FRIDAY morning Ed woke up at seven o'clock. This was earlier than usual; a whistle blew him out of his sleep, and he opened his eyes in time to see the stern of a river boat slide past. It was pushing a string of gasoline barges. Ed sat up in bed, blinking. As usual, he felt fine. He'd slept fine; that was usual, too. He slapped about halfway down on the rounded form beside him and his hand stung on the skin beneath the thin cover.

"Hey!" he said.

The horn and the record machine both sat on top of the bureau, the horn bell down on the crocheted cover. There was a lot of crochet work in the cabin; his woman was handy, and when they couldn't buy crochet thread, she'd use string. Plain old string. The horn and the machine had been sitting there, untouched, since Joe Kelp brought them.

"Hey!" he said, and slapped again. She sat up in the bed and pulled a couple of hairpins, and the braids that had been twisted on top of her head fell down her back. She was warm to the touch and she smelled good. She abused *him* for beating on her just to get her up when she was gonna get up anyhow. She did this every morning.

Ed slid into his pants and walked out to the stern and inspected his stock, leaning over the stern. The minnows were in a net made out of burlap sacks and hung in the water; he had seined the day before, and there were enough. The crawdads were in a big lard can with holes punched around it, and the night crawlers were in a box on deck filled with bottom dirt. He needed more crawdads. There had been a little rain, and the earth in the box smelled good.

LIGHT NOTE ON A DARK DAY

**The cocksure and despotic sun
Makes panting slaves of everyone,
But this A.M. he's had the grace
To hide his stimulating face.**

**I dearly love a rainy day—
It gives me an excuse to stay
At home, instead of trudging forth
To west and east, to south and north.**

**Though Mother Nature's mighty slick,
Sometimes she lays it on too thick.
So waft me no come-hither breeze
Today. Just let me take my ease.**

—Margaret Fishback

The woman was talkative during breakfast—talkative for her.

"You just gonna let those things set?" she said, nodding toward the bureau.

"Maybe you'd like some music with your breakfast," Ed said, grinning.

"Don't play it on my account," she said, biting off the words. "I just wish they was mine. Because they'd sure be at the bottom of the river by now."

"Why, Mama!"

"First chance I got!" she said fiercely. She was suddenly in a temper, and that was a thing that didn't happen very often. She covered her eyes with her hand and got up. Ed smiled at her back.

"Don't think you got much of an ear for music," he said gently. She made no answer, and she didn't turn around. . . .

It was about ten in the morning when Hazel came. The fine car Joe Kelp had mentioned sort of felt its way in the ruts and got off the road once and then bucked and bounced when it finally stopped. Whoever that is, Ed said to himself, he don't know much about driving. Then he saw it was a woman. He didn't know her when she first got out of the car. She was standing on the deck before he was sure. She was dressed very fine.

"Well, you may have come down in the world, but you sure look healthy." That was the first thing she said. She put both arms out and hugged him, laughing and panting. "I'm short on breath," she said. "Man, they got me laced and rubberized so tight, acting beautiful, that I got spots in front of my eyes."

"You look fine." He stepped back and had a good look at her. She wasn't really pretty; she never had been, but she

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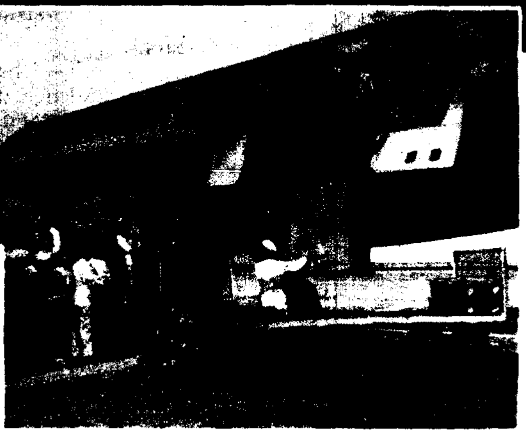

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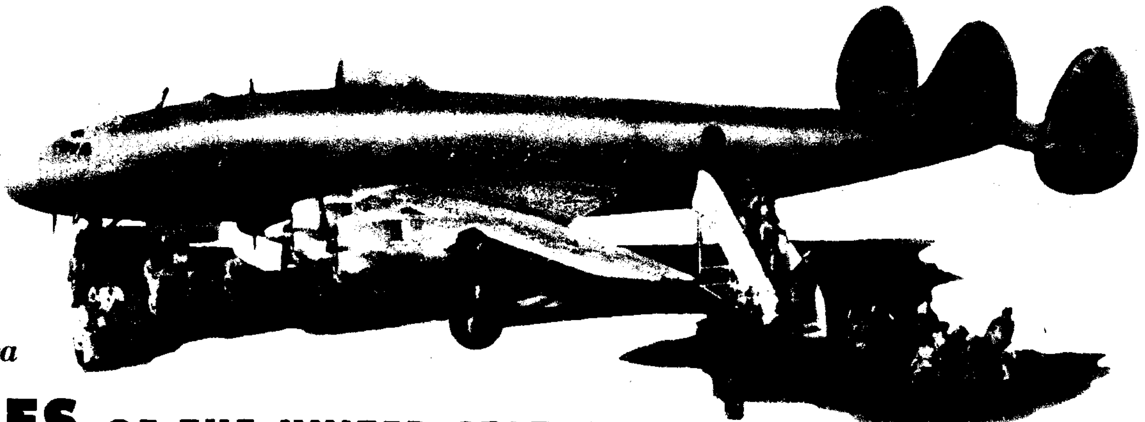

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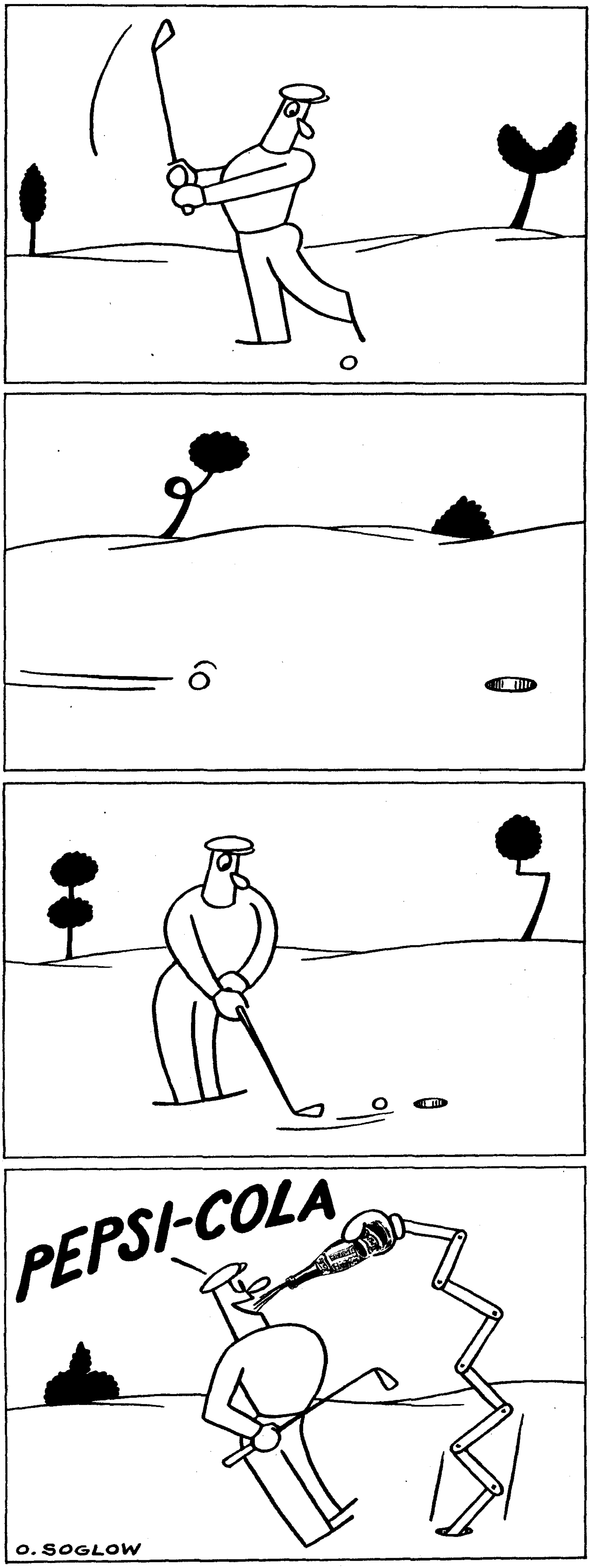

was prettier now than ever before. Her features were rough, her mouth a little too big—like most of the good singing women he'd ever seen—but she had a skin like cream, and deep eyes.

"You can look all you want to," she said, grinning, "but don't get took in. It's as phony as a plaster steak in a hash-house window. It's just *me*."

"I guess that's good enough," he said. They stood and looked at each other for a minute and then he said, a little awkwardly, "You want to come in and set down, Hazel?"

"That funny-talkin' man from the record company said you wasn't interested, and I said, 'I'll talk to him—he'll get interested.' I said I'd drive down here and bring you back to Birmingham. You'll go back to Birmingham with me, won't you, Biff boy?"

She asked him straightforward and honestly, and he knew that she wouldn't wheedle if he said no. But he didn't. He hesitated only a second before he said sure.

"I told him so." She was tickled. She squeezed him again. "We got to hurry, because it takes me a long time to get *anywhere* driving an automobile, but we can set for a minute first. So I can breathe some more."

He introduced her to Mama and then they all tried to make small talk, but it didn't come off very well. After answering one question about the weather, Mama gave up altogether and sat quietly on the edge of the bed—there were only two chairs—and listened. Ed and Hazel talked a little about people they'd known in the old days, where they'd gone and what had happened to them. Mama hardly looked at the other woman; she watched Ed all the time, sitting with her hands folded together and her face blank.

When they got ready to go he told Hazel to go on ahead, he'd be right along, and she left the two of them alone.

"You coming back?" Mama said. She was looking out the window.

"Well, sure," he said. She turned and looked at him for a long moment and then looked away again. "I expect to."

"You won't," she said. "That woman wants you. And you been wanting her for twenty years."

"Now, wait, dammit—" he said, half angry. There was a silence, and he saw her shoulders twitch. He sat down beside her.

"Look," he said, "we never talked about it or anything, but you knew. You knew it could happen. Probably you didn't expect it to, I *still* don't expect—but you knew. You sure should've."

She didn't say anything, and he leaned over and kissed her under the ear.

"Don't go," she said.

He patted her on the shoulder, picked up the rolled newspaper that held his clean shirt, and went out.

ON THE way up to Birmingham, Hazel told him about the gin mill she was singing in—"It costs you two dollars just to sit down at a table, but it's still a gin mill"—and about the band, all names he'd never heard of, and about Joey Kelp who was running around rediscovering the Great Jazz Men of the Past. They had a good laugh about Brother Kelp. Ed told her about the offer and said that twelve hundred dollars was enough money to drown in.

"That's peanuts," Hazel said. "There's a fella talking to me about big money. That's why I want you in Birmingham tonight." She took a deep breath, as if it took a lot of strength to even mention it: "Seven hundred and fifty a week, maybe for most of the winter. And the Big Time."

"Ju-das priest," said Ed, although he had no understanding of that kind of money, week after week. "Where?"

"Man down here from New York, man that's got a finger in some of those fancy New York gin mills. I talked to

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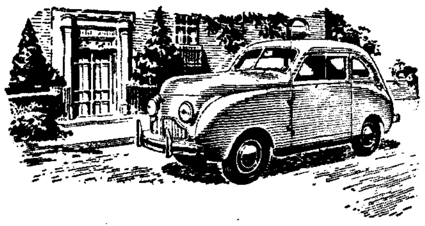

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him a couple of times, and tonight he comes around and I sing for him."

"You want to go to New York?"

She took another hard breath. "Like a houn' dog wants the full moon," she said. "Like a baby wants candy."

"It's a bucket of money," Ed said.

"The money's nice, but that's just part. It's gettin' there. You know I'm forty-odd? I didn't tell the man from New York that, but I am. It's gettin' up there and riding high; that's for me."

She tried to pass a truck and then saw somebody else coming from the other way and almost put them in the ditch trying to get back behind the truck.

"What am I for?" Ed asked.

"Because I want somebody to sing to," she said simply. "To sing good, I got to have somebody. And I never forgot."

"What happened to the Number One man?" Ed asked.

"The bottle got him. It almost got me before he was through." She threw back her head and laughed. "Lord, I'd almost forgot about that."

"But not about me?"

"No, baby," she said.

When they got to Birmingham she took him to a hotel, a fine place that hadn't even been there when he was around the town. She got him registered and sent him upstairs. She said Joey Kelp wanted to see him and Ed said, no, it could wait until tomorrow. It was funny being around a hotel again. He'd played in some when they had the band. Little rooms and bad air and hard-faced people. A world of nickels and dimes. He'd forgotten.

When she came back to get him that night, about six o'clock, she had a suit of clothes with her.

"Borrowed it from one of the fellas in the band," she said. "You're about his size." She shrugged. "It makes no difference to me, I mean about clothes, but you know—this is a *fancy* gin mill."...

The gin mill was called Walter's, and it was out at the edge of town; Hazel had pointed it out on the way in, a low building with a curved roof and a variety of red and green glass tubing in front. Inside, it was so dark that Ed could hardly see, and everything he could see seemed to be tinted purple. A tall man in a tuxedo met them at the door; Hazel called him Felix.

"Felix," she said, "this is the fella I told you about, and I want you to fix him comfortable. Right up in front, where I can see him good."

The tall man looked Ed over with a careful eye.

"Well, sugarfoot, I'll tell you," he said soothingly to Hazel, "this being Friday night and all, we're a little short on front tables."

Ed knew what the man was talking about; he didn't like the way that borrowed suit fitted, or the country haircut and the sunburn, but Ed didn't mind. They finally put him at the end of the little hall that connected the stage and the dressing rom. There was a drape in front of him, but by leaning against the wall he could see fine. After a while a waiter brought him a drink.

THE band wasn't much. They all hit the notes fine, but they were blowing from their heads, not their stomachs. They had sheet music on fancy stands, which meant they had to keep their eyes open to read. The place was warm and Ed had almost gone to sleep when Hazel woke him up.

"That's him," she said. "That's Mr. Number One from New York, sitting in front with that Joe Kelp."

Ed turned around and his mouth dropped open. He had never seen such a fancy woman in his life. Hazel had on a white dress that was tight and shiny; she was slim-waisted and high-chested, and considerably exposed. She had the reddest lips and the longest eyelashes he had ever seen.

"Judas priest!" Ed said.

"I look good?"

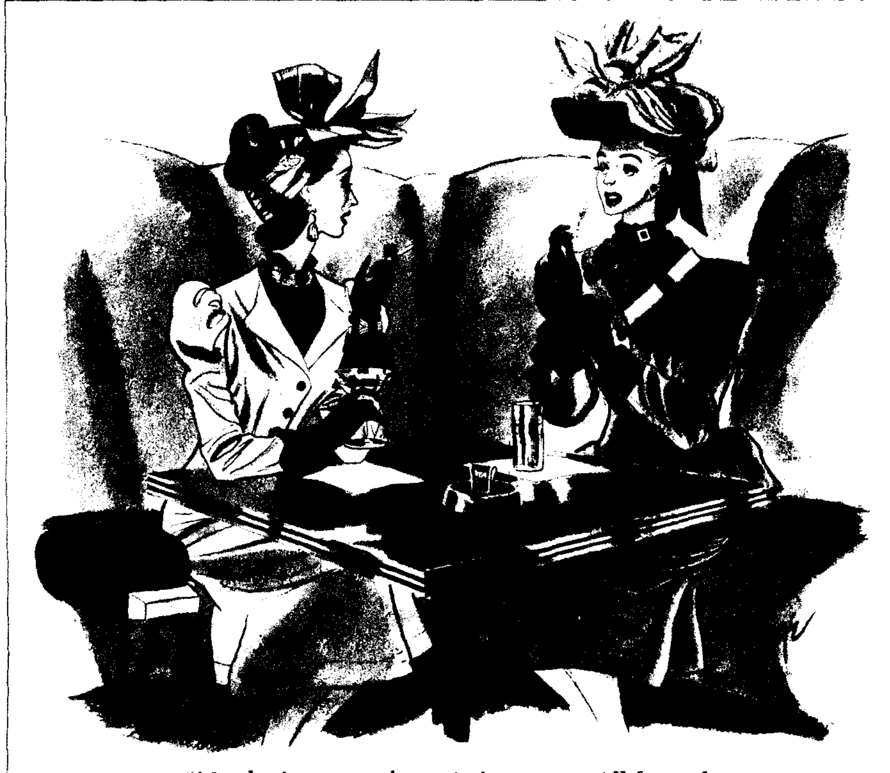
"You're the Christmas tree."

The band played a little riff and a man began to talk into a microphone and Hazel leaned over Ed and squeezed his shoulders.

"Stick with me, baby," she whispered, and swung out to the stage.

The big man from New York was really a little man. The top of his head was as bare as Hazel's wishbone; he wore glasses, and he had big hands that kept moving. From the water glass to the ash tray to his cigarette holder and back to the water glass. While Hazel was singing her first number he kept fiddling with these things, as if he were maybe thinking of trying to buy them. He hardly glanced at her. When the number was over he looked sharply at Joey Kelp, and the young man leaned over and started talking earnestly.

Hazel wasn't very good. Ed knew the minute she opened her mouth. She had a terrific case of the shakes. She sang



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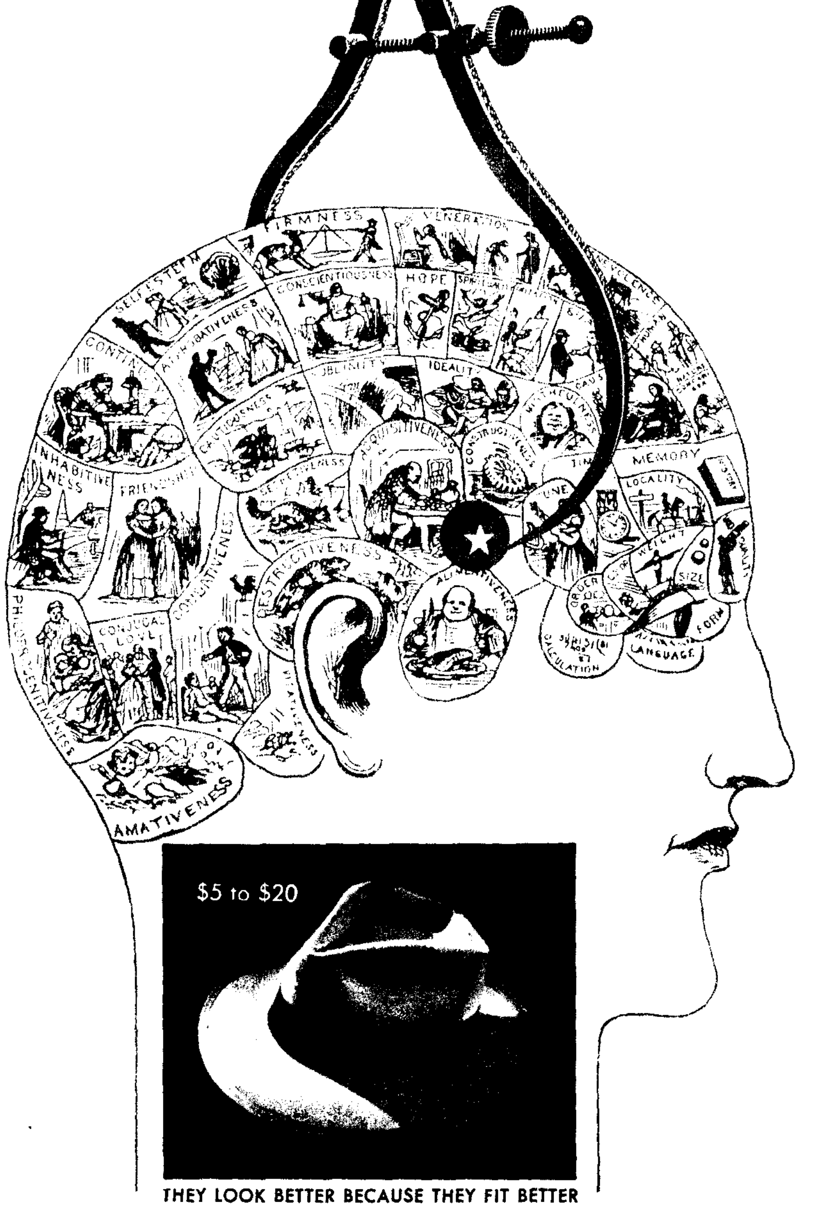

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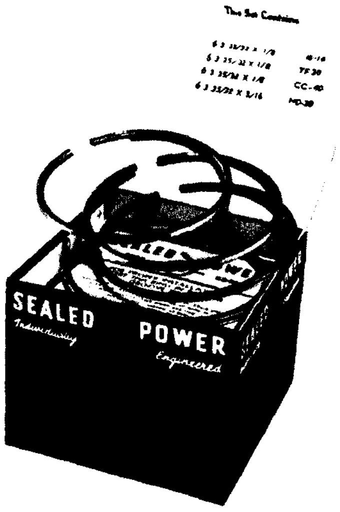

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BEST IN NEW CARS! BEST IN OLD CARS!

some song that he'd never heard before, something with faintly dirty lyrics about wanting to get married, and she tried to be cute. She wasn't; she was a lead balloon.

Then she sang St. Louis Blues, and the big man from New York completely rearranged the table a couple of times. Hazel worked harder and harder, laying it right in his lap, but the big man wasn't having any. In her desperation she fluffed some of the words; finally she turned and sent the chorus right to Ed. He did his damnedest to look encouraging. When the group was over she almost ran to the dressing room. Joe Kelp was only a few steps behind her. Ed got up and followed him in.

"Baby!" Joe was saying. He looked hurt. "For days I been tellin' him about you. Baby, you're making me look like an old peculiar."

"What difference does that make?" Ed said. "You work for him?"

"Mr. Saltonberry is a chum, only," Joey said. "But I like for my opinions to be solid in the eyes of my chums. You know what he said to me? He said, 'Look, the poor man's Hildegarde.' "

Ed took him by the elbow and gently led him toward the door.

"He's threatening to leave," Joe said. He shrugged. "Well, it's no skin off me."

"You keep him happy," Ed said. "Just for a little while."

HAZEL was sitting with her chin in her hands when he came back, looking at herself in the mirror. She didn't say anything; she didn't even look at him. Ed had a look around the dressing room. Over in one corner there was a closet, and he opened the door and looked inside. There were two or three dresses on the rack; he hauled them out and looked at them, one at a time.

"All right," he said, "put this one on."

"Man, that's my practice dress," she said, surprised. "That's just somethin' to put on when I come around to rehearse!"

"It looks big enough," Ed said. "It looks just about right. Put it on. And take off that stuff underneath, the"—he stuttered a little—"you know."

She got up and went behind the flowered screen in the corner, and pretty soon pink things came floating over the top of it, items the like of which Ed had never seen. He looked the other way, feeling foolish. When Hazel came out she was two inches bigger in all dimensions except height. She looked comfortable and easy. She looked like a waitress in the Oriental Gardens, in the fine city of New Orleans, a long time ago. Except for all that paint. She thought about that before he could mention it, and reached for the jar of cold cream.

"Let your hair looser," said Ed.

She sat down in front of the mirror and began to pull hairpins. Ed leaned over her.

"Ain't no big man from New York," he told her. "Ain't nobody out there. You and me are just gonna go out and make some jazz music."

"You blowin' for me?"

"If somebody will lend me a horn," he agreed.

"All right," she said. "Just you and me. Come on and blow me blue."

She led him onto the tiny stage, leading him by the hand, and for a while there was some excitement. The customers went *buzz-buzz* and the trumpet player looked confused and protested when Hazel asked for his horn. The tall man in the tuxedo, this Felix man, started up to the stage, but Joey Kelp collared him and began to talk in wild excitement, pointing to Ed and waving his arms. Finally the trumpet man gave up his horn and Ed found a handkerchief in the pocket of his borrowed suit and wiped the mouthpiece carefully. Then he turned around to the man sitting behind the fancy, neon-lighted drums.

"Just give us a slow, steady beat," he said. "Easy blues beat." He turned to the piano man and said, "You just latch on when you feel like it. You can come and go, just when you feel like it." And he looked at the man with a lapful of electric guitar and said, "You keep out of this. Somebody's liable to get electrocuted with that thing."

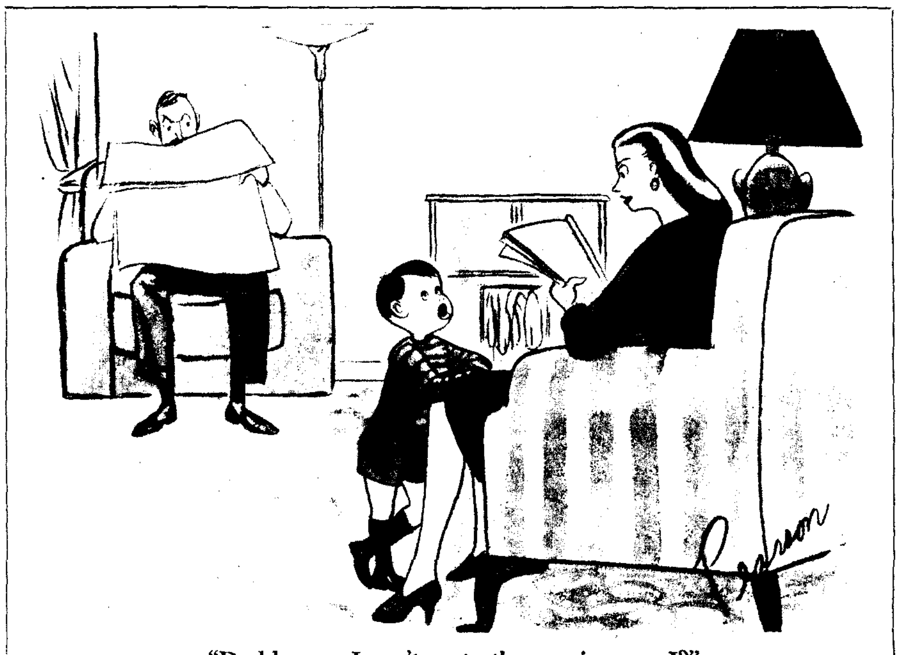
Then he lifted the horn to his lips and blew.

He blew the first chorus of Riff's Blues, blew it slow and easy, because his lip was rusty, then muted the horn with his hand when Hazel came in.

Woke up without you, babyeee. . . .
Lord, I woke up dead.

Hazel had pushed the microphone aside and stepped up, right in front of the big man from New York. The big voice came out and rolled around the room, and the *buzz-buzz* stopped and the glass tinkle stopped and people listened. Ed got a glimpse of the man from New York sitting perfectly still, staring at Hazel, holding the ash tray in his hand as if he'd started to do something with it and then forgot what.

When Hazel finished the verse she turned around and looked at Ed; the spotlight swung and hit him in the face. He closed his eyes and blew the chorus again. The piano man caught on fine; he came and went, fooling around in the high country with a light finger. And Ed could feel that stuff coming up from his heels, coming up through his stomach to



COLLIER'S "Daddy says I can't go to the movies, can I?" CHARLES PEARSON get him. When Hazel came in again he blew a growl obbligato, squeezing the notes through his fingers clenched around the bell of the horn. It was like getting religion. He'd forgotten; it had been a long, long time.

Riff's Blues is one of those things that picks up words as it goes along, everybody puts in his own; it's got a hundred verses, and Hazel sang most of them. Joe Kelp's mouth kept opening and closing, like a fish out of water, and the man from New York just sat there with the ash tray still in his hand and stared at Hazel and listened.

Woke up without you, babyeee. . . .
Lord, I woke up dead.

The words beat inside Ed's head, and he found himself thinking something very strange; those words didn't mean anything any more. For a while after he lost Hazel, a long time ago, that song had meant so much that he couldn't even think about it; it bored a hole in his heart, because the blues is a lonesome song. But he wasn't lonesome. He hadn't woke up dead for a long time, he woke up easy and warm and watched the long braids sliding down a familiar back—hell, he didn't know what that song was about. Not any more.

There wasn't much hand clapping when they finished; none at all, at first, and then just a light spattering. The people sat and waited. There was no noise, no talk. Suddenly Ed laughed, for no reason at all. Then he carefully laid the horn on top of the piano and walked off the stage. Just as he reached the edge of the lights, he turned around and faced the pleading question in Hazel's eyes.

"You'll be fine," he said. "You go ahead and sing, baby."

He pushed aside the drape and went through the hall and out the way he'd come in. He stopped at the checkroom.

"You recognize this suit?" he said to the girl. "You know who it belongs to, some fellow in the band?"

She looked at him in surprise, then studied the suit.

"Sure," she said, "That's Sheldon's. He's got those big shoulders."

"You get a piece of paper," Ed said, "and write his name down on it." He put the paper in his pocket. "You tell him he'll get his suit through the mail," he said. "Tomorra or the next day."

Outside it was cool and damp; there was no moon, but it was clear, and there were so many stars they crowded one another. He walked to the edge of the highway and when the lights of a car swung around the curve, he put up his thumb. . . .

He had to walk the last couple of miles, and it was almost daylight when he got back to the houseboat. He opened the cabin door and slid inside. The woman was lying on her stomach, her arms spread, her face turned toward the window. Her breathing was slow and regular. The cover had slipped from her shoulders; he carefully pulled it back into place.

HE CARRIED the horn and the record machine out to the stern. He set the machine up on the corner of the box that held the night crawlers, lifted the lid, and fumbled around until he found the winding key and twisted her tight. Then he put the needle down on the record and raised the horn.

The light was coming up fast in the east and he pointed the horn at it. The record sounded loud in the summer-night quiet, playing the Farewell Blues, and the music he blew was like a razor blade, cutting the world wide open. He took the last chorus, hit a fine A-flat, and then slid off easy and let it die.

Then he leaned over and dropped the trumpet into the water. It glistened briefly, turning over, and sank.

"Looks like you came back."

She was standing in the doorway, hugging herself a little against the chill. She smiled at him.

"I guess I woke you up," he said. "I never even thought."

"It's all right," she said. "You play fine. I never heard you play before."

He looked down at the ripple that was left where the trumpet sank.

"Not bad," he said. "Only I could do better with a good horn. No wonder he gave it to me, a cheap thing like that. Just a plain old twelve-dollar horn."

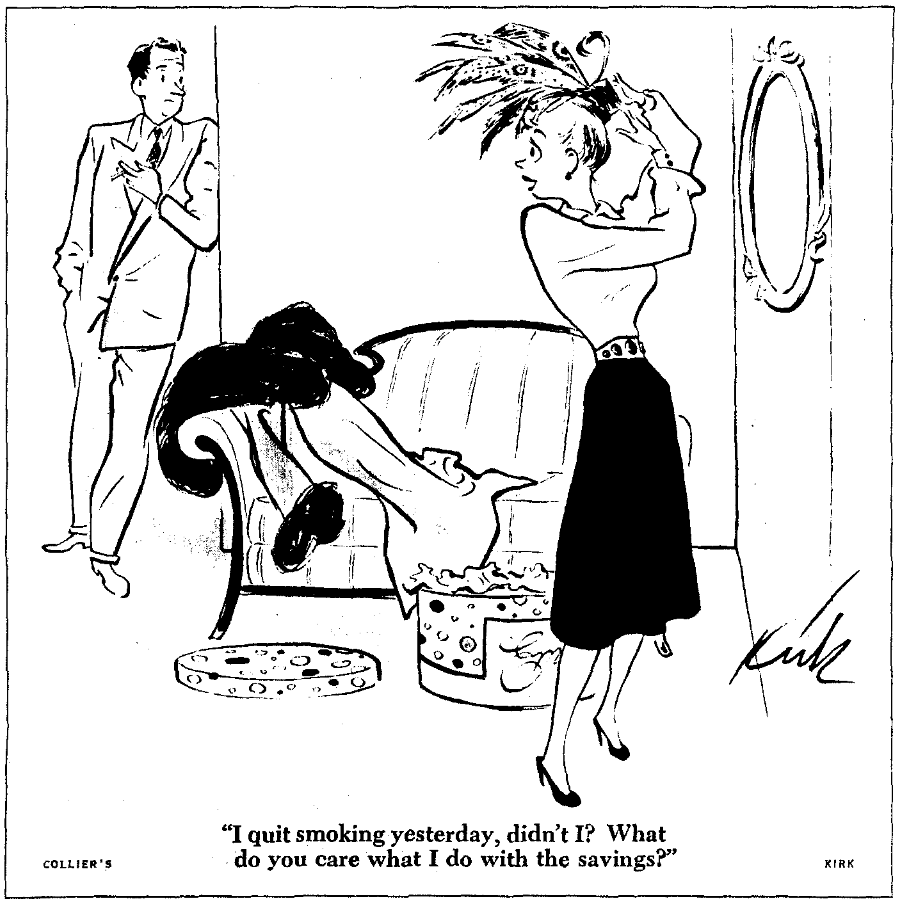
A river boat came around the far bend, pushing a lumber barge in front of it, and hooted at the new daylight.

"You comin' to bed?" she said.

"In a minute."

He put his hands in his pocket and stood there for a while, watching the river boat go by.

THE END



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LABOR'S BIGGEST BOSS

Continued from page 13

North Carolina, whose municipal bonds had gone blotto. When the Coral Gables, Florida, real-estate bubble exploded, Denham was there.

When the banks closed in 1933, and a couple of thousand of them found it impossible to open again, Denham transferred his salvage operations to the government and went to work for Francis G. Awalt, the acting comptroller of the currency, whose headache it was to wangle the nation's kayoed banking system back on its feet within a year.

You would think that all this personal contact with disaster would have taught Denham how to avoid same—personally. But alas, he lost a good deal of his own fortune in 1929, and what remained went in 1937. At the end of that year, Denham had little left but his home in Chevy Chase, Maryland, and a piece of land north of Kissimmee, Florida, to which he was considering retiring to raise cattle—except that the land did not have a clear title. At this point Lawrence Hunt, a friend of his in the newly created National Labor Relations Board, offered him a job as a federal trial examiner at $4,600 a year. Denham grabbed it.

Under the old Wagner Act setup, the federal trial examiner was an important gentleman who sat as a sort of lower court judge in cases involving charges of unfair labor practices—except that his rulings could only be taken as recommendations, not as decrees. If a union, for example, wanted to charge an employer with an unfair labor practice, the union would file its charges with the regional NLRB office in its area. A field examiner would investigate, and if he found that the charges merited action, the regional director would issue a formal complaint against the employer and set a date for a public hearing. Then the NLRB in Washington would dispatch one of its 30-odd trial examiners to hear the case.

In the trial examiner's hearing, the local NLRB office supplied a government attorney to prosecute the case, and regular courtroom procedure was followed. If everybody wasn't happy about the trial examiner's decision, or "intermediate report" as it is called, it could be appealed to the board in Washington, which could either reverse him or order compliance with his recommendations.

If you *still* didn't like the decision, the next step was to go to the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, and finally to the U.S. Supreme Court itself.

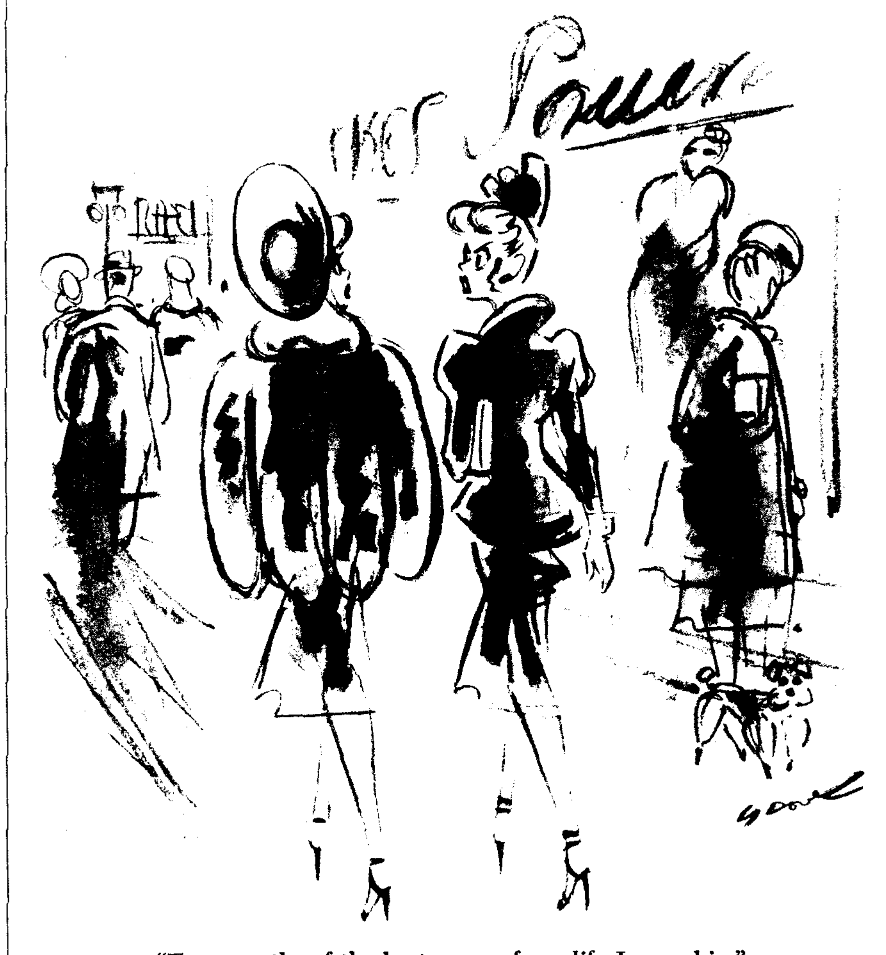
Excoriates Absent Witnesses

Denham made quite a name for himself down on the bottom rung of this judicial ladder. For instance, on June 22, 1943, he was hearing a case against an oil and pipe line company in Shreveport, Louisiana, when two witnesses failed to appear. At a crucial point in the proceedings, Denham got red in the face, rose up to his full height and roared, "Their refusal to be here is utterly inexcusable, highly contumacious and contemptuous. If I had the power to punish them for contempt, they would be in jail—both of them!"

A few months later, Judge Joseph C. Hutcheson, Jr., of the 5th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, had things to say about Denham's behavior.

"We cannot agree," read Judge Hutcheson's decision, "that the respondents have had a fair trial by a disinterested, impartial trier of facts (Denham). His general attitude was not impartial, but partisan. . . . He made rash and unguarded statements . . . and had a wholly improper attitude for a judge or an examiner who sits in judicial place to hear and determine facts, draw conclusions of law, and make reports and recommendations based thereon. The judge's remarks evidence bias and prejudice."

On the other hand, Denham received commendation from the 7th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals for his decision in the



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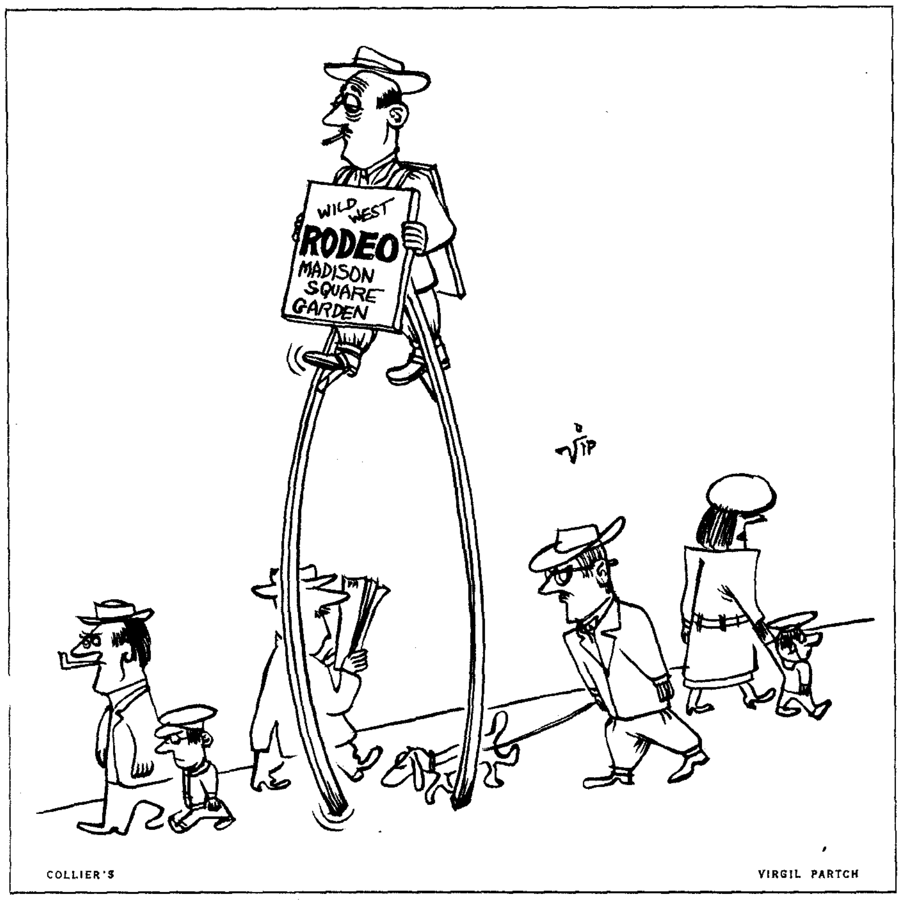

Wyman-Gordon case in Chicago during the war. In this case, Denham upheld the employer for firing a group of men charged with slowing down production in wartime. The board reversed Denham, claiming among other things that the men were fired for union activity and that the slow-down charge was a smoke screen. The circuit court on February 9, 1946, handed down a decision calling the board's ruling "asinine," assailing their patriotism, and upholding Denham's findings.

Denham was by far the most picturesque of the NLRB's trial examiners. In the Henry Kaiser shipbuilding case, he pulled a soft felt hat down over his eyes and spent some hours around the saloons on the Portland, Oregon, water front, eavesdropping on the conversations of the union men. The union complained to Washington, and eventually another trial examiner was sent out to "backstop" the case. But Denham set precedent in the Ohio Public Service Company case, where a shipyard worker named Ben F. Thomas was fired for union activity and had applied to the NLRB for reinstatement.

Denham found that instead of going to work in one of the other war plants in Lorraine, Ohio, all of whom were clamoring for men, Thomas had done nothing—except for a brief hitch as a scorekeeper in a bowling alley. Denham decided in this case—and it later became NLRB policy—that a man fired for union activity had to be reinstated, but he could not claim back pay unless he had applied for another job at the U.S. Employment Service while he was out of work.

In several cases, Denham's superiors accused him of intolerance toward witnesses and of acting at times like a martinet. In the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company case in Des Moines, Iowa, in August, 1944, the company listed an adverse credit-investigation report as the reason for firing one, Harry Mayse. The company would not, however, enter the report as evidence because they had a contract with the credit agency to keep all such reports confidential. At this point, Denham took a private peek at the report, and without letting anyone else have a glimpse at it, indicated he would support the company's position.

The government attorney shouted, "This is ridiculous! How can I cross-examine if you won't even let me see the principal evidence?"

Denham, however, remained adamant. The government attorney thereupon filed a protest to the NLRB, which disqualified Denham "for prejudice."

In the Phelps case in 1943, Denham challenged the veracity of Negro witnesses. He incorporated this challenge into his written draft report, which still is in the files of the Trial Examiner Division of the NLRB in Washington.

In explaining why he took the word of a white man named Harlan as against the testimony of several Negro witnesses, Denham wrote, "The reluctance of the Southern Negro to discuss his affairs with his white bosses, particularly where such matters might tend to prejudice him, and his tendency to concoct almost any fabrication as an answer in such circumstances, is well recognized among the white men of the South. Close and intimate contact with the Negro has taught the white overseers to recognize when a Negro is lying."

This judicial reasoning, cut out of Denham's final report by his superiors, resulted in a strong verbal protest against Denham by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Nine Years Without Promotion

Denham remained a trial examiner for nine years, and despite his seniority, he never was promoted. During nearly all of this period, he led a small group of four or five conservatives in what he called "a rear-guard action against the 'radicals' in the NLRB." Allied with Denham in this crusade were two other trial examiners and Gerard D. Reilly, a conservative member of the board and a reformed New Dealer, who later became Senator Taft's labor adviser and who generally is credited with writing the original tough legislation which eventually became the Taft-Hartley Act.

Beginning about November of 1944, Denham and two of his allied trial examiners in the NLRB staged a revolt against what they termed "the board's attempts to dictate their decisions." They deliberately handed down three decisions in their intermediate reports which ran counter to sections 8(2), 8(3) and 8(5) of the Wagner Act. Unfortunately, their decisions also ran counter to the Supreme Court, which had long ago de-

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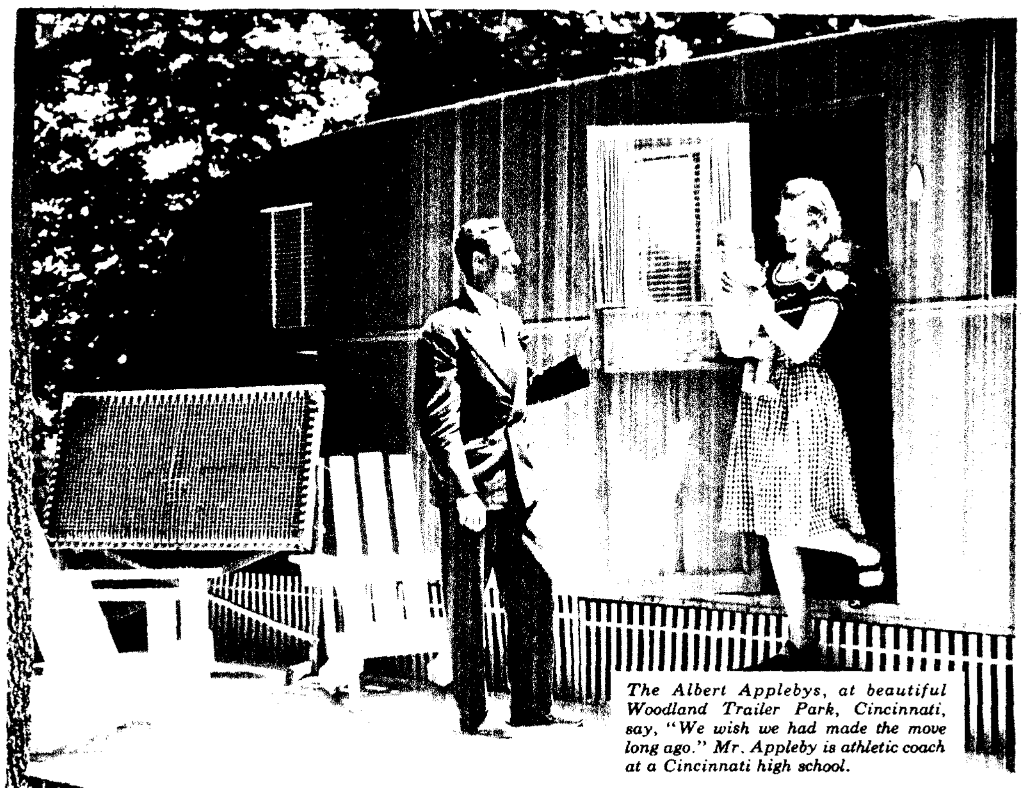

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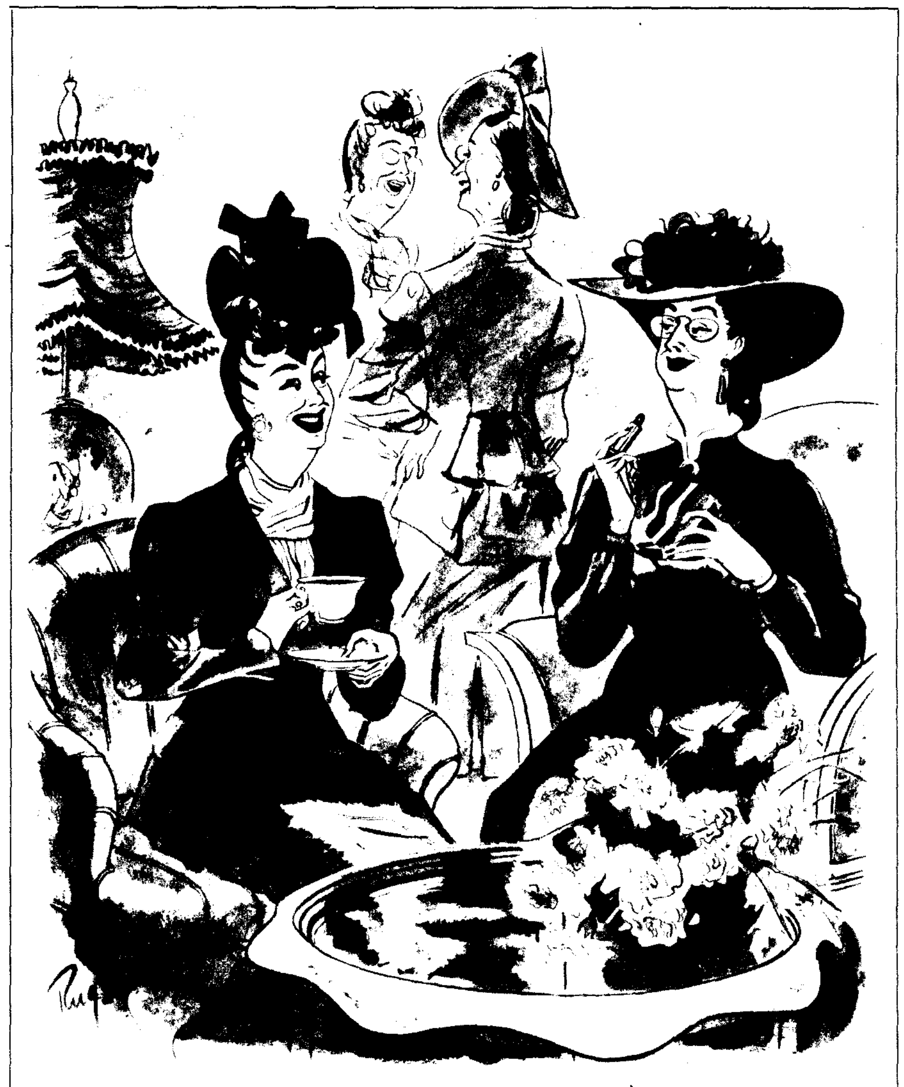


"I knew your husband well in nineteen twenty-four. Nothing serious, though. Just mah-jongg and the Charleston"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

cided the same three issues, and the insurrection collapsed.

The result was a memorandum from the board on March 28, 1945, informing Mr. Denham *et al* that "the board expects the trial examiners not to deviate from board policies. The board welcomes suggestions as to possible changes in board policy, but such suggestions shall be made *after* the trial examiner's intermediate report has been issued." Reilly had his initials on the memorandum, along with the two liberal members of the board.

However, as Republican strength grew in the nation and in Congress, the strength of Denham and his colleagues grew within the NLRB. The board, which at one time was reversing Denham in whole or in part three times as often as the average trial examiner, found itself agreeing with him in more and more cases. Then, in the spring of 1947, Congress began its deliberations over the Taft-Hartley legislation, and Denham sent a long memorandum to his old classmate, Senator Forrest C. Donnell, who saw to it that some of Denham's suggestions were incorporated into the act.

For the New Post in NLRB

When it came to picking a man for the new job of general counsel of the NLRB, Reilly (by this time special counsel of Taft's Senate Labor Committee and the Republican party's acknowledged labor expert) saw to it that Denham's name was included in the list of recommended candidates which the three members of the board sent over to the White House.

President Truman's only stipulation when he looked at this list was that the choice be a Republican—to administer (and, if possible, to take the blame for) the predominantly Republican legislation. The choice was put up to John R. Steelman, the President's labor adviser, who reached into the distinguished collection of government-agency heads, labor lawyers and law-school professors, and came out with the darkest of dark horses—Denham.

From the moment of his appointment, Denham began kicking up a considerable amount of dust. In the Senate Labor Committee hearings which approved him for the job, Denham indicated to Senator Joseph H. Ball an eagerness "to consult with the Joint Congressional Committee on interpretations of provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act, before taking a final position on them." In fact, Denham informed Ball at one point, "I shall feel it would be a privilege to do so, sir."

Since the Constitution expressly forbids Congress to interpret and administer the laws it has passed and provides courts and executive officers to perform these functions, Mr. Denham's remarks caused several lifted eyebrows, including those of Senator Claude Pepper. The transcript (page 33) reveals that the senator from Florida thereupon asked Denham, "So you would be seeking the counsel of the Joint Committee in making an analysis of the law?"

"Correct," said Denham.

"Do you think," continued Pepper, "that the Supreme Court, when it is called upon to construe this law, is going to send for anybody in the Congress to help it?"

"I'm afraid not," said Denham.

"As a lawyer," said Pepper, "you would be rather shocked if they did, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Denham.

"I wonder," said Pepper, "If there is any difference between your position and theirs. Are you seeking confirmation here as a member of the legislative, the judicial or the executive branch of the government?"

According to eyewitnesses, this same question was asked of Mr. Denham by Mr. Truman when the President hauled him on the carpet at the White House a few days later, except that the President reportedly put it more bluntly, saying, in effect: Are you working for me, or are you working for Senator Ball?

After this, Denham settled down and did a fast, efficient job of reorganizing the NLRB administratively. The Taft-Hartley Act had increased the board itself to five members, and then had stripped it of nearly all its prosecution and administrative powers, leaving it little more than a court of appeal. Instead of the board itself, Denham now decides what cases should be tried before the NLRB. Denham, instead of the board, now commands the regional offices, the regional directors, the regional attorneys and the field examiners.

A Man Who Makes Many Decisions

When the regional director dismisses a case, it now is Denham, not the board, who decides whether or not the case should go before a federal trial examiner. When an employer wants to get an injunction to prevent his employees from engaging in certain kinds of strikes, it is Denham, not the board, who runs to the nearest federal court and gets it for him. Denham is in charge of all field operations of the NLRB, and by his own statement, "Ninety per cent of the matters which come before the board are disposed of administratively in the field without ever getting to the board in Washington."

No man in the history of the United States has ever been given so much power over labor. As a result of the switching of all this power from the board to Denham, the board, in one day, was cut down from approximately 700 employees to 85. The other 615 or so were transferred to Denham's command.

It wasn't long after the reorganization was completed that Denham issued his non-Communist affidavit order. In this, he interpreted the Taft-Hartley Act to mean that no local union could use the NLRB machinery unless affidavits disclaiming Communism had been filed by the officers of the local union, the officers of the national or international union to which the local belonged, and also by the national officers of the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L., if the union was affiliated with either of these.

When this ruling of Denham's was announced, a howl of protest went up, and Denham found himself assailed not only by liberals, but also by such as the New York Times, the Washington Post, columnists Joseph and Steward Alsop and Senator Taft. Some of the critics held that the wording of the act was ambiguous and could be taken either way, but all agreed that Denham had gone to extremes in including the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. officers. Both of these organizations, they claimed are loose federations of unions with no direct chain of command, from the C.I.O. and A.F. of L. downward, except in the case of a few A.F. of L. "federal" unions.

They held that A.F. of L. Vice-President John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers, for instance, couldn't conceivably have anything to do with the affairs of the bassoon players in James C. Petrillo's American Federation of Musicians. Senator Taft said that the non-Communist affidavit provision of the act was not intended to be a "catchall" to include "loose federations" which have no real control over union locals. The chairman of the Senate Labor Committee added that he thought it would be sufficient if the actual heads of the locals —the men with real authority—signed.

In any event, Denham refused to backtrack, and the national officers of the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. refused to sign, and Denham's early activity, therefore, was limited mostly to a few cases *against* labor unions.

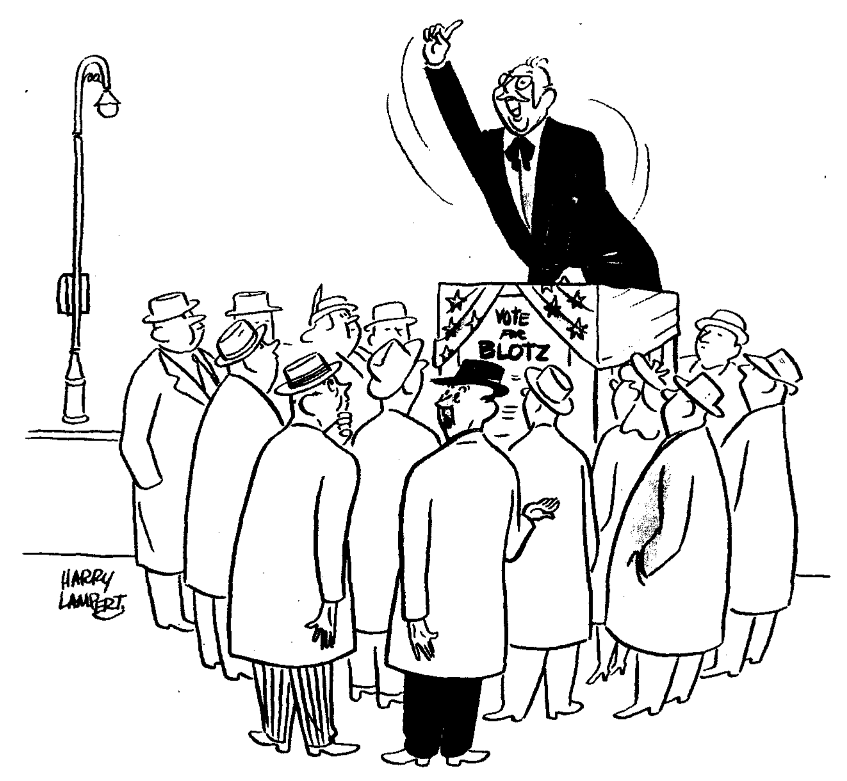
"Denham is way out in left field on this ruling," said Vermont's Senator George D. Aiken, "and if he makes a few more mistakes like that, the Taft-Hartley Act will be on the rocks."

A more immediate danger was that it may have been the beginning of a rift between Denham and a majority of the members of the board, and, as Senator Irving M. Ives told Denham before the Senate Labor Committee, "If you get at loggerheads with each other, the whole thing will crack up."

All this dust being kicked up is not unlike that which beclouded the scene when the Wagner Act was first declared constitutional in 1937. The dust may settle, to allow the Taft-Hartley Act to function as a smooth-running machine.

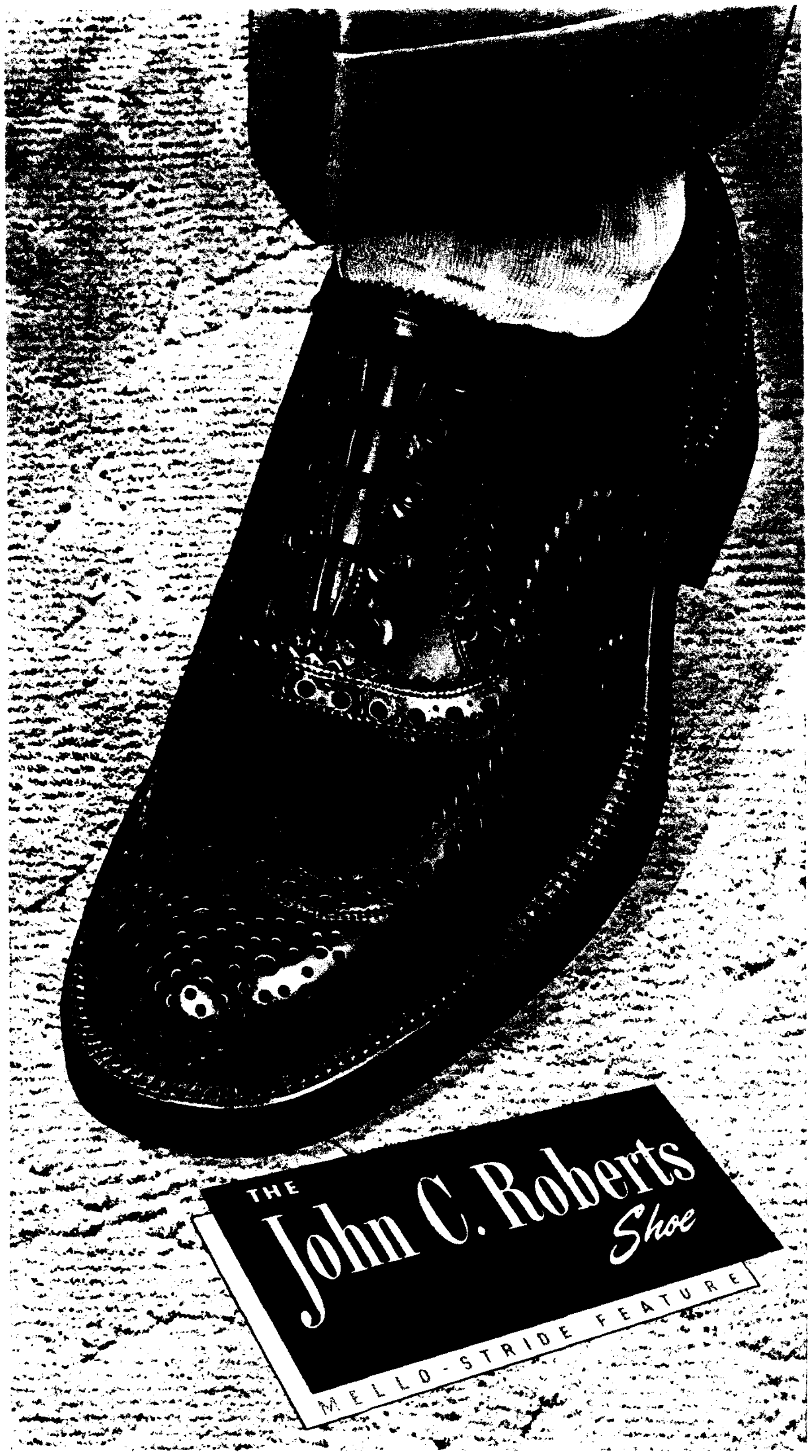
On the other hand, it may blow up into a major storm which could clog up the machine—and the party which built it.

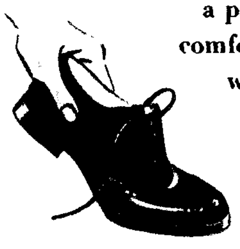
THE END



"As near as I can make out, he stands for what he thinks the people will fall for!"

COLLIER'S HARRY LAMPERT





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UNCLE HARRY'S SWAN SONG

Continued from page 15

don't you put morphine in their food?" At the back door she turned and said, "You might like to know, you mental mastodons, that I have a date with Gordon tonight and most nights to come."

"Well, Gordon's a good quiet type," Father said. "Is his mother going along?"

Susie winked solemnly and left. Gordon Burr is a young insurance man in town, middle-sized, mildly plump and getting bare about the temples. He sings tenor in the Odd Fellows quartet. He's a nice guy; it's just that he's so careful and proper he gets under your skin.

A COUPLE of hours after Susie blew, Uncle Harry arrived. He had presents for us all, including a new sixteen-gauge repeater for me. He had changed some since I last saw him, before the war. He seemed taller than six feet one and his limbs hung looser; he was thinner. His face was brown and angular, and his eyes, very blue and set deep behind thick black eyebrows, gave you the feeling when he looked at you that he was inside your skull and chuckling at what he found there. Uncle Harry never appears to do anything, but he gets a good deal done. He's thirty now and owns a ranch in Arizona with 700 head of Herefords on it.

After we'd had more coffee, this time with date bars, and had jawed about relatives and the war, we got to duck-hunting.

"Millions of them here," I said, "gorging on the wheat. Mallard mostly, some teal and pintails."

Uncle Harry's face began to glow with anticipation. "We'll start at four in the morning," he said.

I could see Mother winding up with a fast one. "Harry," she said, innocent, "up here some of the women hunt, too. There's such a sweet girl next door, and I might ask her to show you some of the best places—"

"Dolls shouldn't be allowed near a swamp," Uncle Harry said, "unless they have learned to swim with ducks in their mouths." He smiled over at me. "Tomorrow's Saturday; I'll take Red."

"Well," Mother said, stymied, "I just thought I'd mention it."

"The sole human thing more frightful than a female poker player is a female duck hunter," he said, his eyes laughing. "She thinks sportsmanship is a defect in the male, like his beard."

Father looked at Mother and grinned. Later when we were going to bed I saw him kiss her cheek and pat her shoulder.

By five-thirty the next morning Uncle Harry and I were huddled on a small point in Halvorson's slough, eight miles north of town. In that cold dim half hour of legal shooting before sunrise, when ducks pull their heads out from under their wings and hustle out to feed in the stubble fields, we clouted six mallard. But when the sun came rolling up across the prairies east of us, hunting was ruined. A warm sun brings out the bum in a duck; he lazies around out of range, shooting off his mouth with his pals, straightening his feathers, or maybe chasing a girl duck. It was not until around four in the afternoon, when a cold wind started pouring down from Canada, a few miles north of us, that we got ready for more shooting.

Our eighteen cork decoys were anchored out in a piece of open water on the lee side of the point. Uncle Harry and I had cover in two clumps of brush, about thirty feet apart. With ducks stirring as the weather turned ugly we kept down, watching the sky; neither of us saw the hunter bellying up through the tall grass at the edge of the slough. First we knew of it someone rose suddenly in front of us and with both barrels blasted our decoys.

"Hey, Knucklehead!" Uncle Harry roared. "You just ground-sluiced yourself a cork duck!"

The hunter turned; it was Susie. She was gotten up like a male hunter in an old hunting coat, brown duck pants, rubber boots and a corduroy hunting cap; but, being Susie, it was pretty plain she wasn't a man. I stayed hidden to see the opening of hostilities.

"I'm terribly sorry!" Susie called. "They looked so natural!"

"My God, a dame!" I heard Uncle Harry say. "No wonder!" Susie was out in a foot and a half of water, wading after the decoy she'd decapitated. "Leave it be, Toots," Uncle Harry called. "Just get out of range is all I ask."

Susie stopped wading. She doesn't like for people to talk to her like that; furthermore, I knew she'd be at a boil at having made a fool of herself. "Call me Toots once more," she cried, "and you'll have sorrows!"

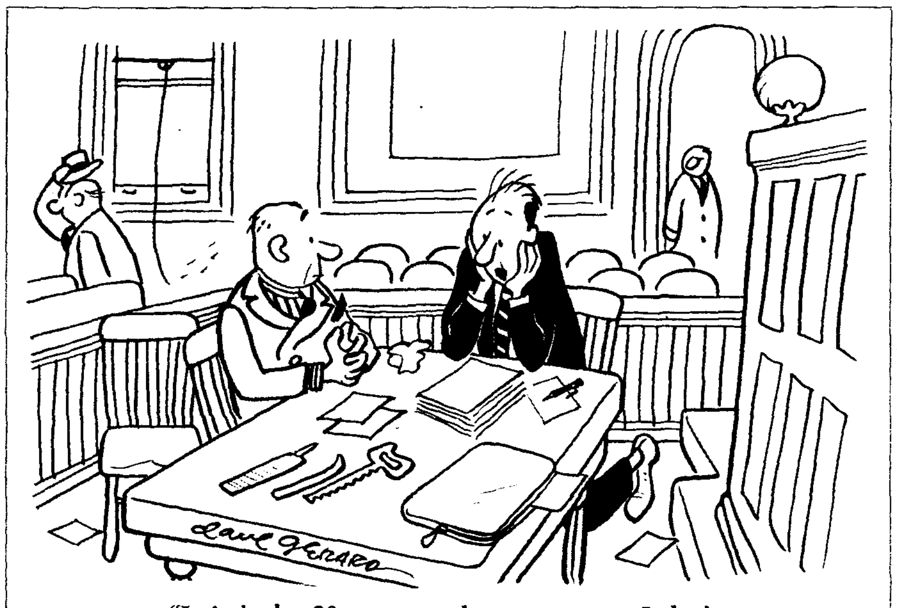
"Uh-huh, now back talk," Uncle Harry said. "Stumbles around like a clown, shoots people's decoys on the sit, and tops it off being churlish."

"I'm warning you!"

"Just beat it, Toots, will you?"

"By Judas!" Susie yelled. "That does it!" She raised her gun and shot the head off another decoy.

I glanced over at Uncle Harry. He was watching Susie in a thoughtful way. "Okay," he called. "It's all my fault. I



"It isn't the 20-year rap they gave you—I don't mind that. It's the idea of losing my first big case!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

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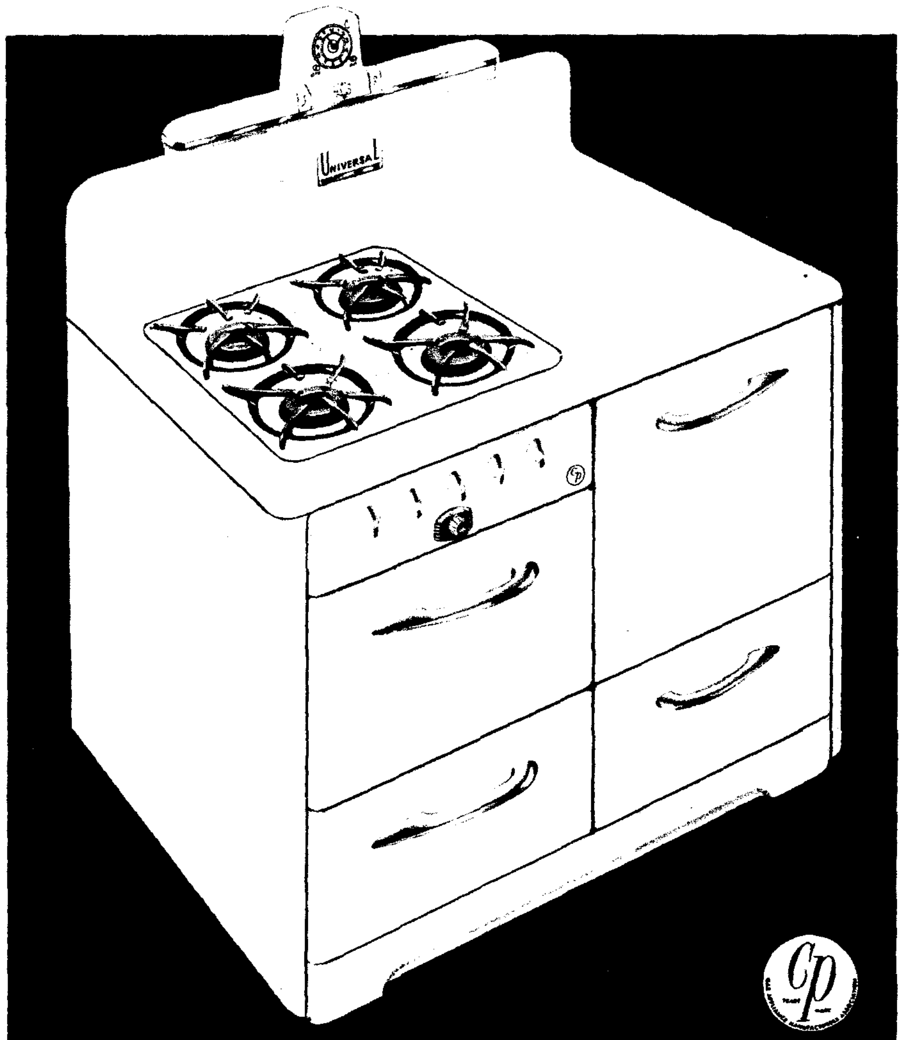

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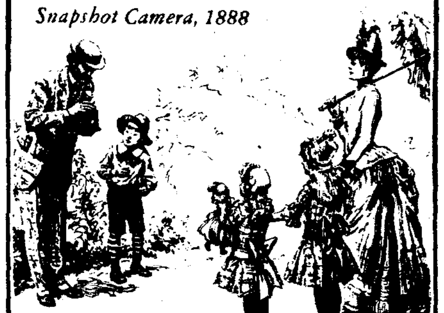
Snapshot Camera, 1888



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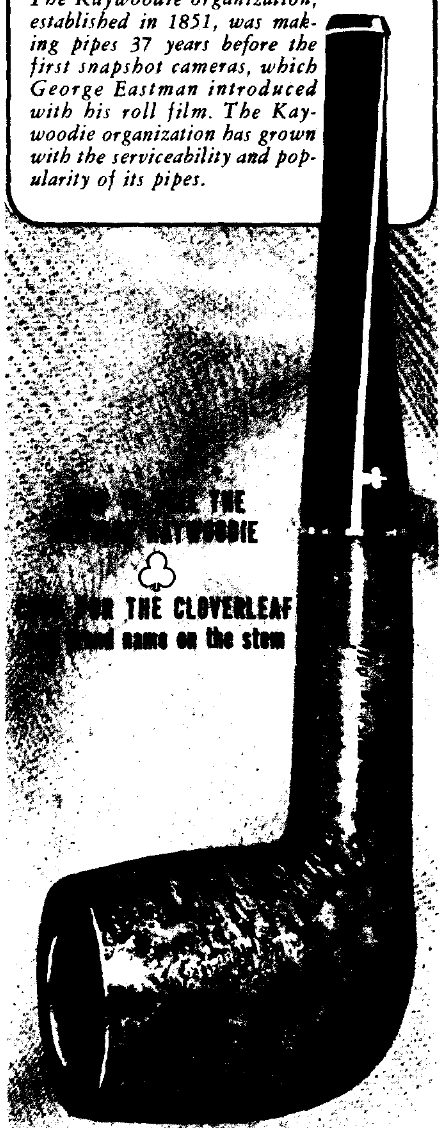

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shouldn't have let my decoys rush you."

"Now, please, don't be sarcastic," Susie said. "I told you I was sorry."

A flock of mallard coming in from the south, bucking the wind, interrupted things. "Hey, Precious!" Uncle Harry called. "Ducks coming in at us from the south! Get down! Don't move!"

The most delicate maneuver in duck hunting is to get down while you're standing knee-deep in water. The trick is to bend from the hips, keeping your legs straight. If you squat you dip your bottom in the ice water; most people squat. I was too busy to notice what Susie did.

THE ducks reconnoitered our decoys while we waited, motionless. With Susie in sight we knew they wouldn't slide in for a landing, but once ducks have their eyes on decoys they become preoccupied and aren't nearly as astute as they usually are. They circled in close enough for Uncle Harry and Susie, and they shot four times. Two greenheads—drake mallard—fell near Susie. She waded over and picked them. "Didn't you get any?" she asked Uncle Harry.

Uncle Harry is a fearsome wing shot, so he walked fast to the water's edge where he could chew Susie down to size. "Girlie, listen. I can stomach your unnatural stupidity in potshooting my decoys, or blowing their heads off in seizures of shrewish temper, or in general carrying on like someone needing a *mercy killing*. I've learned those things are normal in female duck hunters, like germs in cheese. But see if you can get this: I shot those ducks."

"Really?" said Susie. "I happen to know I shot them."

They were close enough now to see each other clearly and it appeared to impress both of them. Uncle Harry said mildly, "Just hand me the birds and I'll write off the decoys to experience."

Susie had waded to shore by this time and stood no more than twenty feet from me, shivering like a pup with worms, her lips the color of slate. When she turned her back to me I saw why. While the flock was circling us Susie hadn't bent, she had squatted.

"Don't blow a gasket, Noisy," she chattered. "I'll pay you for the decoys." She dug some soggy currency from her hip pocket. "Here are three dollars, that ought to cover it. The ducks I slew, so *the ducks I keep*." Uncle Harry had a sort of bemused look, so she added, "And don't get the idea of rassling for them."

"Not me," Uncle Harry said, smiling. "I have a hunch you bulge with muscles. Shoveled a lot of grain in your time, haven't you, Toots?"

He ought to have known better, though I think the sight of Susie had begun to scuttle his judgment; anyway, he said it and Susie busted him alongside the head with a wet mallard. "I told you," she cried, "about that word!"

When Susie had stalked off to her car, and Uncle Harry had picked the wet feathers from his face, he called over asking if I knew who the maniac was that had shot our decoys and slugged him with his own duck. He wasn't mad, just awed.

"She lives back of us, across the alley?"

"Married?"

"Nope. Got her traps out though."

Incredible temper. Except for Donald Duck I don't know I've ever seen one like it. Amazing eyes, too."

"Uncle Harry?"

"M'mmmm?"

"You're wrong about her bulges, too."

"Wouldn't be at *all* surprised." I saw him chuckle, then suddenly dive into his blind. "Look! Coming at us across the slough! Geese!"

I looked and there they were, about twenty of them, flying ponderously, like bombers in formation.

"They're white!" Uncle Harry said. "Must be snow geese!"

I knew of snow geese, but never had I seen any. They were heavy birds and they flew with a sort of dignity. They kept coming and we knew we were going to get a shot. Then they were over us, big as airplanes, and the *swish-squeek* of their wings got very loud. We each fired three times, and two folded and dropped in the grass behind us; it was impossible to say who shot them. When I got to them they were dead, so I picked them up by their heads. I knew then what we'd shot. The necks were about three feet long.

"They're colossal!" Uncle Harry yelled. "Big as swans!"

"They are swans."

He studied them a moment, then he slumped down and conscientiously swore the edge off his disgust. When he was done he glanced up at me. "As I recall the law, shooting swans is notably against it."

He was right; if we were caught with them we could be fined, jailed, our guns taken and our licenses torn up. Uncle Harry's car was parked among some cottonwoods about four hundred yards away. Beyond that a quarter of a mile was the highway, hidden from us by a small rise in the ground. By following the edge of the slough for a way and then keeping the trees between me and the road I could get to the car without being seen. I told Uncle Harry.

"There are few things as charming as small crime," he said, smiling. "Morally, we're guiltless, but I don't suppose it would cut much ice in court. Go ahead, hide the brutes in the gunny sack we had the decoys in."

WITH the swans in the sack I jogged up to the car and hid them in the rear compartment. When I came back around the edge of the slough I saw Uncle Harry had company. It was Susie; she'd been up to her car and changed into dry pants.

I crawled in through the long brown-green grass close enough to hear. "Don't tell me I'm having spots before my eyes!" Susie snapped. "Those swans came right over me after they went over this point. I saw two drop here. Where are they?"

"Steady, dear," Uncle Harry said, easy and friendly. "Are you *sure* you haven't been hitting the bottle? On their bad days boozers often see—"

"Quiet!" Susie cried. She fumbled in her pocket and came out with a card in a leather case. "Read that!" she said.

Uncle Harry read it. "It says Susan Nygaard is a deputy game warden." He handed back the card and smiled gently. "Well, Susie, what seems to be crosswise in your craw?"

"Oh!" Susie said. "You big grinning anthropoid!" She flounced away from him and began kicking the grass, searching for the swans. The only thing she found was me.

"Hello, decoy slayer," I said.

"Red! What are you doing here?"

"Listening to my Uncle Harry toy with women."

"Uncle Harry! Oh, *no!*" She looked over at Uncle Harry, who nodded and smiled pleasantly at her, then she looked back at me, then she sat down on a gopher mound and cried a little. She'd been humiliated, needled and frustrated and now she was picking a fight with her best friend's brother, a toothsome bachelor. I suppose she wept to take her pressure down. Uncle Harry began to look ashamed of himself and gave her his hanky. After a while Susie blew her nose and stood up; her chin stuck out farther than normal. "Did you shoot any swans, Red?"

"Swans? Wild swans?"

She eyed me a moment. "No. No, of course not, no one related to that cretinous felon would lie!" She stalked over to Uncle Harry, who was leaning on his gun, watching her affectionately. She shook her finger at him. "If I ever find those swans, by Judas priest, you're go-

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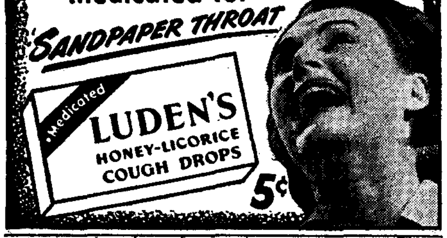

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ing to the clink, Catherine's brother or not!"

Susie covered two or three acres and even waded out into the rushes looking for the swans she was so sore.

"Maddest mouse I ever saw," Uncle Harry said, fascinated. "How can anyone so pretty get that mad?"

When Susie came back she was calmer. She looked at her watch and consulted a timetable. "Half hour before sunset," she announced. "No more shooting."

Uncle Harry looked at her with a strange look on his face. "I'm sorry you didn't find the swans."

"Move along," Susie said, but she'd lost her ferocity.

SHE watched us while we took in our decoys. When they were in she walked with us to Uncle Harry's car. We gave her a lift down to hers and on the way back into town she drove right behind us. No one said much. Finally, when we were alone, Uncle Harry asked, "Can she cook, do you know?"

"Makes the best *lefsa*, *rommegraut* and *kjottkaker* in town. A sharp hand at free-style American, too."

"Any noisome habits, like cheating at cards or arson?"

"Except for stealing ducks, she's absolutely square."

"Figured that," Uncle Harry murmured. He seemed a little upset. "She's so confounded honest. Maybe we should have told her about the swans. I don't feel right about it."

I knew I was watching the decline of what Father claims is mankind's noblest and rarest product. I pointed out that Susie wanted to jail us, but he didn't answer. He was having thoughts, I guess, and we drove home in silence. It was dark when we got there. We waited while Susie put her car away.

"What about the hot white cargo?" Uncle Harry asked.

"We can't take them in. Mother's too honest not to tell Susie. We'd better bury them in the ash pile back of the privy."

Like all privies in a small town ours sat on the edge of the alley with its back to it. It was about thirty years old, white, with a green shingled roof. Grandfather, who was a small-town boy himself and informed on the qualities needed in a small-town outhouse, had it set in concrete. It developed sort of a name for itself because for thirty years at Halloween small fry have pushed at it until their eyeballs hurt and never tipped it. I've tried it myself for six years, because it doesn't pay to be chintzy about one's own privy. For as long as I can recall, ours has been kind of an auxiliary, never used except when our pipes froze inside or when visitors up from Minneapolis thought it was quaint and gave it a whirl. About the only thing it's good for nowadays is for stopping wild throws over first base when we play baseball in our back yard. Also it hides the ash pile.

While Uncle Harry carried the swans to the ash pile I went inside and shook down the furnace for another basketful of ashes. Father watched me carrying them out and I heard him say to Mother that I was working up to putting the bite on him or had gone insane. Outside I found that Uncle Harry had gouged a hole in the ashes and dumped in the swans. I poured the hot ashes on top, banking them against the back of the privy. Then we went in for supper.

We'd just finished dessert when Susie came over bearing an enameled pan with two picked ducks in it. She was dolled up and beautiful, her white skin flushed a little and her red-gold hair swept up and corralled on top of her head. She wore a soft, paralyzing smile.

"Susie," Mother said, eager and happy to promote a romance, "I want you to meet my youngest brother, Harry. Harry, Susan Nygaard."

Uncle Harry stood up and bowed. "Miss Nygaard and I have met and traded a few shots in the swamp. You are even lovelier without your shotgun, Miss Nygaard."

"Oh," Mother said. "Well, for goodness sakes!"

"That's why I came over tonight," Susie said. "I want to apologize for the ugly way I acted this afternoon." She asked Uncle Harry, "What size shot were you shooting?"

"Fours."

Susie nodded. "These are your ducks. I was shooting sixes and there isn't a shot of mine in either duck. I'm so awfully ashamed to have claimed them."

For a man hep to women, Uncle Harry wasn't standing up well. Susie had potshot his decoys, claimed his ducks, hit him with one, threatened to imprison him and called him an anthropoid; in fact, she'd more than upheld what he'd said about female duck hunters; yet, there he sat with a foolish, yearning look on his face. Then I remembered that he had once said that love is the natural enemy of a man's principles.

"That's the most sporting thing I've ever seen a woman do, Miss Nygaard," he said.

"Susie," Susie said, turning on the current.

"Looks like an interesting fall," Father said. "Better have a cup of coffee, Susie."

"Well," Susie said, "I don't have much time. Just a small cup, Catherine." She blushed. "I just wanted to get this duck thing straightened out."

"Sure," Father said.

"Susie," Uncle Harry said, "would you care to join me in a small snort at the local saloon?"

"I'd love to, Mister Haggarty—"

"Harry," Uncle Harry said.

"Oh, good lord!" Father cried.

"But I can't tonight. I've a date in a few minutes."

"With Gordon?" Mother asked.

Susie nodded and looked at Uncle Harry.

"There's one character you don't have to worry about, Uncle Harry," I said. "Gordon thinks necking is something that *follows* the wedding."

Mother told Father they were going to have to do something about me. Father replied that it didn't concern him; no one on *his* side of the family had a lip like mine. Susie said she hoped she'd see us all tomorrow, and Uncle Harry said he'd walk her home, which he did. It took him a half hour for the 75 yards.

IT WAS calm then until about 1 A.M. when Father began bellowing at Mother and woke me up. He charged out into the hall and I caught his words: "Our privy's on fire! Everybody up! Our privy's burning!"

I got up and looked out the back window and he was right, it was burning. I remembered the hot ashes I had dumped against it, but I didn't mention it. I put on my pants and shoes and a sweater and rushed downstairs. Father was in his pajamas and slippers in the kitchen running water into a pail. I noticed he'd spilled the first pailful on the floor. "Now don't get excited!" he kept roaring. "Don't get excited!"

Outside I found Susie and Gordon throwing ashes on the blaze to kill it. "We'd just parked a minute when we saw the flame and came over," Susie cried. "Isn't it awful? The dear little thing had so much prestige!"

"I hope you have adequate insurance," Gordon said. He was shoveling ashes on with a board. "Good heavens!" he said. "What on earth?"

Gordon had dug up the swans.

Susie dragged the scorched birds out into the alley. She blistered me with a look, then she said quietly to Gordon, "Better buzz downtown in your car, Gordy, and ring the fire bell. Sparks from this may spread it."

When Gordon had gone and Father was loping after another pail of water,

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Susie snapped, "Go help your father, Red."

Inside the house I met Uncle Harry, who sleeps heavy. "I hear the pillar of the Old West is burning," he said.

"She found the swans. Her and that Gordon."

"H'mmmm," said Uncle Harry.

When we got outside again, Susie and the swans were gone and Father was standing there with an empty pail.

"The hell with throwing water on it," he said. "Let her burn. What's the good of saving half an outhouse?"

Just then the fire bell rang in its hysterical way and the neighbors began spurting out of their houses, the men in the lead. In the moonlight you could see them cutting across lawns, sprinting toward us down alleys and streets, stuffing their pajama tops into their pants on the run, most of them hauling up at least once to tie a shoelace. The only one who didn't make it was Sven Olson, who caught his chin on Tollefson's clothesline at a dead run, knocked himself out and missed the main burning. In ten minutes there were over a hundred people in our back yard; they said later the red glow in the sky made it look like our house was on fire. The women were there with wrappers and coats over their nightgowns, their hair in curlers, and chortling when the men called out jokes about the privy at Father.

In Winton we don't have a fire engine, instead we have a pump in the fire hall and a lot of hose that can be run out to a fire. When the fire bell rang, the volunteer firemen tore for the fire hall, got the pump started, and ran with the hose for our place. They ran it out full length and missed reaching our place by two hundred feet. I ran over to help, but Olaf Larson, the fire chief, had studied the situation. "Aw, let the damned t'ing go, boys," he said. "Mrs. O'Rourke's serving hot coffee and cookies." The firemen left the hose where it was and came over. Mother had set up a card table in the back yard, over second base. She had her two big picnic coffeepots going and jars of cookies out.

Susie wasn't there though, and that was worrisome. I hunted up Uncle Harry. He was leaning against our clothesline post, glumly staring at the fire. "Have you seen her?" I asked.

"Susie? No. I don't think we're going to see much of Susie from here on in." He sighed some. "Jimmie, let this be a lesson to you. Twelve hours ago I was a free, contented bachelor, thirty years old, unworried and wise to women and their guileful ways. Look at me. Right now I'd give my spotless soul just to be forgiven by a sassy blonde I didn't know until yesterday."

He was lost, all right, and knew it—which is probably unusual. I took a gander at the Nygaard house and saw that the light in the kitchen was on. I left Uncle Harry and went over. Susie was sitting in the kitchen, bawling. The two swans, looking pretty beat, lay on the floor. "Susie," I said, "about those swans—"

"Go away, you little stinker," Susie said. "You're as bad as he is." She wiped her eyes with the knuckle of her forefinger and sniffled. "Why'd he lie to me, the big stiff?"

"He wasn't nuts about you then," I said. Corner me and I'll try anything.

"He hates women," Susie said, trying to start an argument. "Doesn't he?"

"Not any more. Right now he's as dopey and useless as a man can get. It's disgusting."

"If he liked me," Susie went on, being pitiful and cuddlesome, "he wouldn't have made a fool of me like he did."

"He was snookered between love and jail," I said, heading for the door. "Hold still a minute."

I FOUND Uncle Harry still leaning against the clothesline post. "I located the inflamed game warden," I told him, "and softened her up for you. Give her the works and Mother won't have to visit me at the reformatory."

Uncle Harry followed me back across the alley and Susie's back yard to her kitchen. She had stopped weeping and was making herself some coffee, though I noticed she had three places set.

"Susie," Uncle Harry said miserably, "I shouldn't have lied to you about the swans like I did. I was going to tell you tonight, but I didn't have time, I—"

"You had plenty time to tell me all those other things," Susie said, not looking at him. "About wanting to take me hunting and wanting to see me every night."

"I meant what I said tonight, Susie."

"Sure, he did," I said, "he's been a dead pigeon ever since you belted him with that mallard."

"Shut up," Susie said.

"Yeah, shut up," Uncle Harry said. "Susie," he went on, "would it help if you knew I planned to take the swans down to court in the morning?"

"It'd help some," Susie said softly.

"Close in on her," I said to Uncle Harry. "Smooch her right and we'll both get a pardon."

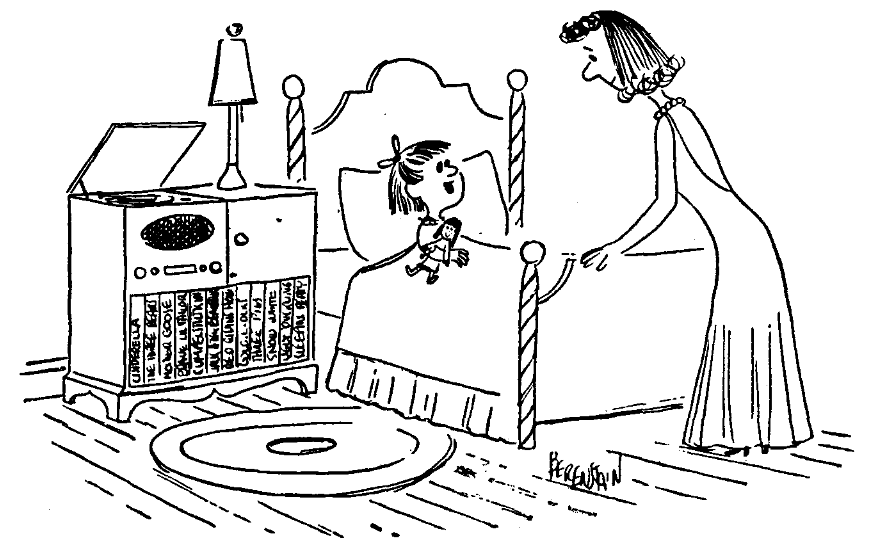
"Shut up," Uncle Harry said.

"Why should he?" Susie asked.

So Uncle Harry stepped over the swans and kissed her a couple good ones.

Monday morning Father, Susie, Uncle Harry, the two swans and I went down to the courthouse. The judge fined Uncle Harry seventy dollars and never mentioned a jail sentence. It wasn't a month, though, before Susie had Uncle Harry down before the judge again—and this time he got life.

THE END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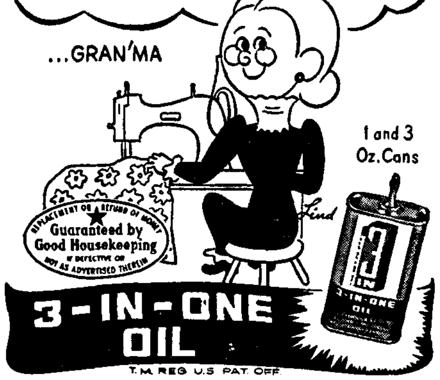
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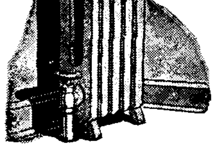

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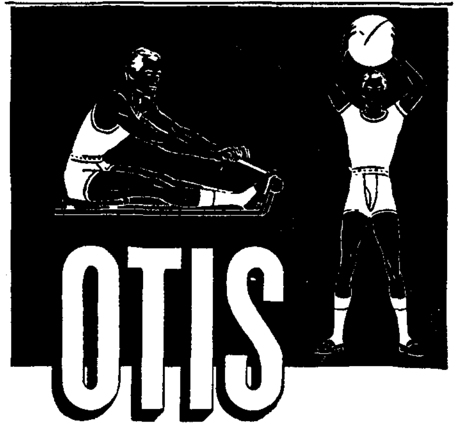

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

HIGH FINANCE

GENTLEMEN: In Mr. Wiggins' article (They Can't Fool the Revenue Man, Sept. 20th) concerning the evasions of taxpayers, he neglects to mention (understandably) one that the Treasury Department has put over on the taxpayers since the introduction of the "Pay-as-you-go" system.

A certain portion of everybody's income automatically becomes the property of the Treasury Department. This portion is paid off in quarterly installments and, theoretically, by September 15th of each year, three fourths of this obligation is paid off. However, when John Q. Taxpayer makes his final settlement in January, for the past year, he finds that no credit is made for these installment payments *until after* this sum has been considered as part of his *net taxable income* for the purpose of putting him in a higher tax bracket.

The explanation (tie this!) is that the Internal Revenue Department doesn't turn the money collected over to the Treasury Department until the end of the year!

NAME WITHHELD (in awe of Mr. Snyder).

EXTERMINATE THE B's

GENTLEMEN: My remedy for Hollywood Headache by Kyle Crichton (Sept. 20th): Stop wasteful production of second features to fill double bills, currently being shown by 95 per cent of Detroit theaters.

JOHN ECKELS, Detroit, Mich.

. . . The failure of Forever Amber will bring on a depression then start digging in as in our opinion it will fall flat on its face and barely make expenses. Not only Fan Clubs are asking people and members to forgo seeing it, but, so are groups dealing in education and moral codes.

THE UNITED FAN CLUBS FOR TEEN-AGERS OF AMERICA, Shreveport, La.

NO SPEOKO D'EENGLEESH!

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: It's "Jornada del Muerto" (Sweet Water map, Sept. 20th), not "Jornado del Muerto," though doubtless merely using "o" for "a" will seem, to your non-Sponish speoking reoders o very smoll motter! *Salud y cartuchos!*

S. OMAR BARKER, Sapello, N. M.

WHERE CAN I BUY MY WARDROBE, DEAR?

DEAR MISS CARSON: If I can get dresses like the ones you have pictured in your article, Fashion At Your Price (Sept. 27th), for under $20, then I can buy my husband more meat and everyone will be happy. Please tell me who makes these dresses.

GRETCHEN SHANE, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The tan gabardine is a McKettrick classic; the royal blue is by Winfield Dress Company; the green is by Barmon Brothers; L'Aiglon, Inc., makes the checked; and Henry Rosenfeld the plaid skirt-green top.

IRON CURTAIN, U.S.A.

DEAR SIRS: Can it be that Paul Porter (Wanted: A Miracle in Greece, Sept. 20th) has inadvertently given us a glimpse of what our own government will be like in the not too distant future if we are not vigilant? Greece was once a great nation and had wise men who also wrote learnedly about the science of government. Since most of their troubles seem to be more or less the result of putrefaction in government we should see to it that ours is kept reasonably clean and free of parasites. Recent disclosures indicate that ours is already loaded with deadheads and is approaching the point of overload at an accelerating pace.

LOUIS BENEDICT, Dubuque, Iowa

HENRY WALLACE

GENTLEMEN: Your imbecilic "denunciation" of Mr. Henry Wallace is possibly the greatest tribute you could have paid him (The Abundant Mr. Wallace, Sept. 20th). His fight against hypocrisy, fear, Fascism and reaction can only be strengthened by such hysteric outbursts as that of your writer, Dickson Hartwell.

JACK SCHWARZSCHILD, Hudson, N. Y.

SLANGUAGE

DEAR SIRS: Re Translations, Please (Sept. 13th) and untranslated foreign words, we also like new words and slang to be translated. In the same issue, I read, "So soddy," "a swelled noggin" and "trepanning," and "a quick gander."

In what dictionary do you find "yap" or "yawp" as a noun?

LAWRENCE MEISSNER, Portland, Ore.

Our dictionary.

A-HEM!

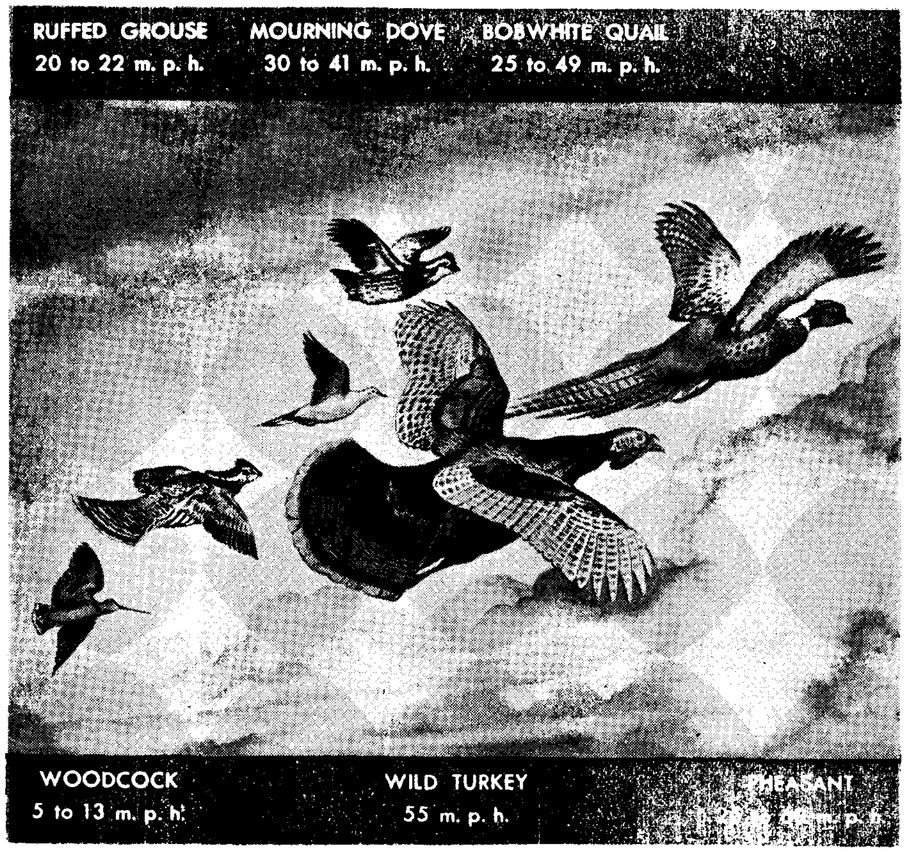
DEAR SIR: Your article on Charles James (Young Man of Fashion, Sept. 20th) was fascinating. In the years Charles has dressed me, I have never seen him lose his dignity. The present business of long skirt versus short was worked out by James for me several seasons ago, so that I am not left, as many others, having to explain how they got caught with their skirts short (and having at the same time to throw away a wardrobe!). In fact, I am wearing clothes today that Charles made for me six years ago. They are still in fashion; the materials have held up remarkably well with all that trouping. . . . The prices start at three sixty-five not eight hundred, suits at four sixty-five. Four sixty-five, for a suit which can be worn for six years without alteration, is in fact cheaper than anywhere else in town.

GYPSY ROSE LEE, New York, N. Y.

. . . Designer James' ingenuity seems trifling indeed, when compared with that of his model who manages to appear charming while crammed into a gown which, according to the caption contains "36 skirt panels each tapering from one yard at hemline to 1/16 of an inch at the waist" thus making a waistline of 2¼ inches. As though that were not bad enough, she is forced to drag 36 yards of hemline about her feet. By simple geometry, judging from the way the dress appears, it seems the young lady would have to be something more than 17 feet tall to accomplish this.

ROWLAND G. LEX, JR., Philadelphia, Pa.

The caption writer neglected to add that this dress also has a bodice which extends into the skirt, front and back, thus supplying the necessary inches for the average waist to cram into. Ludicrous as 2¼-inch waists may appear to Reader Lex, if present trends toward hourglass style continue, the modern girl may yet look like this:



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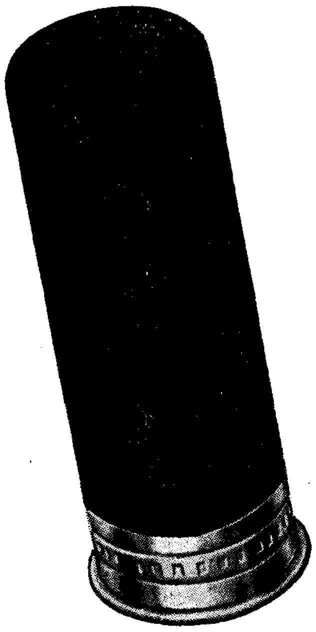

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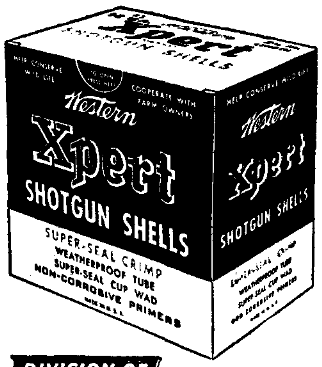

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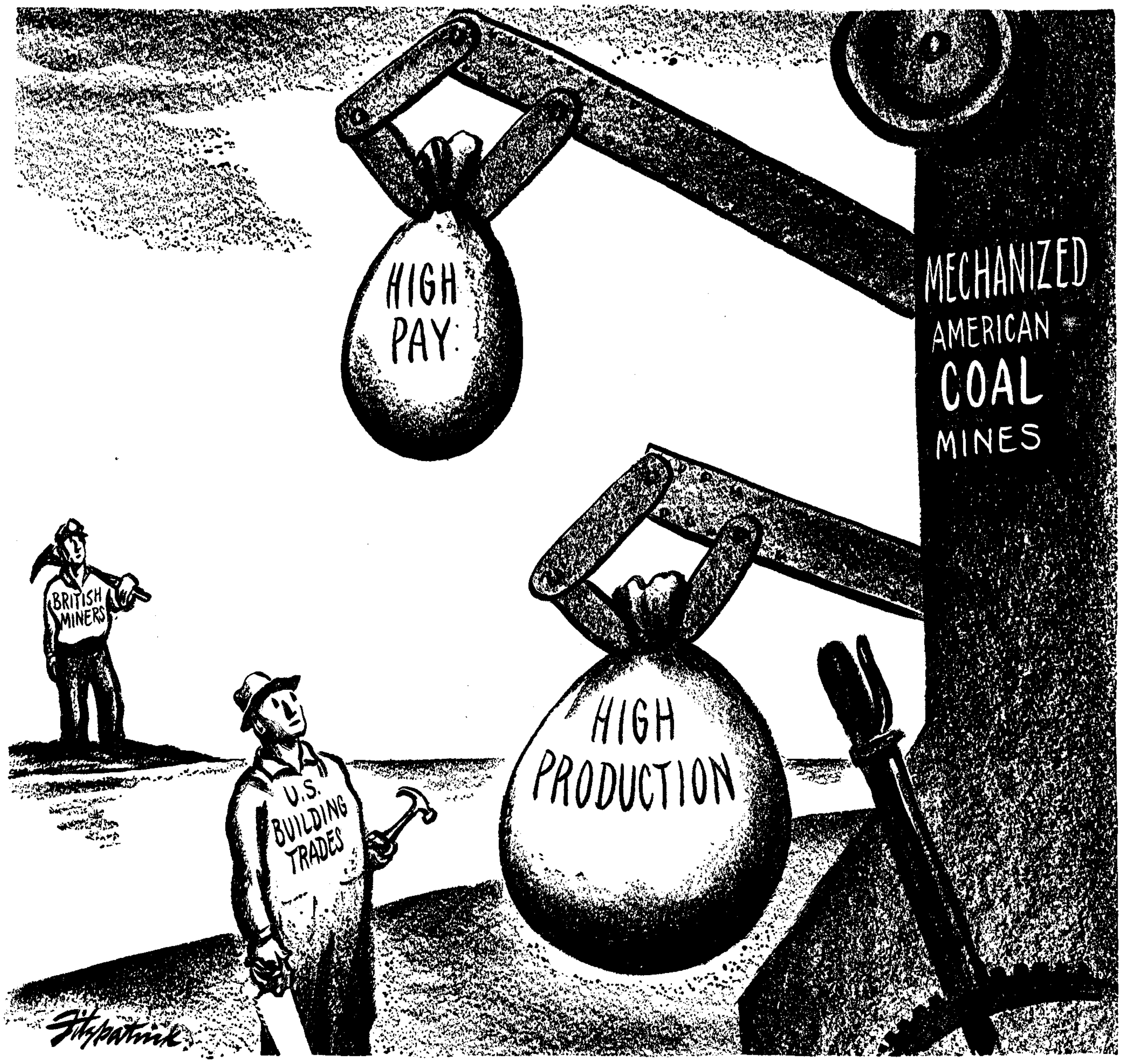
LEWIS ON BRITISH COAL



JOHN L. LEWIS is a highly controversial and periodically hated character but we've yet to hear any responsible person accuse him of being stupid.

The Lewis shrewdness showed up the other day from a novel angle. Labor's Nonpartisan League brought out a pamphlet containing the United Mine Workers' chief's testimony on various phases of coal mining, as given before Congressional committees in the last year.

About British coal, here is what Lewis has said:

> The British mining industry has refused for 30 years to modernize its mining and productive processes.
>
> The British Miners Union opposed it, also, on the additional premise that it would augment unemployment and displace man power with the machine.
>
> But, as a result of the failure to mechanize, the British mining industry is now in this terrible condition where it is unable to furnish the nation's coal requirements.

By contrast, Mr. Lewis added:

> Had it not been for the position of the United Mine Workers in not only accepting, and not only encouraging, but demanding modernization, constant modernization, of our mining industry, economic America would have been in just the same position as the British Empire today.

That last may be an exaggeration, but certainly it is based on rock-bottom fact. Lewis' and his union's long friendliness to coal-mine mechanization has been most enlightened. It has paid off in the fact that per-day productivity in our coal mines is now six times that in British mines, with coal prices to consumers (according to Lewis) less than one third per ton of the cost in Britain.

It should be emphasized that this man who has insisted on more and more coal-mine efficiency is not some capitalist eager to grind the faces of the poor. He is the nation's top labor leader as regards getting big wages and other benefits for his boys.

We hope that labor leaders and their followers in various other lines will ponder this Lewis-UMW attitude toward new machines and new processes; and that a special amount of such pondering will be performed in the building-trades unions.

WHAT TO DO WITH BIZONIA

BIZONIA is a new and interesting word, which we'll most likely be hearing for a long time to come. It's the nickname for the British and American zones of occupied Germany, now being merged economically because we cannot agree with Russia regarding the operation of all Germany as an economic unit.

Bizonia is the subject of embittered debate just now because the United States and Great Britain recently decided that it was to be permitted to produce 10.7 million tons of steel henceforth, instead of the 5.8 million agreed on at the Potsdam conference, and that other Bizonian industrial production was to be stepped up in proportion.

This decision is being called criminal, shortsighted and a seed of World War III. We don't believe the problem can be dismissed with such careless words and we doubt that there was anything else for the bosses of Bizonia to do. Since war's end, we and the British have been feeding Bizonia at a high cost, partly because the main German food supply is in the Russian zone. We'll have to go on doing that until Bizonian exports can shoulder the costs. At a production rate of 10.7 million tons of steel a year, Bizonia can export enough steel to pay for its food imports.

But more important in the decision is our position vis-à-vis Russia in Europe generally. In keeping Bizonia industrially anemic, we have been hamstringing the rest of Europe as well, because of its need for Ruhr steel and coal. If our government means what it says about fostering democratic governments by helping Europe help itself, it must help provide the basis for economic recovery. The first move is in industrialized western Germany.

We have no great love for Germany, and could wish there were some other way out. We must recognize that in letting Bizonia stage a large-scale industrial comeback, we take our chances on being able to prevent revival of German military strength. But in a practical and hard-boiled world, what else can we do?

LET'S STAY OBJECTIVE

THE most illuminating story to come from Soviet Russia in a long time, we think, was the recent report of what happened to one Georgi Fedorovich Alexandrov.

As long-time head of the Communist party's Agitation and Propaganda Section, Georgi supervised the tunes which Russian novelists, journalists, artists, movie makers, etc., had to sing. Latterly, he had been supervising a wide purge (bloodless, we believe) of Russian intellectuals who were charged with straying from the correct party line.

Then, lo and behold, Stalin ordered an investigation of Georgi Alexandrov's own ideology; and Georgi was found to be off the Red beam, too. The worst of his crimes (which he recanted in order to keep his job) was that his "conceptions if developed here would unavoidably lead to objectivism."

Objectivism, then, is a cardinal sin against Marxism. Nothing could illustrate more vividly the gap between Soviet Russian and American attitudes. An objective thinker, as defined by our Standard Dictionary, is one who is in the habit of "grasping and representing facts as they are; unbiased by prejudice or temperament; practical."

In a Communist country, that would never do. Karl Marx outlined a system, and the attitude of the comrades is that they must conform to that system and justify it. If facts cut across the system anywhere, then out with facts, no matter who is hurt or how much the people suffer.

Americans, by and large, are objective thinkers and doers. Our attitude is that we proceed by trial and error, we don't get wedded to theories in defiance of facts, and we work out rules and methods from practical experience.

This objective state of mind is our mainspring, just as the Communists' subjectivity is their mainspring. Today the United States is one of the most successful nations in world history, while Russia, 30 years after the Communist revolution there, is still lacking almost everything that we regard as the necessities of life.

Let's encourage our objectivity attitude indefinitely; and if the comrades want to stay subjective that's their business.

COLLIER'S WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher WALTER DAVENPORT Editor JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

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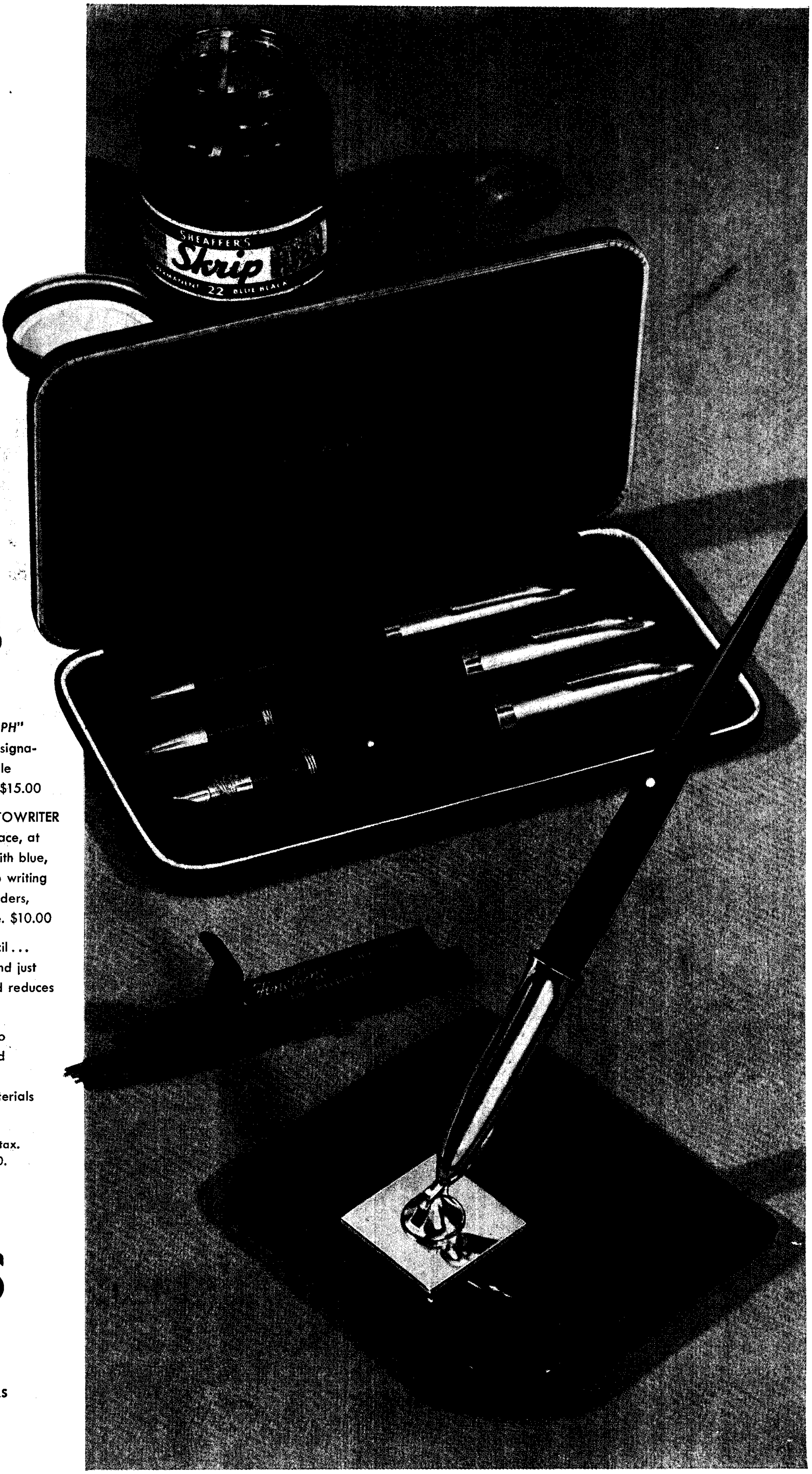

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